

PICTURE-PLAY

MAGAZINE

DEC. 1922

20¢

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MAE MURRAY



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What's Wrong In This Picture ?

So many of us do the wrong thing at the wrong time—commit embarrassing blunders that condemn us in the eyes of strangers. In this picture, for instance, something quite ill-bred is being done. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out? Perhaps, if you are keen, you will find it at a glance. Or, if you are very clever, you will read between the lines of the article that follows and find more than one mistake.

WE all admire the man or woman of poise, of dignity. Whether we want to or not, we are forced to respect the calm, well-poised person. His very bearing seems to command it; his manner is like a passport that admits him everywhere. No social wall is too high for him to scale; no circle too distinguished for him to enter. He always knows exactly what to do and say and wear, no matter what the circumstances, no matter what the conditions.

There is nothing that can give one more poise and confidence in oneself than the knowledge that one is doing or saying exactly what is correct. The fear of making a mistake is often the cause of keen embarrassment. Hesitancy as to what is correct and what is incorrect makes us uncomfortable, ill-at-ease. In the company of brilliant people it makes us seem dull and uninteresting, when ordinarily we can be quite clever conversationalists.

Are you sure you know exactly what to do, say, write and wear at all times, under all circumstances? Are you as self-possessed and well-poised as it is possible for you to be? Etiquette is working wonders for men and women who formerly were embarrassed and ill-at-ease in the company of strangers. It is giving them a new charm of manner, an attractive bearing, a pleasing personality. Above everything else, it is protecting them from embarrassment, keeping them from making humiliating blunders.

Why don't you let etiquette be the armor that protects you from embarrassment and discomfort? Why don't you let etiquette give you the poise and calm dignity that everyone will admire?

Do You Know What to Wear on All Occasions?

There can be nothing quite as humiliating as wearing the wrong thing at the wrong time. Too many people wait until it happens, instead of making sure that it never can happen.

At a fashionable wedding recently, the best man was obviously uncomfortable and ill-at-ease. He had reason to be. He was dressed incorrectly for a formal wedding, and his errors were conspicuous.

Do you know what a man should wear to a formal wedding, a formal dance? Do you know the correct dress for a bridesmaid, a maid of honor? Do you know what the bride wears who marries for the second time?

What would you wear if you received an invitation to an afternoon tea party? What

would you wear if you attended a formal dinner? Do you know the correct thing to wear to a garden party, a dinner-dance, a theatre-party?

Importance of Etiquette in Public Places

There are countless tests of good manners that distinguish the well-bred in public. Do you know, for instance, whether it is ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? May a woman take a man's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

What is the correct order of precedence when entering the theatre? Does the man precede, or the woman? Who precedes when entering a restaurant, a street car, a room?

If a man and woman who have met only once before encounter each other in the street, who should make the first sign of recognition? Is the woman expected to smile and nod before the gentleman raises his hat? Is the man expected to offer his hand before the woman smiles in recognition?

It is so easy to make embarrassing mistakes, so easy to commit humiliating blunders in public. Yet people who know the rules of good conduct, the rules of etiquette, are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people, in the highest social circles, and still be entirely at ease. Because they know that they are doing what is absolutely correct, they are calm, well-poised and at ease.

Are You Sure of Your Table Manners?

Many people would be amazed if the blunders they made at the table were pointed out to them. Yet everyone knows that the quickest way to determine a man's breeding is to watch him eat.

At which side of the woman should the man seat himself? Should olives be eaten with a fork, or taken up in the fingers? How should asparagus be eaten? corn on the cob? artichokes? May a slice of bread be bitten into, or should it be broken into small pieces, buttered individually, and so conveyed to the mouth?

What is the correct way to use the finger-bowl, the napkin? Is the fork held in the right hand, or the left? Should the fork and knife be allowed to remain on the plate if it is passed for a second helping?

Mistakes at the table can be most embarrassing. Through etiquette you will avoid

them, and do always exactly what is correct and in good form.

Shall We Send You the Book of Etiquette Free for Examination?

It is impossible to list here, even in part, the many fascinating subjects that are covered in the Book of Etiquette—considered by many to be the most complete, authoritative and interesting work on the subject available today. This splendid two-volume set covers completely every phase of everyday etiquette. Every problem of conduct that may have puzzled you is solved. Wherever possible, origin of customs have been traced to their source, so that the chapters are as interesting to read as a story.

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The Book of Etiquette covers completely the subjects of engagements, weddings, teas, parties, entertainments of all kinds, speech, dress, sports, correspondence, and countless other interesting matters of social and personal import. No one should be without this famous work.

Mail the Free-Examination Coupon Today

Don't put it off. Send for the Book of Etiquette now and examine it at your leisure. From cover to cover you will find both books filled with interesting and extremely valuable information. The books are now handsomely bound in cloth decorated with gold. Remember, it costs you nothing to see and examine them.

If you haven't been able to find the mistakes in the picture above, you'll surely find them in the Book of Etiquette. And if you're not delighted with the Book of Etiquette, the examination of them costs you absolutely nothing. Act NOW! Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 4012, Garden City, N. Y.

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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LAST July Paramount announced 41 new pictures to be released from then till January, 1923.

Last July Paramount promised that these would be "the greatest shows of the greatest season in the history of entertainment."

Starting with the very first new season picture, Paramount's promise was performed.

Think of "Blood and Sand," "The Old Homestead," "Manslaughter," "To Have and To Hold"—all Paramount Pictures.

Space is too limited to remind you of them all, but a few are listed here in the illustration.

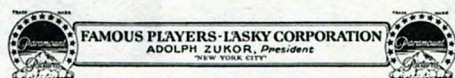
Perhaps you missed seeing some of them?

If so, take this page to your favorite theatre and ask to have them booked.

By every test of enthusiastic audiences, of popular acclaim, of box office figures and of critics' appreciation, Paramount's famous forty-one are the lions of the season.

Looking backward to 1922 and looking forward to 1923, the bright beacon of Paramount's fame shines ever brighter, till, in more than eleven thousand theatres, the words ring truer than ever that—

**"If it's a Paramount Picture
it's the best show in town."**



Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

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"I'm Surprised at Your Magazine!"



SAID a friend of ours who dropped in to see us recently.

"I picked up a copy the other day—first one I'd ever read, to tell you the truth—and what surprised me was the attitude you're taking in the way of discussing the players from a really human angle. I mean, your writers present them from an intelligent point of view instead of writing about them as though they were superbeings, which, of course, they're not. But I had an idea a movie magazine was just a lot of whipped-cream sort of fluff, concocted solely to tickle the palate of persons who believe—well, all the hokum that was ever put out about the movies."

"You've been reading 'Merton,' haven't you?" we asked.

"Well, yes," he replied, "and really, after reading it, and then after looking over your magazine, I wondered if your readers really like to be told, for example, that some star *isn't* really one of the most beautiful women that ever lived, and that the actresses *don't* feel an ecstasy of joy at being kissed in a love scene, to be given interviews that aren't full of gush, and reviews of pictures that are thoughtful and intelligently discriminating rather than fulsome hymns of praise. Frankly your magazine interested *me* a lot, but—well, I just wondered."

"We don't," we replied. "The fans have sent us too many expressions of appreciation in their letters. The fans have a lot more discrimination than they're given credit for."

And because we believe that we shall continue in the future, as we have in the past, to tell you everything about the movies that we can which will give you a keener understanding of them, a better appreciation of the efforts of players and producers who are honestly trying to improve public taste and the screen, and a more genuine knowledge of the players.

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WHAT THE FANS THINK



Suggested: A Hall of Infamy.

NOT that I'm grouchy, but—I've got to let off some long-pent-up steam about motion-picture people. It seems to me that there is too much slinging of laurel wreaths and not enough hurling of brickbats at movie people to maintain a healthy condition of continuous improvement in their work. We have lists of the best pictures and the best players, pæans of praise for artistic producers and frequent nominations for the Hall of Movie Fame. All very well. But wouldn't this praise be more valuable if it were occasionally tempered with a few opposite views? Yet whoever heard of a list of the ten worst pictures and most incompetent players?

Here is my suggestion: Let us elect, here in "What the Fans Think" a movie Hall of Infamy. Let us keep the membership elastic, letting any one suggest nominations as he sees fit. Here are mine—just to start the ball rolling.

Elinor Glyn—for writing such tawdry, artificial vehicles for Gloria Swanson.

May MacAvoy—for hiding her splendid talents in such artificiality as was hers in "The Top of New York."

Marion Davies—for continuing to star in pictures when it is all too apparent that she is not star material.

Maurice Tourneur—for not making more pictures.

Pauline Frederick—for deserting the screen.

Yours for more nominations. ERNEST GRAYDON.
Quincy, Illinois.

The Army Cheers for Gloria.

I suppose it will surprise you to know that the soldiers of the regular army—those that are left—are almost as ardent film "fans" as any sixteen-year-old "flapper." Now what is all this stuff I read about Gloria Swanson not being a great actress? Don't spread that around this post! We have just seen her in "Beyond the Rocks," and she managed to hold up and dignify a very mediocre story, and not just with her costumes, either. Why, her arms—talk about the lost arms of the Venus of Milo. Oh, boy! "Venie" wasn't in with Gloria.

SGT. JOHN F. ROGERS.

Lanely Field, Virginia.

Is De Mille a Good or a Bad Magician.

Something has been puzzling me very much of late, and that is: What *does* C. De Mille do to his stars?

Consider, for example, Agnes Ayres. As the O. Henry girl she radiated a sweet, wholesome sincerity. Since she has appeared in "The Furnace" and "Forbidden Fruit" her expression seems to me to have undergone a complete change. I admit that the dressing up and the meticulous grooming have made her far more beautiful, but she impresses me as having a look of being spoiled, supercilious, and bored with everything. This may be merely a temporary phase; any-

way, I still go to see her in the hope of seeing the girl who first attracted my liking.

Gloria is another example. In "Male and Female," in "Something To Think About," and in a few scenes of "The Great Moment" she revealed herself as an actress of decided ability and mentality. In later pictures, such as the intolerably stupid "Beyond The Rocks" she is only a badly dressed woman, with an undeniable sex appeal. I don't believe that Miss Swanson enjoys wearing clothes which are in such dreadfully bad taste. They are gorgeous, it is true; so is a circus caravan, but people don't paint up a Rolls-Royce car to look like part of such a procession. Why, then, dress a lady in such weird garments? Also, in the above mentioned picture, her make-up was far too noticeable, her mouth was a tortured-looking pout, and her eyelashes stuck out like spikes.

Is Mr. De Mille responsible for these changes? And if so, what effect are they having on his stars? Are his stars, because of these transformations, becoming better actresses, or are they merely being sacrificed to a sensation-loving public's desire for the bizarre?

STELLA MEADE.

Ste. II. Beresford Apartments, Winnipeg, Canada.

And Some Persons Think That All Players Are Conceited.

What a great old world it is! With everybody having opinions 'n' everything. I have often glanced through the "What the Fans Think" columns, hoping some fan would have some nice thing to say about my poor dramatic efforts. The only thing I've found to date is the remark that my name should be eliminated from the "stars-of-to-morrow" list. My heart is broken. I wish I could snap my fingers and announce that I didn't care, but I do—vitality. I shall never miss another issue, because I feel I shall learn through "What the Fans Think" of others and profit by what they do not think of me. Sincerely,

HELEN FERGUSON.

A Plea for Music.

I have read so many letters in your department concerning the presentation of photo plays that I just had to come in and have my say with the rest of them. Yes, you may do away with the uniformed ushers and the elaborate prologues, but please, oh, *please*, leave us the orchestras! Many a poor picture has been saved by a good orchestra, and many a good one has lost half its effectiveness when accompanied simply by a piano or a second-rate organ. The music is often so finely attuned to the feelings of the spectator that he hardly realizes what the absence of it would mean. It is my belief that in the future, pictures will come more and more to rely upon the orchestra to bring out their full effects. Music is the greatest controller of human

Continued on page 10

It's a Crime to Be Fat When It's So Easy to Be Slender



Mrs. Denny before she used the new method. Weight, 240 pounds.

Mrs. Denny after she used the new method. Weight now 166 pounds and she is still reducing.

Loses 74 Pounds— Feels Like a New Woman

"I weighed 240 pounds when I sent for your course. The first week I lost 10 pounds. My weight is now 166 pounds and I am still reducing. I never felt better in my life than I do now. There is no sign of my former indigestion. And I have a fine complexion now, whereas before I was always bothered with pimples. Formerly I could not walk upstairs without feeling faint. Now I can RUN up. I reduced my bust 7½ inches, my waist 9 inches and my hips 11 inches. I even wear shoes a size smaller. Formerly they were sixes, now they are fives."

(Signed) Mrs. Mary J. Denny.
82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J.



John Griswold before using new discovery. Weight, 266 pounds.

John Griswold after using new discovery. Weight, 162 pounds.

Loses 104 Pounds Reduces Waist Line 17 Inches

"When I sent for your method I weighed 266 pounds. I reduced at the rate of about 5 pounds a week until I reached 162 pounds. I reduced my waist line 17 inches. Today I am in good health and am now free from all avoidable ailments. I find that all one needs is your course in order to become the person of his dreams."

(Signed) John Griswold, Anthony, Kan.



Mrs. Geo. Guiterman the day she started reducing the new way.

Mrs. Geo. Guiterman 8 days later. Note the wonderful improvement.

Loses 13 Pounds in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I've lost 13 pounds since last Monday. I used to lie in bed an hour or so before I could get to sleep. But now I go to sleep as soon as I lie down, and I can sleep from 8 to 9 hours. I feel better than I have for months."

(Signed) Mrs. George Guiterman,
420 E. 66th St., New York City.

It's a crime to look 10 years older than you are — when it's so easy to look younger

You can quickly regain normal weight and youthful lines through amazing new discovery. You also obtain a wonderful condition of health and strength. No discomforts, starving, drugs, exercise or painful self-denials.

"YOUR method is the greatest thing I ever heard of. In six weeks I lost 37 pounds (almost a pound a day). I am feeling the best I have in five years. My friends all ask me what I am doing, and I tell them what a wonderful thing your method is doing for me. My waist measured 37 inches when I started to reduce. Now it is only 28 inches. I am 61 years old. I thank you for the help you have given me.

(Signed) Mrs. Eugene Woodhull,
448 Lafayette St., Utica, N. Y.

Mrs. Woodhull is just one of the 300,000 men and women who have taken advantage of the wonderful new way to reduce. Taking off excess weight by this method is the easiest and quickest thing imaginable. It is absolutely harmless and really fascinating. Almost like magic it brings slender, graceful, supple figures and also the most wonderful benefits in health. Weakness, nervousness, indigestion, shortness of breath, as well as many long-seated organic troubles, are banished. Eyes become brighter, steps more elastic and skins smooth, clear and radiant. Many write that they are positively astounded at losing wrinkles which they had supposed to be ineffaceable!

A delighted Pennsylvania woman writes: "I feel 20 years younger since I lost those 54 pounds, and my family say I look it."

How Your Fat Goes Forever

Eugene Christian, internationally known food specialist, is the discoverer of this new way to take off flesh. He found that there is no need for the old-fashioned, painful starving process—that there are certain ways in which ordinary everyday foods can be combined which will cause them to correct your fatty tendencies. Eat these dishes in the combinations he shows you and they will cause your present fat to leave—often at the rate of a pound a day or more—until you have reached your normal weight. Then you need not gain or lose another pound. And the beauty of this wonderful new system is that it permits you to eat many delicious foods which you may be denying yourself now—and yet you lose weight steadily.

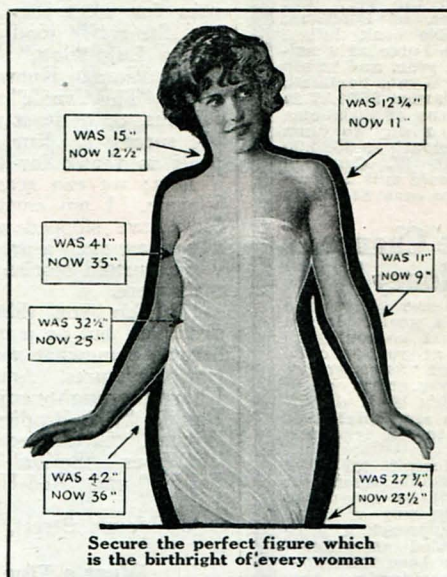
Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight control into a course called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." Lessons one and two show you how to reduce slowly; the others show how to reduce more rapidly. To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery he offers to send the complete course on 10 days' trial to any one sending in the coupon.

10 Days' Trial—Send No Money

If you act quickly you can take advantage of a special reduced price offer that is being made for a short time only. All you need do is to mail the coupon—or write a letter, or postcard if you prefer—without sending a penny and the course will be sent you at once. IN PLAIN WRAPPER.

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NOW—Your One Chance to Make Big Money!

Not one of these men ever had sold a thing before—not a dime's worth. If you had told one of them that he could sell he would have laughed at you or come back with the old saw that "Salesmen are born, not made." And yet every one of them, through reading this book, discovered that **Master Salesmen are made!** And they found an easy way to rise from low pay to big earnings.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

emotions, and to my mind, pictures would lose much of their grip on the public if music were left out.

Before I close I want to say a word about Betty Compson. Some time ago I wrote a letter protesting against her playing the part of *Babbie*, when it was first announced that she was to have the leading rôle in "The Little Minister." I take back all that I said. I have not had the pleasure of seeing her in "The Little Minister," but I have seen her in other things, and I fully realize her versatility. She is one of the screen's finest young actresses. My apologies, Miss Compson.

ELIZABETH ABELL.

106 Second Street, South Orange, N. J.

But What About "Blood and Sand?"

It seems to me that the Paramount pictures are catering to poorer taste with every release. Consider such recent pictures as "The Affairs of Anatol," "The Sheik," "The Great Moment," "The Ordeal," "Beyond the Rocks," and "Her Gilded Cage." Did you ever see such flagrant box-office stuff? Universal and Fox aren't half so bad, for at least they make no pretensions to "art," but only pass for what they are. It is too bad that the *really* good Paramounts, such as "Miss Lulu Bett," "Footlights," "What Every Woman Knows," "The Little Minister," "The Cradle" were all comparative failures, or at least were not among the big successes. But the public has only itself to thank for the kind of pictures it gets; we can scarcely blame Famous Players. I am certainly glad, however, they have stopped making Realarts. I never saw such a program of consistently weak, insipid stories as the Realart pictures were.

Probably you think I am an awful grumbler, but as a movie pianist I have become somewhat soured on the general run of pictures. Among the plays which I have thoroughly enjoyed are: "Tofable David," "The Prodigal Judge," "Hail the Woman," "A Connecticut Yankee," "Foolish Wives," "Smilin' Thru," "Polly of the Follies," and "Red-Hot Romance."

G. CRISS SIMPSON.

525 Mound Street, Atchison, Kan.

What a Fine Collection!

I have just finished reading "What the Fans Think" in the October issue of your magazine, and the letter that interested me the most was the one Dorothy Brown wrote. Now I have never written to any star for a photo; I do not condemn doing so, by any means, but I just haven't. I have, however, saved photos of stars and scenes from plays for several years. I clip the pictures from magazines and make scrapbooks. I have thirty scrapbooks at present. Two of these I did not count, as the pictures within were all newspapers, this really making thirty-two scrapbooks. But when I saw Miss Brown saying that she thought she had more pictures than most fans, as she has more than five hundred, I thought I would do some figuring, and in my thirty scrapbooks I have six thousand one hundred and seven pictures! And that's not all the pictures I have. I have a big wooden box nearly full and the walls of my room are covered with pictures, as is my desk. Some pictures I have framed. If I counted every last picture I have, I think I would have double the amount that makes up my scrapbooks. I am sixteen now and I've saved pictures since Pearl

White—who is my favorite star—made "The Exploits of Elaine." E. T. C.
63 Chard Street, East Weymouth, Mass.

Personal Appearances Often Disappoint.

I have just read a Cleveland fan's opinion on personal appearances. May I give my own little opinion? I think it was a most unlucky day they were ever thought of, both for fans and players. I, too, saw Lew Cody; he was well built and manly looking, but—well, suppose I merely say that I was disappointed. Bill Desmond also disappointed me even more, on account of his flippant remarks on marriage. Montagu Love was very good in his little character sketches, but, like the others, he seemed to me conceited. As for Kathlyn Williams, whom I used to like so much, I imagine she was mighty glad when the ordeal was over. I certainly was. Thinking it all over, we can hardly blame them. They have been worshipped almost more than Almighty God Himself, and it is expecting too much of poor human nature to have them otherwise than conceited.

David Warfield came here to Detroit some time ago in "The Return of Peter Grimm." You can imagine how he was received and what his curtain call was like afterward. We had almost despaired of his responding, but at last he did. We admired him all the more for his humility. I had often heard that simplicity was a characteristic of all great men. When I saw David Warfield I knew that was true. What can I conclude save that he stands far above these screen players that I have seen?

MARGARET O'FLAHERTY.

Field Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

These Fans Enjoy Seeing Them in Person.

I saw Theda Bara in person at our beautiful Capitol Theater here in St. Paul. She certainly seems to be a very ladylike person. She is beautiful. I used to hear so much to the contrary, though I always thought she was pretty on the screen. Her personal appearance certainly made a bigger hit here than that of any other actress or actor who has been here, with the exception of George Beban when he acted out part of "The Sign of the Rose." I wish that all of you movie fans could have seen Miss Bara the way I did. She wore a simple, draped, flame-color velvet dress. She looked beautiful standing there in that huge theater which looked like a mass of diamonds, gold, platinum, and wine-color velvet. I saw her five times.

Miss Dupont's appearance here with "Foolish Wives" was very successful, for every one seems to like the pretty blonde. Besides seeing her at the Garrick Theater, I saw her at the Casino in one of our hotels, so I had the opportunity of getting a good look at her, which pleased me very much.

ALEXANDER ARNOLD.

468 Dayton Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

Why so much talk against stars making personal appearances? I have seen many movie stars in person and was disappointed in not more than one.

I was visiting in Chicago last week and was just about to leave yesterday when I missed my train, so that I and my friends decided to walk over to Jackson Park, which is about two or three squares from the Sixty-third Street station, while waiting for the next one. We were walking



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along the path toward the lake when whom should I see but Pauline Frederick! She was riding horseback along the bridle path. My heart looped the loop and I certainly was glad I had missed my train, otherwise I wouldn't have seen her. She is very pretty. I wouldn't have missed seeing her for anything.

MARGARET CONTY.

2048 Bellefontaine Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

A Call for More Talent of the First Rank.

Why this persistent call for new faces? Among the women of screenland whose work I have observed with sustained interest and thorough enjoyment there are, to my mind, but five whose talent, temperament, and technique justify the use of superlatives. Two of these are not home grown: Negri and Nazimova. Our own great ones—and they are great—are Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, and Norma Talmadge. There is also an illustrious company of most capable and charming players whose beauty and artistry are distinctive and who can make almost any story interesting, always allowing that it is not absolutely hopeless. Betty Compson, Elsie Ferguson, Pauline Frederick, Constance Talmadge, Priscilla Dean, Dorothy Dalton, Alice Joyce, Ethel Clayton, and Gloria Swanson I would place on this list. Possibly there are as many as a half score more—but I doubt it. There are many who have achieved stardom because they are comely, because they have personal appeal, and because they photograph well. These young women—and there are so many of the type—are not and never will be "authentic," to quote John Barrymore in his recent article on the movies in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. He admits he uses it for lack of a better word. But you get what he means if you read the very clever article. "Mary Pickford," he says, "is authentic," and I would add Negri, Nazimova, Lillian Gish, and Norma Talmadge.

Why the call for new faces? Why not a call for new talent? Of course, we cannot get the talent without the faces, but we certainly have been getting a succession of faces—constantly coming and going—with little talent of any great consequence. And this practice will never add to our small group of stars of the first order.

As to the men? That will be another story. **BETTINA WELCH.**

Tacoma, Washington.
Well, It Almost Looks That Way.

When "Blood and Sand" was released I went down to see it at the Rivoli Theater in New York. My mother and her friend accompanied me. Before arriving at the theater I asked their opinion of Valentino. My mother was indifferent and her friend said, "You silly flappers go wild over him, but with sensible people he wouldn't stand a chance." I think she was thinking of "The Sheik" as she said it.

After the performance my mother showered me with questions concerning Rudy. Her friend joined her in her desire for information. My mother proclaimed him wonderful and her friend thought his acting superb. Where before they were indifferent, now they are alive with interest at the mere mention of his name. This is just an instance of what this picture, "Blood and Sand," has done for his popularity. A few more pictures like that and flappers, old men, young men, married women, and grandmothers alike will sing his praises.

FRANCES HARRIS.

149 East 165th Street, New York City.

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Does Any One Disagree with This?

Several weeks ago I saw a picture which was so dry and boring that I can't keep quiet one minute longer about it. The film is "Our Leading Citizen," Thomas Meighan's latest. Let me say this for the benefit of Tommy's many fans: I am not criticizing Mr. Meighan, nor his work in the film, but merely the story itself.

What a jumble and a hodge-podge it is! The plot, if it can be said to have one, is long drawn out and tiresome. The settings are cheap looking and the action is slow.

The author, George Ade, is heralded, with the picture, as much as Meighan. Why must a writer of such clever magazine articles try his hand on film plays, when, apparently, his style is not suited to the screen? Remembering "The Hydra-Headed Author," I may be misjudging Mr. Ade. Possibly, in print, "Our Leading Citizen" may have been rather interesting. But whoever "scenarioed," filmed, cut, titled, and O. K'd it for release certainly made a grand mess of the whole thing.

The picture is nothing but an excuse for showing off the author's knowledge of politics. Most of the young girls and children will not be able to understand it, as the most highly educated person may not be familiar with civil government. There will be no appeal to the older woman; and the average young man, unless he is a political bug, will not enjoy it. Barring these four classes, that leaves only the middle-aged men who might really appreciate the release, but how few of them compose the movie audiences!

It is a shame to cast the genial Thomas Meighan in a picture of this kind. How very far "The Bachelor Daddy" and "Cappy Ricks" surpassed this! In the former there was an attraction to all of the various ages of picture-goers.

Seeing Mr. Meighan in good photographs, I have grown to like him immensely. However, if Lasky gives him another such story as this one, I fear his high stock will fall considerably in public estimation. I wonder if it is so hard to get suitable screen material that they must resort to such "yawn-evoking" stuff as "Our Leading Citizen?"

TRIX MACKENZIE.

Box 1688, Atlanta, Ga.

An Experience Which Many Fans Will Envy.

I have just seen Rodolph and his wife, or nearly-wife. They came walking into the hotel where I was sitting for the moment, and really, fans, I never was so thrilled in my life! There he was in the flesh—only difference being a military mustache! He was talking and laughing and looked very, very handsome. His wife isn't pretty, but she has a great deal of style—is tall, slim, and distinguished looking. She wears black well.

Now I'm far from being a flapper—am, in fact, past thirty and a business woman of some years' standing, but I'll say this: I'm a victim of Valentino's spell, too. He isn't the lady-killer they paint him. I feel sure. He's just a fine actor with a great deal of personal magnetism. I admire his unbeatable determination. Could any one of us have gone to another country and risen to the top in any of the professions in four years' time? He deserves all the success he's got and more.

MARION D. MILLS.

576 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

The Danger of Errors in Costume Productions.

With a deluge of costume pictures about to fall upon us, I'd like to register

some kicks in advance. Bear in mind, I don't know that these are warranted; I just suspect that they will be. I'm judging by "The Prisoner of Zenda," the only one of the new costume pictures I have seen so far. There was one little inconsistency in that which was trivial, but if the same fault were carried to an extreme in other costume pictures, they might be ruined.

Alice Terry's gowns were not of the same period as the costumes of the dashing cavaliers with whom she appeared. They were becoming, goodness knows, and she was beautiful and charming, but she looked quite as though a Howard Chandler Christy model had stepped back a century or two. There was nothing romantic-looking about her clothes. They were made on an ancient model, but with modern lines.

Now this tendency can be carried to ridiculous extremes—as it often has been on the stage. Viola Allen once played *Lady Macbeth* in a gown of the then-fashionable hour-glass lines. A *Romeo* in what looked like a pinch-back coat is another of my memories.

Are our screen costume classics to make this mistake?

A period drama, if done strictly in the spirit of its time, will last forever. If its costumes are adapted to flapper modes, then it may look all right to-day, but tomorrow it will look strangely outmoded.

I have seen some pictures from "To Have and To Hold" and "Robin Hood" which look promising. But, oh, I am afraid of the *Mary Tudor* that the buxom Marion Davies will make, and I worry for fear that *Dorothy Vernon*, played by Mary Pickford may wear riding breeches of the latest cut when she masquerades as an army officer.

Incidentally, if you want to see how absurd such mistakes in costuming can be, look up "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" and see the pictures of *Dorothy*. She is dressed in something resembling old English garb, but one needs no signature of a Christy or a Gibson to prove that she is a product of nineteen hundred and something. Her posture, her manner, her coiffure, all tell that at a glance.

ANITA KINGSTON.

Buffalo, New York.

A Tribute to Nita Naldi.

Well, we have seen "Blood and Sand" and enjoyed same immensely—although I don't think it is as appealing a play as "The Four Horsemen." It doesn't seem natural for Valentino to be vamped, and had the vamping been in any other hands it would have been ridiculous. But what a wonderful example of "why men leave home" Miss Naldi gave us! I know if it had been my husband I could have only said, "Bless your heart, honey, I cannot blame you! I would have fallen myself if I had been a man."

M. E. McKEE.

6300 National Bridge Road, St. Louis, Mo.

What Crimes, Indeed!

Oh, Rodolph Valentino, what crimes are committed in thy name! Last night I went to a picture show, our leading picture house in fact, and I saw you in "The Married Virgin," as *Count de Somebody*, a terrible villain.

This picture was advertised a week ahead as one of your latest pictures, and every billboard around town had large signs displayed. The theater was packed, and I had to take a front seat, but did not mind so much as long as

Continued on page 109



Harriet Beecher Stowe

Have You the Power

that makes some men
and women great?



Shakespeare

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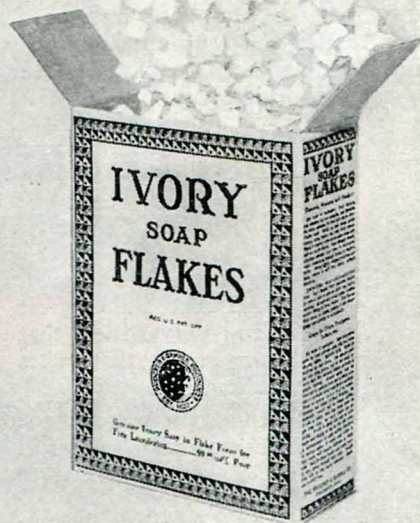
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Crêpe Meteor will wash- but first consider this test for washing safety

It is not always easy to tell whether or not a soap is perfectly safe for laundering the very finest garments you own.

How many women have built up confidence in a soap while using it for the hardier of their dainty garments! Then comes the day for washing a costly, delicate-hued silk blouse, or dress. What a sinking of the heart when the garment comes out—only a little faded, perhaps; only a little streaked—but really ruined.

Is there no way to avoid such disasters?

Yes. There is a soap-test, as simple, yet as conclusive, as choosing between black and white. Here it is:

Would you be willing to apply the soap to your face?

Apply this thought to the soap, whatever its form, which you are planning to use for your finest silks. If that soap is Ivory Flakes, your confidence in it will be redoubled.

For Ivory Flakes is simply the flaked form of Ivory Soap, and Ivory Soap has been the gentle friend of women's complexions for 43 years.

You may use Ivory Flakes economically for ordinary laundry work, of course; but it has a reassuring margin of safety for the most precious things you possess.

Pure, mild, safe—thin as a butterfly's wing—Ivory Flakes comes from its dainty blue-and-white box ready for instant suds and the luxury of wash-bowl laundering without worry or fear.

May we send you a small package of Ivory Flakes with our compliments and a useful booklet of washing and ironing suggestions? You will find the proper address in the lower left-hand corner.

The full-size package of Ivory Flakes is for sale by grocery and department stores.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE—this package and booklet

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be sent to you without charge on application to Section 47-LF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty clothes last longer

Those who know Elsie Ferguson as a stage star will recognize her as she appears here. But to her screen fans her next rôle will be a surprise.



Elsie Ferguson Comes Back to Us

AFTER an absence of a year Miss Ferguson is again at work at the Famous Players Long Island studio. The picture should be a notable one, since the play it depicts is "Out-cast," so far the most successful stage play of Miss Ferguson's career.

It will be a new Elsie Ferguson that you will see in this picture—not the suffering lady of breeding and culture whom she nearly always depicts, but a girl of the streets who is pitched by fortune into a new environment of ease and luxury, but also one of emotional storm and stress.

It is probable that this will be Miss Ferguson's only picture for some time, for, like most of the screen stars who were recruited from among the most shining lights of the speaking stage, she is giving more and more time to that form of expression, and is making fewer appearances on the screen.

Who's the Bern

There seem to be almost
are actresses. So although
writer's nominations, you

By Stanton



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

If the present belongs to any one it undeniably belongs to Lillian Gish.

THERE was the opportunity. I seize it—so!" explained Madame Sarah Bernhardt, gripping the bell cord in her drawing-room. She was describing her début as a dramatic actress. France and the world had combined to create the need of her. She had risen to the occasion, suddenly, "unhandicapped by beauty," as the greatest critic of the day rather ungraciously remarked. Indeed, she was so painfully thin that this same critic joked about her at a dinner party, declaring that an "empty carriage drove up to the Théâtre Porte St. Martin—and *Madame Sarah Bernhardt got out.*"

What of it? Oh, nothing—only beauty and talent are not the same thing, and also, strangely enough, America right now, like France fifty years ago, is combining to create the opportunity for another Bernhardt, a Bernhardt of the screen.

Who is she, and where?

Now that's a question, something of a poser, and even if you think you've found her you'll have to prove it, but if you are

Norma Talmadge has that pensive seriousness, the sense of pause, that gives punch and accent to thought.



disposed to dispute the fact that talent, not the flapper hair cut, ability, not the baby stare, are coming more and more to rule in pictures, you'll have your work cut out.

For one thing, you'll have to explain the astonishing return, not only to the screen, but to popularity, of Clara Kimball Young. You'll probably counter by reminding us of the retirement to the speaking stage of Madame Olga Petrova, by referring to the more recent defection of Pauline Frederick, but what of the astonishing vogue of Vera Gordon, what of Mary Alden? To be sure, they are identified with the "homy" class of pictures—they are plain mothers, but heroines no less, and the same is true of Mary Carr. Ever sure-fire, mother rôles may have forced a continuous popularity upon Julia Swayne Gordon. Appearing as a

mother may in part account—but only in part, I fancy—for the recent success in "Tol'able David" of Marion Abbott, utility infielder these many years of the well-known speaking stage. But the chance, adventitious aid of maternal depiction certainly does not explain the extraordinary aspect of Gladys Brockwell's latest venture.

She has signed to play in Mack Sennett comedies. Her comeback—and any one who has seen her in dramatic rôles feels safe in predicting it—will be staged on the route traveled by none other than Gloria Swanson.

Also, what of Leah Baird, still a riot in State-right circles where adjectives matter less than checks from exhibitors—and what of Pearl White?

Taking Pearl White's name in vain is like taking Mary Pickford's, in that it

hardt of the Movies?

as varied opinions as there you may not agree with the will find his ideas interesting.

Leeds

suggests at once the exception to every rule. But even, for the sake of argument, admitting that the mature heroine has not come to stay as a permanent best bet, admitting that the examples given above are merely temporary phenomena—still let us ask ourselves: are we going back to the cutie as the one big star in the service flag of producers? A year ago you were told, vociferously if inelegantly, that you had "said a mouthful" if you happened to remark in an off moment that "it's the cuties who get the coin."

Now just try making that remark in a roomful of producers. The times have changed, and the fashions. Cuties are out, through, "sunk!" as the zealous Zeidman remarked. If the change is permanent, well and good. It means actresses will have a chance to develop their abilities and extend their range without the constant fear that, as they grow older, they will outlive their popularity. It means a new field of endeavor, an opportunity for a Bernhardt to win our sympathy and attention, to hold them intent on her genius as it brightens and widens and grows through the long, warm summer of a lifetime. If the change isn't permanent—but somehow I think it is.

The women will make it so, the broad-minded, mature women who are going more and more to the movies. Princesses Charming, doll babies, cuties—what do they mean to these women? Women no longer seek to be that type—"an'

Betty Compson is the soubrette glorified by a warm, summoning beauty.

Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes



With her aristocratic bearing and sense of certainty Claire Windsor should go far.



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

The perennial popularity of Pearl White suggests the exception to every rule.

what they seek to be, *they be!*" as a native of the hinterland, a peasant with no mean power of observation, once remarked to the after-supper crowd round the stove in the village store. What they seek to be is anything but the type of girl who is utterly powerless except as her man shapes her destiny. Woman suffrage is but one among several evidences of this desire among women to be out and doing, to compete, to be more difficult to win because independent and so more desirable. Nor would men, either, I think, care to go back to the old type. The harder to win the better the battle—this is one way of translating into

English what Freud and the psychoanalysts are talking about, and, while it is not the phraseology that would win a doctor's degree in a university, it will do. Also



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

What caused the astonishing return to popularity of Clara Kimball Young?

it is a good choice of words because of its side partner, the equally true statement that *the harder a girl is to win, the better the picture.*

Moreover, the new ideas abroad among men and women obviously have had a slow, almost unconscious effect on pictures, but an effect, nevertheless. As noted above, there is now a place on the program for the mature woman. To be more exact, the public seems to want at present the woman of infinite variety who educates while she entertains, but still has pictorial appeal, is good to look at for one of a number of reasons. In the unlikely event that the public changes its mind, then it will be time and plenty for those who want real value in their pictures to adopt the motto, "the public be damned!"

Foreigners would see the reason for wearing that slogan like the ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur across the breast, for it is foreigners who see woman at her most interesting in the thirties or just before, and any actress not a patient of that Doctor Osler, who wanted to chloroform all of us after fifty, can play a woman in the thirties or just before. The longer her training, the better she can play her; but she must, of course, have had an original equipment. This, plus training and opportunity, is what has produced the finished stars of Italy and France. This is the magic trinity, but how infrequently it fuses to force out a perfect resultant! How very few was emphasized by An-

tonio Scotti, baritone at the Metropolitan Opera House, and intent on putting a certain artiste in her place, when he said:

"Sarah! Eleanora! Basta!" In other words, Bernhardt and Duse, enough. That's all. Who else?

Exactly, and yet these two did not *learn* their art. They merely improved on what was latent within them. What was latent within these preëminent figures of the speaking stage is one thing. What, on the other hand, should be latent within a woman if she would succeed preëminently on the screen is something else again. What the latter must have is a sixth sense, a "sense of projection"—let us call it that—the ability to hold a character correctly because you are thinking that character. Projecting the succession of *thoughts* in that character's mind requires, further, what we may well name a "sense of pause." You must have the thought just long enough to register it, then know *when* to switch to some other thought. Here, in the possession or lack of these two essential senses, lies the difference between real ability and that sort of ability which registers emotion and idea by physical means, by making faces or gestures, at the command of the director.

A screen actress may lack these two qualities and have Bernhardt's exceptional sense of attitude, that sense directing every part of her physical being to signal the deaf in the audience, those her golden voice cannot reach, an idea of what's going on—a screen actress may have this and still be lost so far as preëminent honors are concerned. But having the two senses, and in effect they are one, she has the fundamental to which all other things may be added. None knows this better than D. W. Griffith, who has come

to fame by letting his actors develop their natural instinct for characterization with something extraordinary inevitably the result; as it invariably isn't with directors who say: "Do this my way and no other"—none knows this better than Griffith. Remember "The Birth of a Nation?" Mae Marsh's tricks? Finger to the lips, then aloft, listening attitude! Quick, alert, for all the world a young girl poised like a bird for flight. You remember of course, and you



Photo by Ira L. Hill

Corinne Griffith has beauty, and she has power, but her day is not yet.

Players of mother rôles, such as Mary Alden, are having a surprising vogue.



loved it all because in recognizing resemblance and parallels there is ever an inescapable pleasure.

But soon after "The Birth of a Nation" Miss Marsh left Mr. Griffith, and before Old Mother Hubbard could indulge her favorite vice by saying "Jack Robinson," Mr. Griffith had added all the pet tricks of Mae Marsh to the equipment of Lillian Gish, a circumstance which brings us again to a consideration of that which cannot be transferred, the inborn sense of projection. Who, among them, have this quality? Mary Pickford, certainly. No director has to tell her what to do. She is *thinking* the character, hence she is the character and knows what it's all about. Pola Negri has it, and she whom Pola Negri recently described in a private letter as "the greatest America has"—namely Pauline Frederick.

But Pickford is confined to a restricted type, Negri is a foreigner, Frederick has left pictures. Who else is worth discussing?

A host of names suggest themselves, some to be left to the judgment of time, some as obviously among those to be rejected. These last are usually temporary stars by grace of some trick that has momentarily caught on. We may predict their end as surely as we foresaw that of "Dardanella." They are glorified or stereotyped leading women, for one reason or another raised to program power. They are not unique.

Natural stars are unique. It takes considerable planning—if such be the intention—to kill them off. It takes only average good sense to keep them going, and what gives them all the universal value of the gold dollar is this very unique quality that is not elsewhere to be found, that cannot be duplicated, and that the public takes to as it takes to the ocean in summer. Douglas Fairbanks is this way. No one else can quite do what he can do, or approaches the attempt to do it with his inimitable manner. Bill Hart is unique and so is Tom Mix. Just as surely the average capable man of that type can be trained to fill Buck Jones' shoes or Harry Carey's.

Mary Carr has retained the following she gained in "Over the Hill."

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston



Photo by Evans

As the mature type of heroine Leah Baird is still a riot in State-right circles.

promise between the individual and the general good.

But we cannot so easily dispose of Mae Murray, Norma Talmadge, Claire Windsor, Corinne Griffith and even Gloria Swanson.

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Photo by Freulich

Priscilla Dean has poetic fire and that trick of the lips which is supreme in pathos.

Among the women stars who is unique, who misses? We can dismiss Betty Blythe, despite her intelligence, because I think she has never taken her work seriously; Marguerite de la Motte and Marjorie Daw because they are insufficient, though charmingly pretty; Martha Mansfield and Nita Naldi because they are so noticeably conscious of the beauty they exhibit; Katherine MacDonald because the fire of emotion shows so rarely in her work; even the exceptional Madame Nazimova whose exotic, eccentric style sharpens the edge of any idea. She does not stand the test because she carries her command beyond the field she naturally rules. With no technical knowledge she seems forever at war with the intentions of the director, and this is ruination, for it cannot be too often repeated that a theatrical production of any character to be successful must be a com-

Now We Know About Pola

Conjecture and hearsay are all very well as far as they go, but in Pola Negri's case they didn't go half far enough.

By Helen Klumph

POLA NEGRI arrived in New York on Tuesday, September 12th, and the next morning there was a serious shortage of adjectives. The usually blasé New York papers printed such ecstatic effusions about her as seldom appear outside of a prominent philanthropist's hometown gazette, and people who had met her went around raving.

Just picture for yourself a delicately chiseled beauty, so blue-white in her pallor that she looks as though she had been cut from Carrara marble. Frame her face in inky-black hair. Add to that the magnetism of Geraldine Farrar, the fire of Priscilla Dean, the smoldering depths of Theda Bara's eyes, something of the finesse of Corinne Griffith, and the clear-cut movements of Mae Busch. Over it all throw a consciousness of power and an amazingly sensuous and self-ish mouth, and you have a general idea of what Pola Negri looks like.

She dresses all in black or all in white. The gown that she wore as the ship steamed in sight of the Goddess of Liberty and a veritable army of reporters crowded around to ask what her impressions of America were, was of white charmeuse trimmed with monkey fur. The next day at a luncheon at Sherry's given in her honor by Adolph Zukor, she wore black satin, heavily incrustated with Spanish lace and embellished by a diamond and platinum plaque as big as a discus. She can afford to wear lots of diamonds because her eyes outshine them, anyway.

Charlie Chaplin had told the world she was beautiful, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation had intimated as much in their advertising, and I had been privately informed only a few days before by no less caustic a critic than Anita Loos that she was a perfectly gorgeous creature. But since I read "Merton of the Movies" I am a hardened woman. I believe nothing that I hear about motion-picture stars, but go and find out for myself, and then pass the real inside stuff, disagreeable as it may be, on to you. I eat long and expensive luncheons paid for by patient movie impresarios and then go out during the speeches and pass wise cracks about the flat-tired stars and remark that the star couldn't even register hunger.

But Pola has come and made me forget my assumptions of knowingness. She makes me feel like a child peering out of my nursery window at a gorgeous panorama of a life conceived by Zuloaga and animated by a dynamo.

She is a more sinister figure than we are accustomed to in our screen heroines. She lacks the wholesomeness of Norma Talmadge, for instance. I am told that she wants to play a really good woman on the

screen, but I strongly suspect that some one just made that up. She appeals to me more as an excellent actress who wants to play women neither good nor bad inherently, but just torrential creatures who put up a glorious fight against fate.

Don't blame Pola Negri's press agents if you read an awful lot of bunk about her in the next few months. Famous Players-Lasky have a dignified and genuine policy of publicity for her. They let Miss Negri speak for herself. She speaks and understands very little English, but her eyes and hands are eloquent. And nobody listens to her, anyhow, after they have been bowled over by her appearance. You can see that she belongs in the silent drama.

But there are a lot of self-appointed press agents, young newspaper men from abroad who hope to cash in on her popularity, who are going about peddling biographies of Pola Negri, and some editor will probably buy them. They sound like the florid blurbs that used to be put out by Theda Bara's press agents. They may disgust you, or make you laugh, but don't let them prejudice you against Pola Negri, because she is about the most inter-

Photo by Binder

Familiar with such photographs of her as this, New Yorkers were not prepared to find Pola Negri a beauty.

esting figure in pictures to-day.

Last July I told you frankly some of the conflicting stories about her that I had heard from people who had known her in Europe. Now I would like to add to that somewhat meager history. Her real name is Appolonia Chalupez; she shortened the first to Pola for convenience's sake and adopted Negri, the name of her favorite writer. She is twenty-nine years old. Her friends prefer to have you think that she is only twenty-three, and they are doing all they can to further that idea. It seems to me that her age is of little consequence so long as she looks vibrantly youthful and as wise as the Sphinx.

She did not work in Wertheim's department store in Berlin as I previously reported; she worked in a little shop in Warsaw. She was not in the Russian ballet; she just wanted to be. She started her career as an entertainer in Warsaw in a sort of cabaret called the Aquarium. From there she went into the Sphinx motion-picture productions, and it was a man named Herz who directed her in two or three productions for them who first recognized her potentialities as an emotional actress.

German capitalists, watching the advance of their



armies, went into Poland determined to wipe out Polish industry, and in order to ruin their motion pictures it was chiefly necessary to take Pola. So she was put under contract by a German company and taken to Berlin.

She was married to a Polish army officer shortly after the armistice, but the marriage was unhappy, and she soon divorced him. Doubtless there will be much romancing about her when she reaches Hollywood.

She rarely showed traces of beauty in her foreign pictures, as you probably recall; much of the time she was actually ugly. But under American lights and with an improved camera, Pola is sure to surprise you.

One of the most interesting occurrences during her first few days in New York, was the way she unintentionally stole another star's glory. It was at the opening of one of the biggest feature pictures of the year, and the house was packed with friends of the star who played it. She came in, and there was a murmur of applause. Pola Negri came in, swathed in a queenly wrap of black velvet and almost concealed under the swirling black feathers of her hat. She had reached her box before she was recognized. But then applause burst out spontaneously, and people all but hung from the top of the gallery by their toes to get a look at her.

Of course, the Poles in New York were delighted at the enthusiasm over her coming. They chartered a boat and steamed down the bay to meet her on her arrival. It was a rainy, gray day, but a boatload of young Poles and employees of the Famous Players-Lasky company bravely set out to greet her, waving Polish flags with both hands. So bewildered was she by her arrival in a new country, where reporters besieged her every minute, wanting her opinions on art, literature, short or long skirts for women, bobbed hair, tall buildings, and matrimony, that she could not sleep the first night. It seemed to her, she confided to a few of us who met her on her arrival at the luncheon in her honor the next day, that she would never sleep again while there were so many new impressions crowding her attention.

On my right, at Mr. Zukor's luncheon in her honor, was a man who had known her since before she went into motion pictures.

"Does she look all right?" he asked me.



She looks vibrantly youthful, but as wise as the Sphinx.



"Wonderful!" I started.

"I was afraid," he ruminated, "that you women might find something in bad taste about her clothes or her jewels or something. Of course, we all love Pola. Her old friends would excuse her anything, but naturally we wanted to know how she really impressed people here. She isn't acting at all natural now—she's too toned down. She is on her best company behavior. If she were at home, she'd be so overcome by high spirits that she would probably jump up on the table and see if she could kick that crystal chandelier up there. And I bet she could. She is like an exuberant child.

"I'm glad the women here think she looks smart and well groomed," he added later. "It wouldn't be surprising if a girl who came up from poverty to tremendous wealth as she has went in for things that were too garish. Her friends wouldn't care if she did, but we'd like to have her make a good impression over here. This is all new to her, you know. She's been to Paris and Berlin, but

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Photo by Byron. Courtesy of White studios

Here is the start of the big scene in "Ben-Hur" as it was staged years ago. The man in the chariot is none other than William S. Hart.

The Romantic History of "Ben-Hur"

A glimpse at the sensational career of the spectacle that is soon to be produced as a motion picture.

By Agnes Smith

THE magazine rights for the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were sold for just three hundred dollars.

Twelve American publishers refused "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

For two years after its publication, the novel, "Ben-Hur," was a financial failure.

All of which proves that you never can tell. And that is why the history of the novel and play, "Ben-Hur," is romantic.

The story of the filming of General Lew Wallace's great story cannot be written as yet. Goldwyn has only begun to make general plans for its biggest production. We know that some scenes will be filmed in southern Europe and northern Africa; we know that almost the entire resources of the studio at Culver City, California, will be turned over to the screen production. We know that June Mathis will prepare the continuity and edit the film. But, just now, "Ben-Hur," as a motion picture, is merely a promise.

Perhaps you might like to know something about "Ben-Hur," the stage play. It is said to be "the most successful play ever produced." About twenty million persons have seen it. And the total of the paid admissions amounts to something like ten million dollars.

Oh, well, let us go back to the beginning of the story. Back in the early seventies, the late General Lew Wallace busied himself with a novel. General

Wallace, who lived out in Indiana, was a religious man; he was also a man with an intense and vivid imagination. The novel, primarily intended as a religious and historical work, was published and caused no great stir. It brought no sudden fortune to General Wallace. Then, two years later, for no apparent reason, the book became immensely popular.

Your father and mother will be able to tell you about the great popularity of "Ben-Hur," as a novel. It caused such a sensation that, in 1890, Klaw & Erlanger made a bid to General Wallace for the dramatic rights to the book. It took them exactly nine years to persuade the religious General Wallace that it would be fitting and proper to present a story dealing with the coming of Christ to a pagan world as a stage spectacle.

On April 17, 1899, "Ben-Hur" was first heard of as a stage play. Joseph Brooks, acting as a representative for Klaw & Erlanger, had received the consent of General Wallace to stage the story. The producers prepared to make it the greatest of spectacles. Compared with the efforts that will go into the film production, their attempt and achievement may seem small. But remember, we are writing about the days of '99 when the motion picture was only a freak of the imagination.

And so Mark Klaw and Abraham Erlanger lined up their staff. William Young made the stage adaptation.

Edgar Stillman Kelley wrote the incidental music. F. Richard Anderson designed the costumes. Ernest Albert and Ernest Gros designed the scenery, while Ben Teal was handed the immense task of directing the rehearsals.

Theatrical men of the nineteenth century can tell interesting stories about the staging of "Ben-Hur." Mechanical details that mean nothing at all to the movie directors delayed the presentation until November 29, 1899. The appearance of the Star of Bethlehem involved elaborate stage machinery. And then there was the operation of the Roman galleys to be considered.

As for the chariot race, let Glenmore Davis who delved into the records of the play tell the story: "Six months were required to train the chariot horses to run over treadmills in the face of blinding foot and border lights. A large orchestra and a big chorus had been rehearsing the musical accompaniment; a small army of electricians had experimented for months with the Star of Bethlehem, the shaft of white light simulating the presence of the Deity, and the intricate and unusual lighting effects in the seventeen tableaux and scenes; the best available stage mechanics had built and re-

built the chariot race machinery half a dozen times; five scene-painting establishments had worked overtime to get ready the elaborate scenic investiture, and the largest costume studios in America had been rushed for months to provide the garments to be worn by the actors.

"Three weeks before the opening date all reserved seats for the première had been subscribed by mail. The stage of the theater—it was the old Broadway Theater—had been rebuilt completely to accommodate the tons of visible and invisible paraphernalia, and all theaterland was in a ferment of excited anticipation."

Remember that audiences had seen few dramatic spectacles and "Ben-Hur" marked a sort of revival of the oldest form of drama—the religious story.

It was a strange première. The novel had a strong hold over more than a million readers; six hundred and forty thousand copies had been sold before the opening of the play. A few amateur companies had attempted to present it on the stage. Miss Illa Atkinson, who had appeared in one of these early performances given in 1880, traveled nearly a thousand miles

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Broadway's Newest Belle

She had no idea of thrilling blasé audiences; she just went into movies to make a little money.

By Barbara Little

JUST because she bought frocks by the dozen and hats by the score and other little evidences of expensive tastes, Constance Bennett's mother thought she was extravagant! Mothers are like that sometimes, and when such a notion strikes them they either have to be humored or defied. Constance Bennett chose defiance.

She didn't know just what to do after she had flounced out of the house, but she vividly remembered that she had said something about being able to earn her own money so that she could spend it just as she pleased. And of course she couldn't go back after that and say that she was sorry and that she would never spend more than three hundred dollars for a simple little frock again. A girl just can't renege after she has staged a temperamental scene. Besides, she really wasn't sorry. She still preferred gorgeous gowns by Frances to the department-store variety. And she meant to have them, too.

Now if this little story was fiction and meant to be a good example for you, the haughty young lady would come back sadder, and wiser, and much chastened. But this is real life which has a way of being less cut and dried than fiction. It is the story of Constance Bennett, daughter of Richard Bennett, the distinguished actor, and one of the most strikingly beautiful girls to be seen in the smart restaurants of New York.

When Constance walked out of the session with her mother so haughtily, she had to go somewhere, so she went to the Biograph studio and asked for a job as extra. She got it—though dozens of others were turned away that day. She hadn't

been on the set more than an hour or two when every one from the supercilious errand boy to the author-producer, noticed her. Constance Bennett stands out in any crowd of distinguished actors, writers, and society people so naturally she would stand out in a crowd of merely average extras.

She showed up so well in her first scenes that she was given a real part. The picture was "What's Wrong

With the Women?"—a Daniel Carson Goodman production—and the main point that it hammers home is that there is nothing wrong with Constance Bennett. She is a screen personality extraordinary, and it has taken only this one picture to prove it. F. Scott Fitzgerald is writing a scenario to feature her. Doctor Goodman

plans to have her in more of his pictures, and other producers are keenly interested in her work. It looks as though she would make enough money to pay for her own clothes just as she said she would.

Admiration is nothing new to Constance Bennett; I don't suppose she even realizes that she has accomplished the impossible—an immediate success in movies.



Constance Bennett is a real find for the screen.

Memories on My

The second installment of personal impressions of a galaxy of knows them as they appear not only "on their best behavior"

By Norbert



When Rosemary Theby appeared, screen acting came into its own.

STARS of yesteryear, most of them panting for publicity, found in movie balls sure means of enjoying it. As mentioned last month, newspapers recognized them not at all except to record Maurice Costello's arrest for domestic tyranny or to deplore the increase of juvenile delinquency since the coming of the nickelodeon. Hence the annual ball of the Screen Club at the Grand Central Palace in New York, and less grander gatherings in other cities, served to bring players together for gossip, the display of new prosperity and always in the hope of dazzling a manager and hooking a better job. Besides, it was nice to be seen by the movie-loving portion of the public who, at a dollar per head, were only too glad to gloat over their idols in the flesh.

The grand march and who would lead it caused heartburnings from one end of the year to the other. Whether a star would elect to be paired off with a nonprofessional husband or wife, or choose the screen partner better known to the fans, was a throbbing topic in more than one troubled household. Needless to say, the star always made the choice most agreeable to himself, and Mrs. Francis X. Bushman and other wives stayed at home to mind the children. While Mary Miles Minter, the eternal child, chaperoned on one side by a watchful parent, had on the other side a boy more of a child than herself. Truth to tell, Mary Pickford, as one might expect, really led these triumphal processions, and to satisfy diplomatic relations a motion-picture magnate offered her his arm. But lest you think all was harmonized by that simple, just arrangement, it is well to remind that there is much jockeying

among the marchers to get a position as near the front as one could.

Ranged round the hall were decorated booths, each sponsored by a producing company. Numerous concessionaires gave to the ball the allurements of a country circus. Orangeade, salt-water taffy, popcorn, and fortune-telling added to the evening's excitements.

Penned in the booths were players supposed to work for the company whose name was blazoned above. Weird little girls with canary curls and pink bows giggled and ogled those outsiders who wished to stare at John Bunny and Flora Finch, or at Norma Talmadge, just becoming known among Vitagraph's promising people.

If you recall the modes on the screen in those early days, you can understand that the ball hardly had the éclat of a fashion parade. Though the feminine participants certainly thought so. Plumed and banded heads, sweeping skirts, and pale colors made up costumes that were economical first of all.

In the matter of costuming at that stage of movie history there is material for striking comparison. Actors never thought how much could be spent on clothing themselves for their rôles, but how little. Salaries, you see, were small. With a new part nearly every week it was a detail of economy to employ makeshifts. But think how curious it was to see men in evening suits with tan shoes, or girls in a skirt of one color and a jacket of another. These solecisms were safe because it was known the camera would make the tan shoes look black, and jacket and skirt seemingly match.

Players couldn't, or thought they couldn't, afford a stable of shoe-trees and a flock of clothes hangers. Nor did I ever dream at that time that one day I should hobnob with artists who never wore the same thing twice, and one in particular who expended eighty thousand dollars on a year's finery. Years, however, lay between the two extremes.

Meanwhile at Lubin's, affairs were booming. Stars now had their names on the lithographs. True, the type was very small and inconspicuously placed, but they were getting on.

Rosemary Theby had appeared in our midst, to become leading lady for Harry Myers; and the Huffs, Louise and Justina, had been netted in a New York dramatic agency and brought Southern accent, curls, and all to make a screen début: the frail Louise to play opposite her muscular future husband Edgar Jones, and to receive, while still at Lubin's, the crown of motherhood. She still has the crown and the stork's souvenir, but the husband is replaced.

Rosemary Theby was a new note in the cinematic symphony. The note was a vital, vigorous one and warmly human. At once I immensely liked her, all the more because she had showed herself a capital dramatic actress in Vitagraph's "Reincarnation of Karma."

IF YOU READ

nothing else in this magazine, don't fail to read this installment of Norbert Lusk's series of reminiscences; that is, if you are interested in getting a true and vivid impression of one of the most interesting and unique personalities on the screen. We have yet to read as illuminating a story on Mabel Normand as the one contained in this article.

Own Screen

screen stars revealed through the eyes of a writer who but throughout the ups and downs of the day's work.

Lusk

A business detail of her change from Vitagraph to Lubin might not be irrelevant. In the ordinary course of events she could never have come from the one company to the other. There was an unwritten law against a licensed company coaxing away another's star, equally as it was perilous for a player to start negotiations leading to such a change. Once you dared leave your company you were out for good unless taken up by one of the independents. A pretty state of affairs and another reason why contracts were not bothered with. However, as Rosemary was lured from Reliance, an "unlicensed" company, it didn't matter. It mattered much to Lubin, though, for when Rosemary came, acting came into its own!

As an off-screen actress she impressed not at all. I thought her too warm and straightforward and "regular girl" for that. Coming from St. Louis a year before, she had enrolled in a dramatic school and been urged by a friend to try for small parts with Vitagraph. She did, with such success that shortly she had to give all her time to the studio. When she came to Philadelphia she brought a reputation.

It was lived up to when she went into screen partnership with Harry Myers, whose big-boyishness I always thought better fitted to enliven comedies than the so-called dramas allotted to him. He thought so, too, for when he and Miss Theby paired off with Universal he produced and acted in a series of highly diverting farces.

The settings were no less amusing than the acting. I was surprised on visiting them at the old Coytesville studio—where Rosemary happened to be broiling a chop in the carpenter shop—to find that Harry designed his settings. They were quaint, with all manner of amusing decorations.

For many likable traits I shall always remember Harry Myers and ticket him apart as the only actor I ever found even slightly interested in settings except to remark that they were too plain a background for genius to act in.

As a result of his long training he is one of the most skilled comedians of to-day. Had Universal's "Robinson Crusoe" been as outlandish in story as the Crusoe parody in "Merton of the Movies," he would have lived up to all that was expected of him.

The juvenile element at Lubin's also has lived up to its sproutings in those days. Excellent young actors and at least a single magnate of the photo play have been yielded by the years since all eked out an obscure existence in the City of Fraternal Devotion.

Albert and Raymond Hackett, sons of Florence Hackett who sparkled with jet and jade as a "heavy" woman, were boys who could be depended on by all the directors to drop their baseballs and act like the veterans they were. Now they are tall young men better known on Broadway stages than in studios. Meeting them



Mary Fuller's eyes were beautiful, soft, and dark, and brimming with womanly appeal.

would reassure all reformers with qualms for the future of children in the studio environment. They are an intelligent, gracefully well-bred refutation of all that has been written in disparagement of studio life. Their friendship is stimulating to me even though the day has passed when an ice-cream cone could be offered as a friendly token. Nowadays it's a highbrow book or nothing.

Their lesser rivals were the numerous Carr children, mothered by Mary "Over the Hill" Carr, who was a useful extra at the studio, but far busier as mainstay of the family group at home. Now she wears moleskin, they tell me, and Stephen Carr, then little more than a baby, is an astonishingly vivid and capable boy on the screen.

Grander far is the career of another juvenile and even more one of the miracles of movie life. Once the telephone operator, obliging, shrewd, clever, the youth then known throughout the industry as "Bennie of Lubinville" has since shared Europe's acclaim as a pal of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, joking with the bohemian Duchess of Sutherland at her country place and producing a picture on his own, "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" It is said to be a plea for the survival of the glycerine-tear dropper. Yet once I had the courage to seek—and gain—the loan of five dollars from him. To-day I should demur.

What's become of Mary Fuller? With the passing years I suppose fewer and fewer fans ask a question once on many tongues. To refresh fading memories and perhaps inform new ones, it is not amiss to revive

IN THE NEXT

and in the succeeding numbers of this series Mr. Lusk will tell you in his own whimsical way of the trials of the press agent in dealing with these spoiled darlings of fortune, the stars. Seeing them through his eyes will give you a new perspective on them, and one of the most interesting ones we know of. Don't miss any of this series.

one's own impressions of an actress who at one time literally held the picture public in the hollow of her hand. Or it might be better to say the pupil of her eye. For Mary Fuller's eyes were beautiful, soft and dark and brimming with womanly appeal.

Never an especially sprightly actress, although in her time the excessive use of kittenishness, dimples and curls was the rule, Mary Fuller won the public by her tenderness and repose. She had a definite personality. She was different. For years she was an Edison star and, later, a Universal one. Whether in the rush and turmoil of producing too many pictures the bloom of her charm wore off, I cannot say. Enough to record that the end of her last connection ended her public career. Later I heard from a former associate that she had followed the stock market profitably enough to make her wealthy.

Even so it seems rather a pity that admirers of a star should lose sight of her, that a star of yesterday should have nothing of former power but memories. There should be, it seems to me, a sort of clearing house for mail, whereby the old-time favorites need never be lost to the loyal legion. Judging from Miss Fuller's proficiency with the typewriter I am sure no letter would go unanswered.

Once, compiling trivial information about celebrities, I mailed some questions to her. In reply came a typewritten manuscript covering page after page. She devoted no less than a thousand words to the important matter of her favorite flower. Torn 'twixt conflicting claims of the daisy, the violet and the buttercup, in a final burst of self-revelation she vowed that she loved them all!

No, Mary Fuller was not a comédienne. The sense of humor tinged not her earnestness. What Mabel Normand said on the subject of flowers was more diverting. It, and much more about that captivating, unforgettable zany demands a new paragraph and a fresh start.

Many persons know Mabel Normand. She welcomes acquaintances as easily as she curves her cupid's bow with a lipstick; but few can say they truly know her. This gives me a proper opening to say that I do. That is, my knowledge is enough to make me fond. It is no new happiness.

Five years ago, when she was made a Goldwyn star, the prospect of meeting mellifuous Mabel was quite enough to give me tremors of anticipation, even though I was no younger than I ought to have been. Not only was she on the crest of the glory that was Gold-

wyn, but her name sparkled with reminiscent associations. Years before, when she was a mere anonymity—known to British fans, however, as "Muriel Fortescue"—her eloquent eyes and sure sense of fun had won my interest in Biograph and Vitagraph comedies, the latter with John Bunny. As a tantalizing typist in a one-reel comedy I remembered her sidelong glances and saucy scorn. I knew meeting Mabel Normand would not be dull routine. It wasn't by a long shot dull.

"I haven't time. I'm too busy. Later, maybe." She flung out this hope when accosted, red-cloaked, in the studio corridor, where I had been sent to worm from her information to be used in advertising her pictures. Then she passed on, leaving me to make the best of her retreat, to exclaim at her diminutiveness and startling big eyes. But the tide of defeat turned in the studio restaurant where, fortunately, I had sought reviving tea. She came in with Mae Marsh and danced toward me, an old friend.

Then began an "interview" which she made absurdly comic when led on by my puerile queries.

Q. "What do you like best to do?"

A. "Pinch babies and twist their legs." (Don't dare publish this. People wouldn't understand.)

Q. "What do you most enjoy?"

A. "Dark windy days when trees break and houses blow down."

Q. "Favorite flower?"

A. "Weeds—if I buy them myself. Orchids otherwise." (But I'll take anything.)

Q. "Ideal man?"

A. "A brutal Irishman who chews tobacco and lets the world know it."

(Say a Gibson man. It's more refined.)

Q. "Favorite food?"

A. "Chocolate cake, iced and inch high." (Fat or no fat, I love it.)

This went on, broken by Mabel's effervescent giggles. On November tenth Mabel was given such a birthday cake as she hungered for and thanked me fervidly, rapturously, like a child. She said she'd rather have had it than a pint of pearls. Be that as it may, the chocolate cake made us friends, though when she reads this she'll call it slanderous her finer feelings. She'll protest the cake had nothing to do with it. She's a great kiddier.

It is this habit that stands in the way of understanding her. She jests at all times. When she becomes serious she finds, to her discomfiture, that she is still laughed at. For her attempts at gravity are likely to be mirthful to others. I have never met any one more

Continued on page 99



I have never met any one more incorrigibly prankish, more high-spirited and volatile, than Mabel Normand.

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics
concerning the Screen

An Argument That May Interest You.

Some of our friends associated with the motion-picture industry disagree with Helen Christine Bennett's article appearing in the November issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, wherein the writer argued that the more the fans can know about the way in which pictures are made and about the people who make them the greater will be their interest and their enjoyment in seeing pictures.

The thing they take particular exception to is the revealing of any studio tricks for obtaining certain effects, and they point particularly to Edwin Schallert's article, "New Tricks for Old," which was printed in our October number. They maintain that anything which tends to "spoil the illusion" is harmful.

What's your opinion? Do you think that Mr. Schallert's article in question did anything to dampen your enthusiasm for pictures, did it have the opposite effect, or did it have no effect on you at all? We wish you would write and let us know, not for our own information, but so that we can have a tangible, definite expression from a representative group of fans with which to settle this difference of opinion.

A Buried Masterpiece

There has been much talk of late in motion-picture circles about a film called "Hamlet," starring Asta Neilsen, and fans may be interested in knowing why this picture is not being booked at their local theaters, and why it should be.

It was acclaimed by the critics as one of the finest, most artistic, and most engrossing films they had ever seen. Actresses living in New York flocked to see the work of Asta Neilsen, whom they proclaimed a great artiste. Audiences which saw it were enthusiastic. And yet, no releasing company was interested in handling the picture, and it has not been shown throughout the country. Finally, Asta Films, the company that owns the picture, appealed to the editor of the motion-picture department of the New York Times, who did his best to get some company to release this masterpiece, or at least tell why they refused to do so.

An excellent explanation was offered by William A. Johnston, editor of *Motion Picture News*, one of the foremost trade papers. He said in part:

"We assume that the average American audience would enjoy Asta Neilsen's *Hamlet*—once they got in through the theater doors. We feel confident they would.

"But what is to get them in?

"Not the name of Asta Neilsen. Not the name of 'Hamlet.' We are speaking now of that broad public necessary to box-office success throughout the large and little communities of this country.

"But one thing will bring them in—a ringing declaration that a charming actress will make live for them a great drama of human passion, love, and tears.

"Advertising! The right kind, intelligently directed.

"To entertain is one and a great thing; to get the public into the entertainment is another factor and just as important."

But it takes many, many thousands of dollars to put over a national advertising campaign, and if no one with the money seems disposed to undertake the expense of informing the public about this great masterpiece it is likely that it will never be generally shown. Why, after all, should any one undertake so big a job when there are plenty of films being made all the time that would be so much easier to exploit?

Without feeling that any one in particular is to blame it strikes us that there is something wrong with the system of distributing and of exhibiting films when a company brings such a picture as the Asta Neilsen "Hamlet" into the country and cannot get it shown.

What One Exhibitor Thinks

One trouble is the attitude of many of the exhibitors toward anything really out of the ordinary. A friend of ours recently met with this reason for an exhibitor's not booking a splendid picture that he was trying to sell him.

"I know it's a good picture," the exhibitor argued, "but it's too blamed unusual. Spoils business to book pictures like that."

"Spoils business!" the man who was trying to sell him the picture ejaculated. "Why, that's one of the biggest box-office attractions wherever it's shown."

"Yeah," the exhibitor admitted. "It packs them in for one day and then they're all mad the next day because the next picture I show isn't just as good. And then they don't come except for big pictures, pretty soon. Gets 'em educated to a high standard that can't be kept up. I'd rather run program pictures—they're consistently——"

"Mediocre," his friend supplied, and he nodded.

Slightly different is the attitude of several exhibitors who refused to book "Nanook of the North" because there were no pictures to follow it immediately featuring the same star. "If we run a Wallace Reid or a Gloria Swanson picture," one of them explained, "and anybody misses seeing it and then hears from his friends that it was a good picture, why, they can just come to the next one, knowing that it will be pretty much the same. But 'Nanook' doesn't advertise anything to follow."

Which is quite true. There will be no pictures shown in the next few months that will advertise, "The same celebrated cast that appeared in 'Nanook of the North' or 'Bigger ice scenes than in 'Nanook.'" See the fighting walrus." It will be a long time before you will see anything like this picture again. Such pictures cannot be made in a month at Saranac or at Truckee. Years were spent in the preparation and filming of "Nanook," and it will be two years or more before Robert Flaherty, the maker of that picture, will complete another one, though he is now organizing an arctic expedition which will set sail for the North next June.

Keep After Your Exhibitor

We would be among the last to say that the pictures which are shown in most places are not, as a rule, the best ones. We only wish that when a man has the courage to go out and make a picture that is distinctive, unusual, away from the average run of "sure-fire" stuff, that he could be sure of getting it before the people. The only thing we can suggest is that when you read of some unusual picture which you believe you would enjoy seeing, you drop a word or note to your local exhibitor asking him if he won't get the picture and run it.

What Will We Do to Pola?

There is going to be much interest in, and much speculation on, just what position Pola Negri will be able to attain in the interest of the fans through her forthcoming American-made pictures. Will she rise or fall in the estimation of the critics, and of the public, when she begins to appear in her new productions? These are sure to differ in many respects from those German ones in which she has so far appeared, the peculiar merits of which were so much discussed when they were first shown here.

This subject was brought up at one of the luncheons given in honor of the Polish star on her arrival in New York. "I think that giving her American productions is going to improve her about five hundred per cent!" exclaimed a patriotic enthusiast. "Think what it will do to her to have pictures with all they'll be able to give her—American lighting, and all that—"

His neighbor, a somewhat blasé, but well-informed, critic whose views on the movies have been considered by many to be rather penetrating, yawned disgustedly. "Well, the lighting may be all right," he drawled, "but the 'all that,' I think, is what's going to ruin her."

All of which, we presume, will be threshed out and decided later on in "What the Fans Think" after Pola's pictures have begun to appear.

Concerning Production Costs

A few years ago you heard a great deal about the fabulous salaries of the stars. As you know, those days have passed, save for the few undisputed leaders whose personal earning power is beyond question, and whose skill in managing their own productions has been proved.

Now comes the Famous Players-Lasky corporation, the largest producing organization of high-grade pictures in the world, and tells us that though they cast Thomas Meighan, Leatrice Joy, Lois Wilson, John Milner, and Casson Ferguson in the Cecil De Mille picture, "Manslaughter," a glance over the cost sheets for the day devoted to the Roman revel showed that the amount set down as the day's proportion of the combined salaries of this galaxy amounted to less than one-thirtieth of the total sum expended on that day, which they claim was the most expensive single day's production ever accounted for on their records.

As against this small proportion paid the stars, it was found that one sixth of the total expense was for the costumes—the costumes, of course, being those of the entire number of players who worked in that huge scene. The expense of renting the properties used in the scene equaled the cost of the costumes. A twentieth of the day's expenditures was charged against the construction of the set used.

One of the most substantial items in the production, we are told, was charged to the cost of the original story and to the work of having it adapted for the screen.

More About Movie Stunts

The following letter, which we recently received, is rather interesting as bearing out one of our observations in the last issue of this magazine as to the extent to which doubles are used in the making of motion pictures:

I noticed that in your November number The Observer, in commenting on the death of a stunt man who was doubling for Pearl White, remarked that while doubles were often used, when a perilous stunt was to be done, they are not always used. Recently I saw a case of where a movie actor really did what I considered some perilous stunts while taking scenes for a picture near my home town, Parlin, New Jersey. The movie actor, Johnnie Hines, of the Ronald West Company, was the daredevil I have reference to. He was depicting the character of *Sure Fire Flynn*, a young American who was born on the glorious Fourth of July, and whose entire life has been a series of hair-raising and death-defying stunts.

Johnnie Hines, when I saw him, was standing on the platform of the third passenger coach of a railroad train that was moving pretty lively in a southern direction. The camera man with the aid of two assistants had his tripod mounted on the uneven slippery roof of this car. A hundred yards or so ahead was another fast-moving train going in the same direction, but on another track. As train No. 1 gradually overtook train No. 2, the movie actor made his perilous climb from the platform to the curved slippery roof and moving ahead a short distance leaped on the coal tender of train No. 2, climbed over the coal to the platform to the first passenger coach. I wonder that his company allowed him to do this. They must have had a great deal of confidence in his agility and nerve.

PHILIP J. CAVANAUGH.

Box 202, Parlin, New Jersey.

One Effect of Motion Pictures

One of the finest cultural movements ever started in this country, which is now spreading rapidly in almost every part of the United States, may be said to be due almost entirely to the coming of motion pictures, although the cause was indirect rather than direct.

We refer to the Little Theater movement. If this movement has not started in your town or city it probably will within a year or so. It consists of the establishing in a large number of communities of a theater maintained by local subscription and patronage for the presenting of the best type of plays by local players. These little theaters, though they occasionally give plays of the more popular sort, are devoted in the main to dramas which appeal to the more refined taste, the sort which are never taken on the road by commercial producers.

How were the movies responsible for this movement? By putting out of business practically all of the traveling theatrical companies that used to visit the smaller cities, and by reducing the number of first-class visiting attractions in the larger centers.

There is no question that in the cities where the Little Theater movement is well established, the combination of their offerings in the way of the spoken play, and the best of the motion pictures, furnishes entertainment much more interesting, and of far superior cultural value than that of twenty-five years ago, when neither existed, and when the coming of a one-night-stand company presenting some such drama as "The Fast Mail" was one of the high peaks of dramatic entertainment in many an American city.

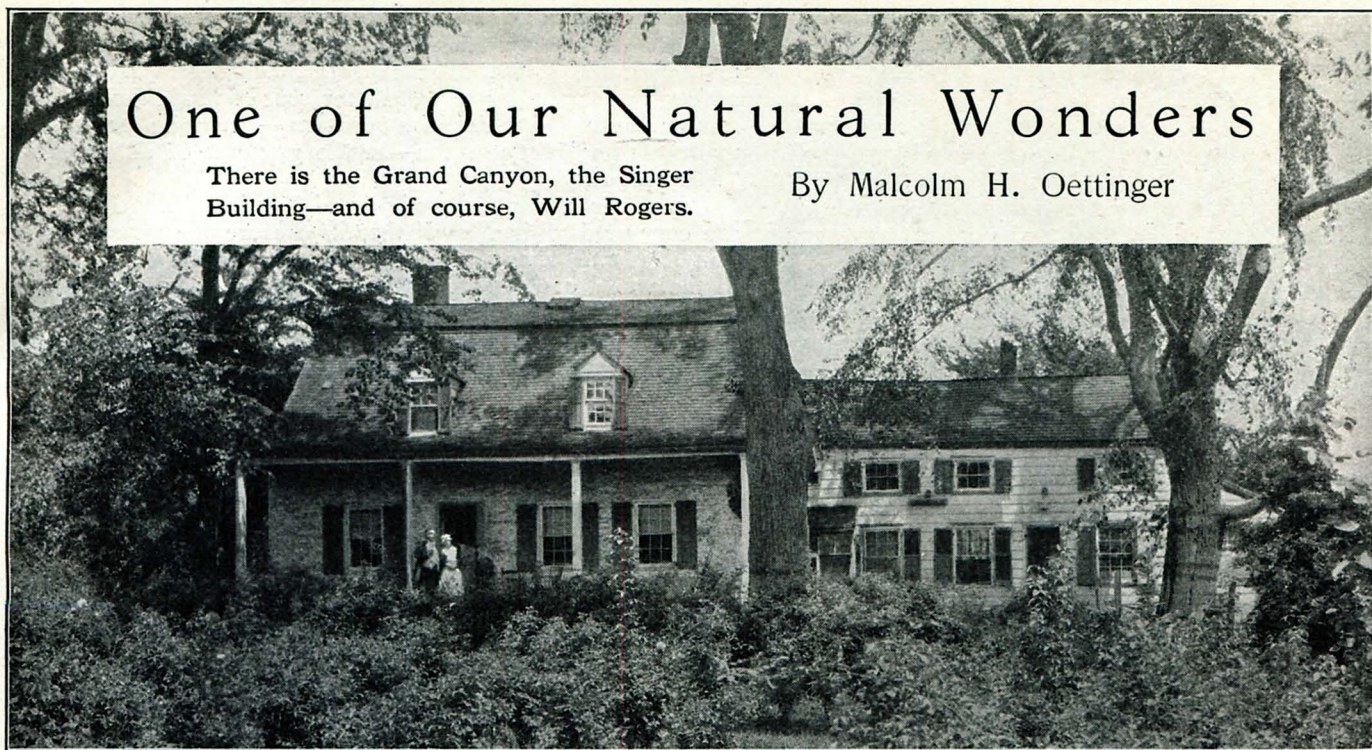
One Trouble With Pictures

If we were asked to name the greatest fault with pictures in general we should say that they are becoming too standardized. How many pictures do you see of which you can say, "Well, there's a picture that's *original*." I never saw one like that before! Very few such pictures are ever widely shown. And yet they say that variety is the spice of life.

One of Our Natural Wonders

There is the Grand Canyon, the Singer Building—and of course, Will Rogers.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger



"The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" was filmed near Tarrytown, where the original Ihabod Crane lived.

IN Hollywood, whenever a certain Goldwyn star was working on a set, it was inevitably surrounded by camera men, extra people, assistant directors, and Idaho exhibitors with their wives.

In New York at the New Amsterdam Theater, whenever a certain "Follies" star is doing his stuff in his own inimitable way, he is watched not only by the appreciative Manhattanese in front, but by chorus girls, scene shifters, stage hands, and blasé call boys as well, grouped in the wings, crouching on the stairs leading to the dressing rooms on high, perched even in the flies.

The man is Will Rogers.

A personality, if it is authentic, usually attracts people as surely as a magnet attracts steel. The medium matters little: Rogers in the flesh is surprisingly like the film version. He is the sort of man who has no enemies. His popularity with his associates is overwhelming. Yet the picture-scanning public has all but declared thumbs down on him. That this homespun genius should fail to win the affection of all is well nigh inexplicable.

In pictures he has never attained to the popular position of a Valentino or a Farnum, a Fairbanks or a Hart. He is homely, and awkward, and unprepossessing: all of this serves to overshadow his acting. Such virtuosity in the art of pantomime as Rogers displays must appeal to the few rather than to the many, for the same reason that Robert Service's poetry is more popular than Robert Frost's, and Harold Bell Wright more

In "The Follies" Will Rogers comes on the stage casually, in old clothes, dragging his lariats with him.

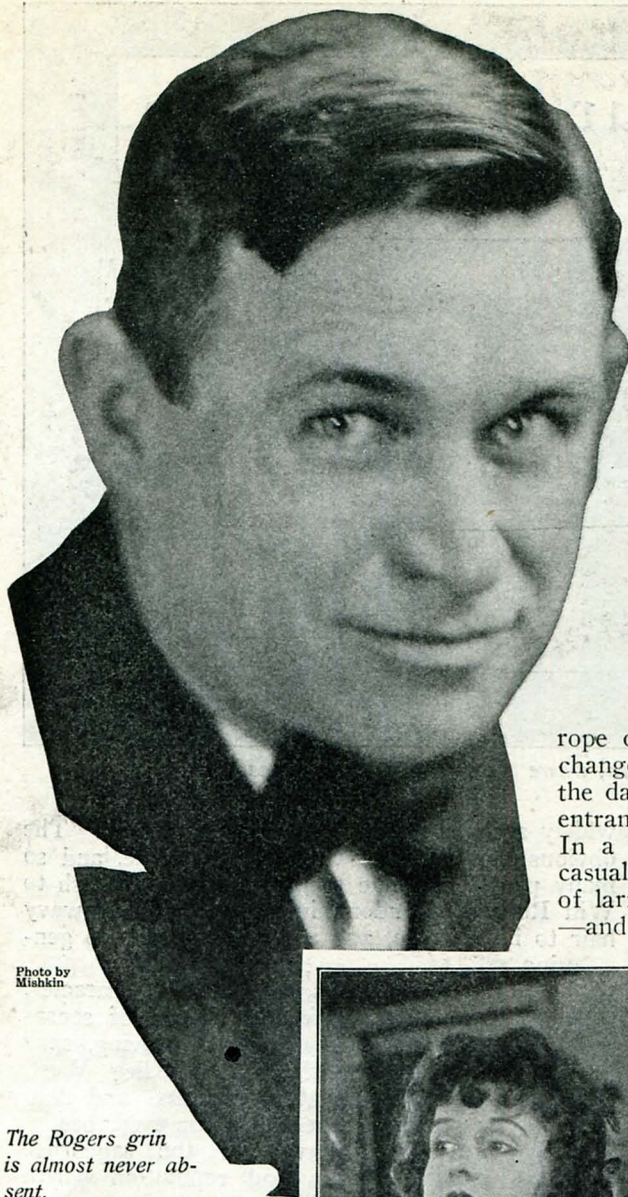
Photo by M'shkin



widely acclaimed than Sherwood Anderson. The obvious has more punch than the subtle, and so many people continue to prefer George Walsh to Will Rogers. Fandom, in general, prefers wavy hair to histrionism, and a gleaming smile to genuine art.

If he portrays a Western character, Rogers attempts fidelity instead of sensationalism. Here is no gun waving, spur clanking nonesuch of the Klieg West, with studded leather gauntlets and flapping chaps; here is no pop-eyed, beetle-browed Lochinvar of the sagebrush blessed with a bad reputation but a good heart; here is no swaggering Sears-Roebuck conception of the Western hero, chest heaving, eyes rolling, six-shooters pendant from either hip; here is no tight-lipped son of the desert with tears splashing off his nose as he leaps to the back of his fiery mustang barely in time to gallop through two reels and save the gal from a fate worse than death! Rogers flaunts personality instead of peppermint neckerchiefs; reality instead of revolvers.

A glance at the box-office statistics would show that most movie audiences prefer the extravagances of Bill Hart, the bravado of Tom Mix, the impeccable feature of Charles—née Buck—Jones, the lovely curls of that perennial matinee idol, Bill Farnum. Harry Carey's scowl and Hoot Gibson's smile mean more to the fillum fan than the truest characterization the expert Rogers has ever turned out. Who shall blame the impresarios of the photo play if they give up in despair when the public turns from a Bret Harte story featuring Will Rogers to feast upon a Nick Carter thrill-a-reeler wrapped around the stalwart fig-



in the smallest of small-time vaudeville. He did tricks with a lariat. By gradual steps he mounted to the better theaters, and, with the introduction of incidental chatter, made his act ready for the big time. After that it was a matter of months until he achieved a position—which he promptly made a prominent position—in the grandest of all revues, "The Follies."

Devised by the ingenious brain of Ziegfeld, "The Follies" are concocted with a lavish hand. Before the annual edition is bound, Ziegfeld gathers round him the best minds in the world of his sort of art. "The sky," he tells them, "is the limit. Make me a gorgeous show!" And, forthwith, they proceed to follow instructions. This year's spectacle is a characteristic example. From Vienna came Josef Urban to create some of the more glorious scenes; Russia yielded Fokine to arrange the ballets; the peer of native humorists, Ring Lardner, wrote three of the sketches punctuating the evening with laughter; Victor Herbert, no less, composed much of the music. Then the girls, of course, personally chosen by Ziegfeld, and guaranteed to delight the most discriminating eye.

Therefore, when you consider Will Rogers as the star feature of this year's "Follies," the axis about which this wheel of splendor revolves, he becomes all the more remarkable. His equipment is the quintessence of economy, his scenery capable of being carried in an ordinary suit case. Will requires no Urban setting; he arranges his own rope dance; Ring Lardner helped him write none of his stuff—changed every performance to coincide with the fresh topics of the day—Victor Herbert contributed nary a note to aid the Rogers entrances and exits. It's all Will and his line—hempen and spoken! In a flannel shirt and last year's leather breeches, Will emerges casually chewing a pack of gum and dragging after him a handful of lariats. And this naively unostentatious appearance, every night—and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons—is the signal for

a thunder of spontaneous applause. Of course there's a reason.

Unquestionably here is one of the genuine native wits of these United States. Yankee humor has oft been celebrated in song and story: Will Rogers takes his place among the best of our native humorists. Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Chauncey Depew, Irv Cobb—these are worthy associates! It is unusual to state such a thing before the man has passed beyond all hearing, but nevertheless it is true.

You should meet Will, and listen to him for a single scintillating hour. The quips rattle about your ears; the *bon mots* ricochet from your shoulders; the air is fairly filled with what Willie Collier terms "nifties." Will Rogers is the living epitome of the Nifty, the most omniscient of wise-crackers.

He was hard to find, as every morning he leaves for picture work at seven-thirty, returning at eight in the evening in time for the Ziegfeld bacchanalia. During his spare time he appears in circus benefits and the like.

The Rogers grin is almost never absent.

ure of Jack Hoxie? Who shall determine what is to become of this same Rogers, in so far as the screen is concerned and concerns him? Will he give up in disgust? One thing is certain: he will never slick down his hair, don hairy breeches, and, after shining up a pair of pistols, dig silver spurs into his horse. He showed the Hollywood cowboys just what he thought of them in the earlier episodes of the richly satiric "Doubling for Romeo"—than which better satire has never flashed across the silver sheet—exactly twelve months before *Merton* burst into print. Never would he seriously descend to such heroics. The old sense of humor wouldn't stand for it.

Dr. Frank Crane might well use the rise of Rogers as a theme for one of his dollar-a-word morality sermons. Twelve years ago Will was an obscure artist



In "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" he is supported by Lois Meredith.

"Tell y' what," said Will, chewing meditatively on a wad of gum, "better come backstage durin' the show. We c'n go to my dressin' room so's to keep your mind on your work."

That was in the lobby where I had providently spotted him just before curtain time. An hour later I found myself climbing the winding concrete stairs to the Rogers boudoir. From the stage came the throbbing beat of "'Neath the South Sea Moon," rhythmic reminder that the sinuous Gilda Gray was swaying heaven and earth for the edification of the entire congregation.

"Yep," said Will, "I'm doin' 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.' I knew I'd get the rôle of *Ichabod Crane* soon's I heard he was a homely, ganglin' sort of chap."

The Rogers grin emancipated itself and slowly spread over his face.

"Other day we was workin' out at Tarrytown—where the story was laid, y'know, and ole John D. Rockefeller was havin' a birthday. He came out o' church where I s'pose he'd been prayin' for more money, and he gave 'way bright new dimes to the kids around the place. They tell me he celebrates every eighty-third birthday that a way."

For over a year, Carl Clancy, the youthful producer of the Irving story, has worked on the script, casting, and other details. He had a difficult time finding capital to back him, but his faith in the story carried him through to the actual photographing of scenes. Although Rogers essayed something of a characterization in "One Glorious Day," his recreation of *Ichabod Crane* will be the first costume part—excepting the *Romeo* scenes in "Doubling for Romeo"—that he has played.

"It's all the same, though," he claims. "Y' play yourself. Shucks, I don't aim to be an actor, like Brandy Tynan there. I just perform for the folks." Tynan had dropped in to listen to the Rogers line. Andrew Tombes, the lank *Busher* of Lardner's highly successful baseball skit, joined us later. It was apparent that Will was a born raconteur, master of the impromptu, for he entertained his colleagues quite as much as he entertained me.

The mention of "Doubling for Ro-

The jokes he springs are really his own.



As soon as he heard that Ichabod Crane was a homely, ganglin' sort of chap, Will Rogers expected to get the rôle.

meo" caused him to unleash some altogether pertinent remarks concerning the ways of the producers.

"We had the devil's own time gettin' that story O. K.'d. Soon's young Elmer Rice and I begun dopin' it out, I said, 'Elmer, son, this'll never git further'n your typewriter. It's too darn good. They won't understand it.' And when I said 'they' I didn't mean the public."

After hours of parleying and months of delay, the script was finally approved, and production started.

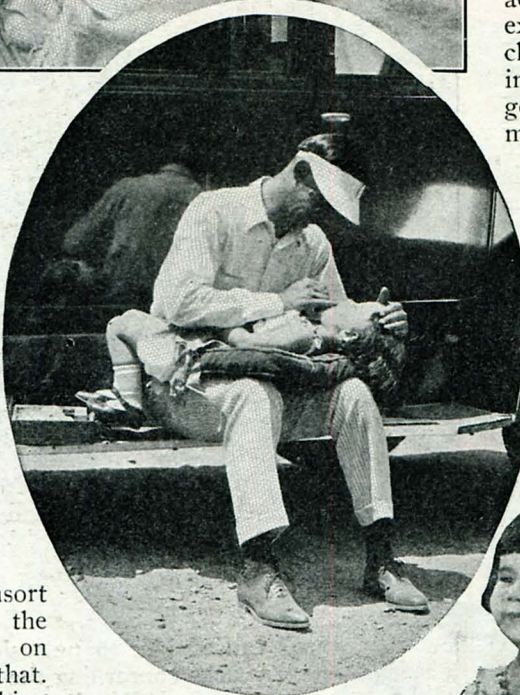
"Sam Goldwyn came round one mornin', all smiles. He had an idea. No wonder he was smilin'. He had twenty-two of his exchange men at the studio. Y'know they book the pitchers. They're supposed to know the difference between Billie West and Charlie Chaplin. I said they're supposed to. I ain't makin' no rash statements. No, sir!

"These twenty-two exchange men were asked to view our pitcher, and to write their opin-

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Baby Peggy understands the stories she works in. A scene from "Red Riding Hood."



This is how Peggy gets made up.

ONCE upon a time, if I remember my Hans Christian Andersen correctly, there was a little girl, so tiny that she was no higher than a man's thumb, and was hence called appropriately and descriptively, "Thumbelina." I recall to mind that she went through a series of wonderful adventures, and was at last carried off to fairyland to become the consort of the young prince of the elves. History is silent on what happened after that. Fairy tales have a provoking way of evading interesting continuations with the brief and altogether unsatisfactory assurance that everybody "lived happily ever after." But, personally, I am quite sure in my own mind as to what happened to the pretty little *Thumbelina*. I think she lived with the fairies until the whirl of modern things threatened to destroy them. Being a creature of imagination, she could not endure practical things. She either had to die, for all time, or find a niche in the busy world where imagination was still tolerated. There is such a place, of course; it is the land of cinema. And thence *Thumbelina* journeyed, using no doubt a butterfly for an airplane; and when she saw that in this land of unreal things romance and imagery flourished, she used her fairy arts and transformed herself into a mortal. But being such a tiny fairy she couldn't make herself a very large mortal. In fact she turned out to be a very small mortal indeed. One feels that she might easily be tucked away in one's pocket, or put to bed in a sea shell, lined with thistledown. "Baby Peggy" is what they call her in the land of cinema. But I couldn't rid myself of the idea that if I had said "Thumbelina!" very suddenly, she would have answered me. Or perhaps, would have been so mortified at my discovery of her real identity that she would have vanished in a whiff of air and left the company starless, and me interviewless.

As it was, I kept my thoughts to myself, and pretended that I believed her to be just what she seemed, a very tiny girl with elfin black eyes and hands about the size of rose petals.

Thumbelina

The interviewer suspects tiny Baby Peggy

By Emma-

There were tears in those little eyes when I first came upon her at the Century studio, she being ensconced in that modern substitute for a fairy chariot, an upholstered limousine. Something had gone wrong—I didn't learn what—and either mamma or papa had administered a spanking. I was needlessly exercised about this, no doubt, for most movie children have a long debit column of spankings they should have received, but did not get. Nevertheless, when Baby Peggy's mother told me carelessly that it took her father to bring her to time, I felt as if some one had trodden on a baby bird. When they told her that I was going to write a story about her, she smiled through her tears, and gave me her mite of a hand, sniffing bravely, and trying to pretend that she hadn't cried at all. I asked her if she would show me the candy house that had been built for her present picture, "Hansel and Gretel." She said she would, and tucked her hand into mine, blinking away what remained of the teardrops in her eyes.

The Century studio, as you probably know, is where Brownie, the most intelligent and lovable of all canine actors, works. He and Baby Peggy are great friends, she



She has a remarkable faculty for catching the mood in which she is to pose.



ComestoLife

of being the reincarnated fairy character.

Lindsay Squier

said so herself. She told me, too, that she liked a little goat who lived at the studio, but she confided that she wasn't so fond of the baby chimpanzee called "Richard the Great." He is too much of an infant as yet to understand all the fine points of chivalry, and once he bit her. Baby Peggy doesn't hold it against him; she merely remarked, "He's naughty—he bites."

Over on the set, where the Klieg lights were glaring, we came upon the rest of the company who were transferring the adventures of *Hansel and Gretel* from between the leaves of the fairy tale book to the flickering cinema screen. There were the characters that you and I read about when we were young, the well-meaning but inadequate father, the wicked stepmother, armed with a broom, the freckled-faced *Hansel*. The candy house was there, too, the one that lured the children into the trap of the hideous old witch. The roof was painted to represent gingerbread, and there were striped candy sticks for the framework of the doors and windows.

Baby Peggy, in her rôle of *Gretel*, surveyed it critically.

She is being wisely cast in a series of fairy tales such as "Jack the Giant Killer."



Aside from Jackie Coogan, Baby Peggy is the only other child star with marked box office appeal.

"This will be good," she told me gravely. It is a remark that she has caught from directors and camera men.

It was necessary for her to pose for some stills. And I watched her, from my seat behind the cameras, while her mother came and sat beside me, and answered my questions concerning the tiny star.

For she really is the star of her company, and has achieved this distinction in the short space of a year. It is the more remarkable when one considers that most of the other so-called "child stars" have disappeared. Time was when any bright youngster with a crop of curls and a pleasing smile could be featured at a large salary. But the public taste was quickly surfeited by childish antics. And now one hears of precocious children only in supporting bits with older actors and actresses. Aside from Jackie Coogan, Baby Peggy is the only child I know

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An Optical Illusion

Consider the dernier cri in screen sirens: Nita Naldi.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

A WILLIAM FOX press agent of the days gone by would make Nita Naldi a refugee empress or an exiled Queen of the Nile: she could look either part, but she couldn't play it. "I know I don't sound the way I look," she says, "but think of the trouble I'd have learning lines! I hate to learn lines. In 'Sally' I only had five, but it was a question every show which one I'd go cold on."

Nita Naldi will go far in celluloid, for the screen is pictorial and silent. She is an optical illusion, not an intellectuelle. On the open shelves in her library there were copies of plays pleasant and unpleasant, Chesterton and Gorky, Freud, and Arnold Bennett—but I doubt whether she reads them. It is apparent from her library that she knows what she should read, but it is equally apparent from her conversation that she does not read it. But she made no pretensions at being anything other than what she is. The difficulty lies in determining exactly what she is. She is a smoldering Italian version of Geraldine Farrar, Lucrezia Borgia shaking a double Bronx, the loveliest of Boccaccio's fabled damosels. If she had lived in China a century ago when a Ming dynasty was tottering, Nita might have been able to account for a few of the rumblings.

Her eyes are provocatively slanted, her hair raven black, her lips a crimson sheath for the flash of her smile.

When lovely woman stoops to "The Follies" she is likely to emerge a cinema sultana, or at least a De Mille duchess. So it was with Nita Naldi, three years ago adorning the front line on the Century Roof, now occupying the most envied of positions: playing opposite Rodolph Valentino. Many have prophesied what would happen when Greek meets Greek: give a thought to Italy! The conflagration occurs when Rodolph plays victim to the dusk Sicilian's wiles.

Her torrid screen personality rather leads you to expect her to appear with a baby boa constrictor entwined about each arm and a Bengal tiger perched on her shoulder. Truth renders her none the less effective. Conventional surroundings detracted from the Naldi potency not at all.

On the piano rack there was a copy of "Hot Lips."

Of the chorus, formerly a Winter Gardenia, and before that a model "at four bits an hour—some hours." Nita Naldi remains withal one of the few real splashes of color on the native silver sheet, one of the truly exotic ladies of the gelatin arena, calling to mind vendettas, silver stilettos, and sudden death. She should have been born in a castle facing the Palazzo de l'Azare: she was born in a less picturesque villa on the lower East Side. And she will tell you that she is proud of it. She thinks more of scene shifters than stars. She will tell you that, too.

"After landing my first speaking part in a regular legit show called 'The Bonehead,' I was fired for throwing dice with the stagehands—and missing a few cues. Tell me what the stage crew thinks of a star, and I'll tell you where she rates."

The Naldi voice is disillusioning. From such a throat you expect soft overtones, subtly modulated. Instead, her voice is like Ann Pennington's, a trifle strident and more than a trifle unmusical. To hear her talk is akin to having a beautiful organ give forth hurdy-gurdy sounds. La Naldi has the slow, cruelly insinuating smile of La Gioconda, but her laugh is a concerto in jazz.

"I don't see how I get by in pictures," she will tell you: "I have to act by number. At three I lift my shoulder, at five I curl my lip. Fred Niblo almost went crazy directing me."

"I've never had too much confidence. After I'd been doing the *Dolores* part in 'Sally' the Selznick people paged me with more money, so I left Ziegfeld for the movies. Whatever you do, don't ask me about Art. I don't mind having people look at me, but Lord! how I hate to have them talk to me!"

If you start to leave precipitately at this, she will flash a reassuring smile, and swear that you are different—very different—you stay.

"Whenever I'm out I put on 'dog,' I have to, because people say, 'There's that Naldi girl out of the chorus,' and I must try to look dignified—like a dramatic actress, whatever that is. My friends know that I don't upstage really, so that's all I care. When I first went out to Hollywood, not knowing a soul, I decided to be very Ritz and acted like Elsie Ferguson for the first three days. It almost killed me. I was so homesick that I used to crawl to my dressing room and cry all the make-up off. At first I hated things out there: cafeterias and pretty extra boys and puttees and publicity. And California boosters!"

Her conversation fades when transferred to the printed page. It is all in the idiom of Broadway, with occasional lapses that would look in print a hundred times worse than they sound.

If there were such a thing as reincarnation, it would be a simple matter to place Nita Naldi in a former world. She wrecked empires and held czars impotent before her smile; she swayed whole kingdoms with her frown, and bathed in flaming fountains; she crooked her finger, and rajahs flocked to her; she ruled all men with a drooping eye, and gained the hatred and jealousy of all women.

To-day, women, upon seeing la Naldi in action, think she is shameless. Men simply think.

The Naldi claim to popularity lies with the masculine vote. She will interest some women, perhaps, but she will fascinate all men. She suggests moonlight in Sorrente, a rich Pacardi cock-tail sipped while "The Barcarolle" is syncopated by a Neapolitan string quartet, the ghost of Caruso singing "Sole Mio" with a faint saxophone obbligato. She is overwhelming to look upon, and then she begins to rail against censorship or Houdini or one of society's pets, and lo! the effect is all but lost. Nita has found a thankful medium of ex-

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Favorite Picture Players



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

MOTION-PICTURE fans are now focusing the spotlight of interest on Nita Naldi—whose personality is brilliantly described on the preceding page. She is looked upon as the particular rising star of Paramount pictures.





Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

CARMEL MYERS flits from company to company. Just now she is playing a leading rôle in Edward Slemman's production of "Blind Justice."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

AT last Mae Busch is to have her big chance as *Glory Quayle* in Maurice Tourneur's production of "The Christian" for Goldwyn.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

ANOTHER clever player who is expected to win new laurels under Tourneur's direction is Madge Bellamy, loaned to him by Ince to play *Lorna Doone*.



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

BEAUTIFUL Alma Rubens, admirably suited to tragic rôles, continues to make the best of inept pictures. "The Valley of Silent Men" is her latest.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

PIQUANT Marie Mosquini flits through Snub Pollard's Pathé comedies, bringing a laugh now and then, and always adding a decorative note.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

MABEL NORMAND'S appearances are few and far between, but she is never forgotten. Waiting long to see her "Suzanna" has only whetted her fans' interest.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser



THE return of Blanche Sweet to the screen is a big event in the film world, for she was one of the most charming and gifted of the early screen favorites. On the opposite page is an unusual personality sketch of her which recalls her many ingratiating traits.



Moment Musicale

An interview with Blanche Sweet is bound to be different—elusive—haunting—because she herself is.

By Agnes Smith

THERE are stars who rush out and give you the glad hand. There are stars who bubble with enthusiasm. There are stars who eagerly encourage culture and the uplift. There are stars who are deeply concerned with the moral and artistic future of the motion picture. And there is Blanche Sweet. If you have conventional ideas about movie stars, please reverse them and then you will have an idea of what Miss Sweet is like.

Miss Sweet and I went to an open-air concert at the Hollywood Bowl. We talked about music, about the Einstein theory, and a little about movies. Also about bobbed hair, permanent waves, swimming, horse-back riding and Heifetz. For the benefit of those who want to know what movie stars look like I shall mention the fact that Miss Sweet wore a white polo coat, a blue hat, a white dress, and a diamond ring on the fourth finger of her left hand. Her hair—and she is a natural blonde—is bobbed, and her eyes are blue; her face is both sensitive and stubborn. And she looks younger than any baby star in Hollywood. In the land of the beaded eyelash, the rouged lip, and the fixed blush, she uses no make-up.

For the benefit of those who want to know what pictures the stars are going to appear in next, I shall mention the fact that Miss Sweet will play in "Quincy Adams Sawyer" for Metro. She didn't tell me. The press agent did. For the benefit of those who want to hear romances about famous movie personages, I shall say that Blanche Sweet is married to Marshall Neilan, the director. She didn't tell me. I read it in the newspapers. When speaking about her husband, Miss Sweet refers to him as "Mr. Neilan." And now you have all the information about Blanche Sweet.

As I have said, we went to an open-air concert. Miss Sweet had bought tickets for the season. Community concerts, like cheap automobiles and the course of true love, never run smoothly.

"No one ought to complain," Miss Sweet said; "the music is good and the tickets are inexpensive."

We scrambled up a bank of sawdust and native California dirt. We found two seats.

"I am afraid we can't see the orchestra," remarked Miss Sweet. Then she laughed. "Isn't that just like a movie? After all, you don't come to a concert to see music. I suppose I shall say 'I saw a fine concert last night,' and that'll sound funny."

She pulled the protecting blue hat down over her face.

"Notice the drummer," she continued. We could see a part of the orchestra, after all. "His enthusiasm is wonderful. Sometimes I go to concerts just to watch him. You can tell when he is going to get a chance to give the drums a good whack. It takes him a long time to tune up, his face gets red, he beams with pleasure, and then he raises the sticks. He waits and then—bang! I am sure he enjoys his work."

Miss Sweet consulted the program.

"Too bad. No Wagner to-night. My drummer is at his best in Wagner. Wagner keeps him busy—he works all evening."

We watched the men file in and take their places at their stands. We listened to them tune up.

"I wonder," I said, "why a man learns to play the bass viol and makes it his life work."

"That's bothered me, too," answered Miss Sweet. "A man who plays the bass viol never gets a chance to play a solo—no fame, no glory. But it's that way in life. Most persons are content simply to play in the orchestra. They don't want the nervous strain and the responsibility of being soloists. I suppose if we were all given our choice of our instrument in life, we'd be just what we are—bass viol players, oboe players, and drummers."

I realized that we were talking about music and not about movies, and I knew that it wasn't the proper thing to do—not in Hollywood. And so I told Miss Sweet that I was glad she was coming back to the screen. It wasn't a polite remark. I meant it.

"I wonder why people want me to come back. I thought that I was forgotten. But I am glad I am not."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "it's because you never were an ingénue and you never were a vamp. You didn't go in for extreme types. You played your parts and you played them well."

"I have another theory," she answered. "You see, when I first played in pictures, I had no name. Some of the exhibitors called me 'Daphne Wayne.' I was nicknamed 'Daffy.' Anyway, no one knew anything about me. I was just an actress. There were no stars then; the silent drama hadn't become noisy. Movies were a mystery. Moving-picture actors and actresses were a mystery. And, of course, the public loves mystery."

It was a good clew to Blanche Sweet's mind. Names do not mean much to her; even her own name is not important. She doesn't attach labels to things or people. She has an abstract, unattached and independent mind. She reminds me of an algebra book. "Let X equal an unknown quantity."

We went back to music. "I like concerts," she told me. "And I like to listen to music in my own way. When I was working in New York, I used to buy a seat on the side of the hall—an aisle seat. Then I would sit there and let the music roll over me like waves. It rested me. A few persons recognized me; most of them thought I went to concerts to sleep. But I don't like people who sit up very straight and important at concerts. They are the sort who think that it is a duty to listen to 'good things.'"

"As for me, I can't remember the names of much of the music I have heard. But I like Wagner. I am ashamed to admit it, because it sounds like an affectation, but honestly I do. When the Chicago Opera Company came to Los Angeles last winter, the tickets were expensive. So I picked one performance—"Tannhäuser." It was good to hear it. And it was good to see it—the orchestra was busy."

Alfred Hertz, the conductor, made his way to the stand. The orchestra jumped into "Fra Diavolo." Miss Sweet whispered, "The designs on the screens at the back of the platform look like charts in a dentist's office." They did.

The next number was Bizet's "L'Arlesienne Suite." Miss Sweet nudged me and pointed to a man who sat

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The Things You Want to Know

That is, if you are like the friends of the author; for here are the answers to the questions she was asked most frequently on her return from a year in Hollywood.

By Helen Christine Bennett

AS soon as I returned from Hollywood to the East I found I was accepted as something of an oracle. No, I found it out before then. Even on the trains coming Eastward every one who found I had been in the studios plied me with questions. And when I got home my personal friends simply showered them upon me. Did I think it really wonderful? Were the actors and actresses really unusual or just commonplace folks like Sally Ann Higgins and Jeremiah Jones round the corner? Was Harry Leon Wilson's story, "Merton of the Movies," true to life or was it all just a story? Is Mary's hair bleached? How does an actress kiss herself on the screen? Do any of them have any brains at all? I almost lost what mentality I possessed trying to whirl about and answer them all honestly. And it occurred to me that these questions were the ones other people were interested in and wanted to hear answered sincerely by some one who has been on the ground.

Here goes. Yes, I thought the studios wonderful, picturesque, and no end fascinating, and no small part of that was due directly to the actors and actresses. More interesting than the neighbors down the street and round the corner? I should say so. I don't know any neighbors of mine daring enough to risk being dumped into the seas in shipwrecks, pilot rafts through rapids, or clamber over the tops of sky scrapers. If I did I'd stick close and watch them for sheer entertainment. If there are any girls like Priscilla Dean in my town I've yet to find them out, and I'd certainly like to.

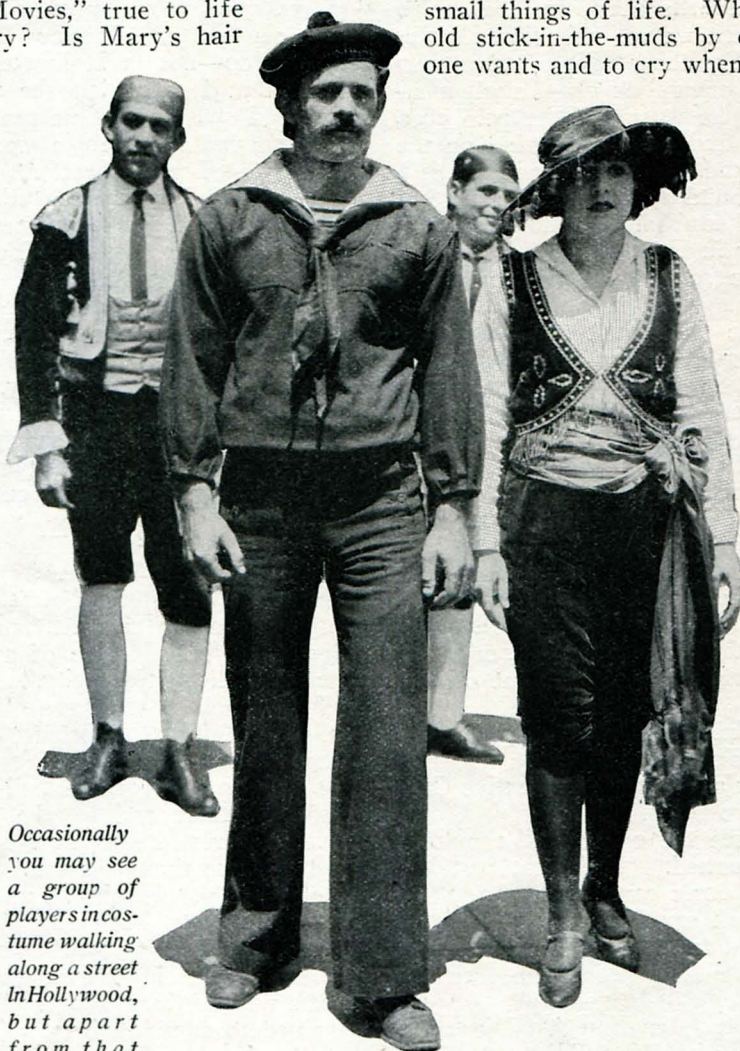
Even the regular town dare-devils are far short of Harold Lloyd. As for the women I know a great many of them are "too nervous" to run a car. I'm not a particularly brave person myself, but I yield all my admiration to bravery. Take Priscilla Dean. She isn't very big, but every inch of her is all spunk and daring. Practically every actor and actress calmly accepts risks that you and I would shudder at—well, I would if you wouldn't. If you know any daring and spirited

young men and women take the best of them and saturate them through and through with gayety, and you'll get a mixture something like the most of the folks who act at the studios. Actors have always borne the reputation of being a "gay lot." Now take that at its literal meaning and use it as I do to stand for bubbling, effervescent high spirits, and vitality. They have such good times, getting joy out of trifles that you and I and the rest about us would pass over with little joy, because we do not understand getting so much out of the small things of life. Why we all would look like old stick-in-the-muds by contrast. To laugh when one wants and to cry when one wants, without shame

or embarrassment—the only Americans who do this are the actors. When this bubbling of spirits runs over into the scenes for pictures some funny things happen. I'd never dare tell the names in this story, but one day when I was watching the making of a picture of olden times when knights and kings and princes and lovely golden-haired maidens with long braids hanging over silken-skirted knees were as plentiful as they are rare nowadays, the emperor or some head monarch of some kind had to single out one of his men, the star naturally, to reward him for his prowess. Beckoning to the star the king commanded him to come, and the star, all dolled up in knightly garb, coat of mail, helmet, and so forth, came and knelt reverently at the king's feet. Now the king was not to be shown in this scene, it was of close-ups of the young knight receiving his honors. So the king in street costume beckoned. He was

a veteran actor, but that gayety was still with him. Seeing that the position of the director prevented his hearing distinctly what was said, he began:

"Come hither, my little knight. Come hither. Why, you're the best little tilter on my field, my boy, the best little tilter I've got." Everybody near was convulsed; the camera man grinned, and even the director twitched his nose, although he was supposed not to hear. But the star continued to look reverently into the eyes of his lord and master and never twitched a



Occasionally you may see a group of players in costume walking along a street in Hollywood, but apart from that

there is little evidence that so huge an industry is centered there.



Hollywood has wide streets, fine trees, many flowers, and good looking little bungalows, very low, very new, very spic and span.

muscle. Four times that scene was repeated and four times that old actor ragged the star. I, for one, was weak after the fourth take. But the "best little tilter" never faltered, although his lips trembled. When you see them in the picture you will lay it to his deep emotion. It is, but not the kind you suspect.

Those languorous love scenes sometimes so long drawn out that you yawn in the spectators' seats, bore the actors as much as you. As soon as one begins, somebody begins ragging about censorship. Fellow stars not acting at the moment gather and begin to criticize. Of course some directors are little tin czars and stop all levity for any cause, but others, rather tired of love-making themselves, let it go on. One day I was watching the making of one of those scenes where a frivolous wife, bored by a thoroughly good and satisfactory husband, amuses herself with the love-making of a younger man. The actress, a beautiful young woman, had to go through a number of scenes with the young man showing the love-making. The husband, a handsome fellow, stretched his six feet on an empty camera platform, lit his pipe, and crossed his legs in the air while he surveyed the performance. There was quite a group of onlookers, and the principals were rather embarrassed particularly as the villain's black mustache persisted in leaving visible smears on the lovely neck of the heroine as he implanted passionate kisses. The villain is a good-looking boy off stage, but he looked silly and caddish in his make-up for this picture. Just in the midst of a particularly ardent bit of love making, the husband took out his pipe and remarked in tones quite audible:

"This is a bum story. Look at that now. That woman is allowing that fellow to make love to her, and by and by she'll run off with him, and she's married to me! Look at him and look at me! I ask you, can you imagine it? Of course you can't. I'll leave it to any one which one she'd choose."

Everybody grinned involuntarily, the young villain laughingly shook a fist at the recumbent husband, the heroine bit her lip, but the laugh came out, and the director, laughing himself, ordered a retake. The complacent husband, satisfied with that bit of work went on smoking, regarding them with a mocking smile as they tried to put some sincerity into the scene. They have little mercy on each other at the studios. Even Mary Pickford, who is rather sedate when at work, confided in me one day:

"To-morrow I am going to dress up as an extra, as a court lady for Douglas and get in the mob and manage to get near him and nudge him gently. I want to see what he'll do. And," she added, laughing, "think of the risk I run. I may find out something. Suppose he nudges back!"

In real life most of us love people who are what we call "full of life." Screen actors are nearly all full of life. I remember the first time I saw Herbert Rawlinson. He was sitting at a dinner table next to me, and I thought I had never seen any one enjoy himself more. There wasn't any special reason why he should; the rest of us, I for one, were having a mildly good time, but Herbert was having a glorious one, and after a time every one within a radius of twenty-five feet was having a royal good time with him. (No, no one had been drinking; it was an entirely decorous affair.) I found among the actors and actresses at Hollywood a great capacity for making the most of the passing moment, to get out of it all that it held. Add to this the daring and gayety of which I spoke, and put in also a real liking for most people, and you will get the mixture of which most of our stars are composed. Your neighbors and mine may be made of the same stuff, but they keep it sadly under cover. By contrast we seem a drab lot. That is why there is so much real material of interest about the motion-picture field. One doesn't have to manufacture it.

Now for the question about "Merton of the Movies." I reveled in the story. I don't know whether it is all true or not, because I can't see life through Harry Leon Wilson's eyes. But when I get to parts where I can see through in the same way and find them true I come to suspect that it is pretty genuine all through. Many a Merton has succeeded in pictures, but do not jump to the conclusion that all movie actors are Mertons. Some of them are exceedingly intelligent and cultivated people and are gifted in lines other than their own.

Take Bert Lytell. The first time I saw Bert he was made up for a Coney Island scene, and he looked like a cheap sport. We talked about the hard winter and how many people were out of work. He seemed just an ordinary person. The second time he was a speaker at an anticensor meeting. I entered while he was speaking, and before I saw the speaker I was impressed with the voice. Mellow and resonant it filled the hall, every word clearly articulated. Lytell has one of the most beautiful voices I have ever heard. A little later I became interested in the speech. After that night I heard Lytell make several speeches, all different, and at times he was called upon without notice, and each time Bert got up and made a crackerjack speech, one that would do credit to any man, well thought out, well phrased, well delivered. Bert is one of the actors with brains.

Milton Sills is another. Some one who saw me talking with him told me he, Milton, had narrowly missed occupying a chair at some college as a professor of philosophy. We discussed no philosophy, but

it was quite evident that Mr. Sills is a cultivated man with a good deal of mental ability.

I did not find most of the girls intellectual giants, but as most of them are from seventeen to twenty-one I did not expect to. Show me any girls of that age who are intellectual giants. Occasionally one may be, but not often. I challenge any one to find a more charming and thoroughly interesting girl than Betty Compson. Betty is good to look at, has a keen sense of humor, a ready sympathy, and lots of life. And for all I know, Betty may be planning on the side to discover the inhabitants of Mars. I don't know, and I don't care. I don't require my favorite actresses to be bluestockings; it is sufficient that they possess normal intelligence.

Agnes Ayres seems popular with my friends. I have had no end of inquiries about her. If you are equally curious, know that Agnes is the most beautiful woman I saw in Hollywood. She is lovely in voluptuous fashion, soft curves, and gracious lines. And when she is fussed up in a silken negligee with swansdown trimmings, said negligee being peach color by preference, she is a vision. This is commonplace language in which to describe a lovely lady, but you have been so overwhelmed with hectic descriptions I am trying hard to keep mine in the vernacular. If you want the other thing, here it is:

When Miss Ayres came on the set, wrapped in filmy draperies that only served to accent the soft loveliness of her radiant beauty, every man held his breath. (They did, too, and so did the one woman. I was she.) About her there seemed to be an aura; she moved noiselessly, gracefully within it, every movement within that invisible yet palpable essence carrying with it the suggestion of glorious womanhood at its most potent moment. Her face, uplifted—well, that is about all I can stand of that kind of thing, but if you get me, Agnes Ayres is something worth seeing off the screen as well as on.

Almost every one asked me who was the handsomest man and the most beautiful woman I saw. Wallace Reid and Agnes Ayres. Second choice Antonio Moreno and Mary Miles Minter. I saw Antonio but once, but I shall never forget the impression he made, a romantic figure with the fire and suggested subtlety of the Latin races. I don't know why Miss Minter doesn't get full credit for her prettiness. She is not beautiful; she is exquisitely pretty, and when you look at her you think of Watteau shepherdesses and those dainty bisque figures we used to see in curio cabinets and on mantel pieces.

To get away for a moment from folks. So many people asked:

"What exactly is a continuity," that I hand you here—with a sample? A continuity is written in scenes, a scene meaning a move in the position of the camera. A continuity may have any number of scenes, the five-reel pictures taking from three to five hundred. It reads like this:

Scene 111. Rob comes into the house and closes the door.

Scene 112. Close-up. Rob standing at door looking across room at his mother's portrait.

Scene 113. Long shot showing Eleanor entering room from rear.

Scene 114. Rob crosses room, not seeing Eleanor, stands under portrait. He is deeply moved.

"Who," demands one of my friends, "coins those remarkable movie names, such as Leatrice Joy, Jewel Carmen?" I dunno. I never met him in Hollywood, or I would have put him out of this world for keeps. I can imagine no more potent cheapening of an actress or actor than so obvious a name. But the sweetness-and-light era seems to be passing, and, although we shall have no Maggie MacGlinchys and no Isadore Levinskys—we wouldn't really want that, you know—we may have some names that are attractive without being saccharine.

What is Hollywood really like? I lived in Hollywood for over a year. It is a beautiful suburban portion of Los Angeles, at the foot of the Santa Monica mountains, running well up into the foothills. It has wide streets, fine trees, many flowers, and good-looking little bungalows, very low, very new, and spic and span. It is one of the cleanest places in the country. The motion-picture part is evidenced by the street taking of pictures, by the presence of actors and actresses in make-up in the restaurants, and by the presence of the studios. Otherwise there is nothing different from any other community. At night the streets are dead quiet. There are two policemen, and I never saw them needed. If you want to know the motion-picture folks you can

frequent the restaurants they go to and the shops in which they buy until you come to recognize them. And unless you are in the business, that is all you will see of them. They keep largely to themselves, and their affairs, both business and social, include few outsiders.

I know people who have lived in Hollywood eight years and who have yet to see in person, Mary, Douglas, or Charlie, and recognize them. Some people seem to think Hollywood a place unfit to live in. They ought to see Hollywood.

At least ten people asked me:

"Is Gloria Swanson really pretty?" "Pretty" is the last word I should think of in connection with Gloria. She has the most beautiful legs I have ever seen, and in this I am quite serious; they are worthy

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The players are always going through some bit of byplay like this, at odd moments.

The Indiscretions of a Star

A famous hero relates the true story of his romantic life.

As told to Inez Klumpp

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I FELT sorry for Barry Stevens. Hopelessly in love with one girl and yet entangled with another, bound to be a blackguard in the eyes of the public unless he let a lie be foisted upon him, he looked crushed and old when I saw him again. The picture that he was making then should be released about now—and if he seems broken and spiritless, you will know the reason for it. A critic whom I know saw it in the projection room, and wrote that he “acted with unusual repression.” That was natural enough—all the enthusiasm had been repressed right out of him!

To reporters he told the same story—that he had made a picture near Mary Crampton’s home town, and that she had acted in it—had been an extra, with all the other boys and girls who lived around there. Muzzled by his manager, who was always with him, he couldn’t say much more, save that the rumor of his engagement was premature. Daily he swore in private that he would tell the truth, and was held back by the reminder that it wouldn’t do any good if he did.

“I wish you’d go to see her,” he told me. (Mary Crampton had come to New York and was much in evidence.) “I’m sure you could do something with her.”

I went, because I felt sorry for him. I found Mary Crampton and her parents established in the gilded atmosphere of one of the big, old-fashioned hotels. She was having a beautiful time, and feeling very important. She was pretty, in a weak-faced way, and very obstinate. Suspecting the reason for my coming, she grew sullen at once.

“I’m engaged to Barry,” she kept saying over and over. “He’s got to marry me, because he promised to.”

I asked for proof, and was shown letters, typed letters, signed with his name. They were forgeries, of course, but for Barry to prove them false would never convince the world in general. The only thing to do was to offer the girl more tempting bait than he was.

I found some at last. She wanted to act in pictures. I told her that Barry would never consent to that; that as his wife she could never hope to face a camera.

“Charles Ray’s wife isn’t in pictures, you’ll notice,” I told her. “Neither are the wives of a number of other stars. You’ll have no chance at all to make pictures if you marry him. So why not just turn him down, and go into pictures on your own? I should think you’d prefer the distinction of having refused him to marrying him and never being heard of again, except as his wife.”

I hadn’t expected her to jump at that, but she did. Personal glory was what she wanted, I could see that. And she thought she could get it in this way.

“All right,” she said finally. “I’ll tell the papers tonight that I’ve decided not to marry him—but he’ll better watch out and not get funny with any one else!”

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

There is one thing Barry Stevens can never be accused of—leading a dull life. Interesting, romantic adventures are always happening to him. Of course they don’t always just happen—lots of times Barry likes to give Fate a little assistance by rushing headlong into situations where less chivalrous, but more cautious, men would fear to tread. And, especially if there’s a charming girl in the case, Barry doesn’t mind the cost to his reputation. In fact, ever since his first indiscretion, he has lost a large slice of his reputation with every experience, so that now he hasn’t any at all, at least not the kind you’re proud of. So Barry finally decided that it was time he told the real truth about his life and tried to clear up some of the false impressions that have existed about him all during his career. In the last installment, Barry was all tangled up with Mary Crampton, a girl fan from Maine, who insisted that he had proposed to her and came to New York to marry him, and because of this Pauline Stewart, whom he really loves, won’t have anything to do with him.

The poor little thing had actually made herself believe the story that had been made up about her. However, she got what she wanted, for the press agent who had made up the story, and had been discharged, managed to get her a part in a picture being made by a cheap and very sensational company, and made the most of the publicity she’d got.

“But some one must have given her money to come to New York with,” I told Barry, when we were discussing it afterward. “She couldn’t have come if they hadn’t. How do you account for that?”

“I don’t like to account for it, but I can,” he answered slowly.

“It was Pauline’s father who managed that. He thought it would hurt me with her.”

“And has it?” I asked.

“I can’t tell—she’s gone away, and I haven’t seen her for days,” he answered. “Let’s talk about somebody else. Want to hear some more fool things about ‘the great world behind the silver sheet?’”

I did, and he launched forth obediently on the story of the Markhams, a curious hodgepodge that shows what matrimony and the movies do to each other sometimes.

CHAPTER XXIX.

“The Markhams are good scouts,” Barry Stevens declared. “Heaps of people who don’t know them don’t think they are, because Markham’s first wife did all she could to ruin him, and he had no come-back. But—well, here’s their story; pass on it for yourself.

“You know Markham, of course—he went into movies from the stage about five years ago. He’d never cared for acting, but his wife nagged him into it; she didn’t feel that he made money enough at his own trade—he was a chemist, and he loved his work. But he had a drug store in a little town, and as he never had money enough to study and get degrees and become somebody, why, there wasn’t much chance of his getting rich.

“She fumed and fretted at him till he thought she’d drive him mad, he told me. He said that he could make money enough to support her and their three children comfortably, but she wanted more than comfort. She used to sew for the neighbors and pretend that she had to to help support the family, when as a matter of fact she was just doing it because she wanted the money for luxuries that he’d have been glad to give her if he could have afforded them.

“He wasn’t old—only twenty-four when he went into the movies. His wife was older than he was, and had sort of maneuvered their marriage, when he was not much more than a kid. She maneuvered him onto the stage, too—knew somebody who knew somebody else, and got him a job with a stock company, as part of



"Before I could reach her she cried out and I felt as if I'd slumped together inside. The girl was Mary Hughes."

the background, I guess. He was big, good looking, moved around well—and they didn't pay him much, so it didn't matter a great deal whether he did anything or not.

"Then his wife got the movie bug. She drew their savings out of the bank, and made him take them and go out to the Coast. She stayed home with the children, of course, and every one talked about how self-sacrificing she was to do that, while Steve Markham was gallivanting around trying to be an actor.

"He told me that he felt as if he'd rather die than go into pictures. He said that when he got off the train in Los Angeles he said to himself, 'Well, as soon as the money's all gone I can go back home and get to work again, and Norah will have to admit that she's wrong.'"

"But he got a job—I suppose just because he didn't want one. Then he got another, playing a bit. He said that different people helped him along, and he began making money enough to live on. It was just sheer luck, of course, and he kept expecting that it would give out, but it held. He was playing leads in two years. In three he was starred.

"His wife didn't care anything about being with him; she just wanted the money and the glory of being known as his wife. She got him to buy her a big show place not far from where they'd lived, and she spent

money there like a drunken sailor—oh, I know it's a rough comparison, but it's a good one, nevertheless. She bought horses, though she couldn't ride, and had two or three cars, and no end of servants. And not for a minute did she stop talking about what a lot she'd done for Steve and how little he cared for her to be content away from them."

"Which is where the other woman comes in, I suppose," I suggested.

"She does, luckily for Steve. I put her in, too. He told me one day that he couldn't afford to make so much money any longer. We were swimming in the tank at the Athletic Club, I remember, and we sat down on the edge and dangled our feet in the water as we talked.

"I make so much that I spend more than I make," he told me, and I knew as well as he did that it was his family that did the spending. 'I've got to stop somewhere.'

"You need some one to manage your affairs," I told him. And the next day I sent him the girl who'd been my studio manager.

"She was a clever girl—she'd been a school-teacher for a couple of years, and then worked into the movie game. She knew it from A to Z—could do anything from working with a camera man to get a good set-up to casting a historical romance. There was no non-

sense about her. She wasn't one of these girls who thinks every man she sees is in love with her. And she took hold of Steve's affairs and put them into good shape.

"She soon saw that he'd never save any money unless it was saved for him. His wife knew how much he made, and demanded every cent that wasn't needed for expenses. So she devised a simple system. Every time she wrote the stub of a check she made it for a larger amount than she had written the check for. As her checks were all for necessary expenses, she was never questioned. The money that she saved in this way she deposited to his account and in a bank that he never had used before, and told him nothing about it.

"Things went on nicely enough, for about six months. He realized what a find Carolyn was and consulted her about everything. He even fitted up a laboratory, and went on with some experiments that he'd been fussing with when his wife forced him into the movies. And then——"

"Then he fell in love with Carolyn, and his wife found out about it," I guessed.

"Yes, luckily, that's just what happened," he replied.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Steve Markham didn't realize that he was falling in love with Carolyn," Barry assured me. We were walking up Fifth Avenue in the rain, both loving the mistiness of it and enjoying the sight of slow-voyaging hansom joggers along the wide, wet river of the pavement. It was theater time, and the street was nearly empty; later a swift procession of motors would crowd out the hansom, and Barry and I would take one of them and joggle to a restaurant that overlooked the river and gossip with the waiter.

"Steve just liked Carolyn," he went on. "He enjoyed talking with her about books and things that he'd never had time for. She didn't think that money was the only thing in the world; she was just working in the studios till she'd have money enough to live abroad for a year or two. She was living in a two-room apartment and saving every cent she could, so that she could cut loose when her time came. And Steve, sharing her enthusiasm, enjoying talking with her—oh, you can see how he felt about the whole thing.

"Then Christmas came along. He had just found out that he cared for Carolyn, and he rushed off home for the holidays, his trunks full of presents for the children whom he adored, and for his wife, whom he wanted to care for, if she had let him. I know that he felt that he ought not to care for Carolyn, and hoped he'd get over it. I remember some of the stories that the papers and magazines ran about his Christmas house party—it was a gala occasion, they said—a wonderful affair.

"What really happened was that he was ostracised, in his own home. His wife had read some slanderous lies in a magazine that printed all the filth it could make up about movie people, and of course she believed them—she wanted to. She'd hired a detective and had found out somehow about Carolyn's little trick with the check book. And when he came in she threw his presents in his face and refused to speak to him.

"She cut loose at dinner, though, in front of the children and the servants. He tried to deny her accusations and tell her the truth, but of course she wouldn't listen to him. Finally he took his dinner out to the stables and ate there, with the dogs nuzzling against him. And that night he started back to Los Angeles. He told me afterward that he decided right then to cut loose. His children had turned against him—one of the twins had said, 'Isn't it nice that mamma has

lots of money so that she can give us such beautiful presents? It was good of you to bring them from the city in your trunk, though.' That was the final straw.

"He went back and told Carolyn the whole story. He told her that he was in love with her, too, and if she had admitted the truth then and let him know how she felt about him, I think he'd have kidnaped her and let the world go hang.

"She wouldn't do that, though. She talked him back to sanity, somehow, and when his wife cut loose with a lot of accusations and tried to divorce him, naming her, she didn't say a word. She didn't have to, so far as those who knew her were concerned. We all knew what she was, and knew, too, how false the stuff his wife was telling was.

"What people say about me doesn't matter," she told me, when I asked her why she didn't defend herself. "Those who know me know the truth—I don't care about any one else."

"His wife made a great fuss, of course, and got a big settlement in place of alimony. His contract had just expired, and he did not renew it, though he was asked to. He sold the house which his wife had liked so much, in order to pay her divorce settlement. He promised to support the children till they were twenty-one. And then he cleared out."

"But where is he now?" I asked. "I've missed him, of course, and have wondered."

"He's abroad with Carolyn—they were married at once, and have been working in pictures over there for some time. He plays under another name—I saw him not long ago in a foreign picture, in a big rôle—he did it well, too. They have a little house in Paris, and a lot of congenial friends, and they're perfectly happy. I envy them, too—they were big enough not to let the opinions of people who didn't know the truth about them, matter to them. Wish I could do that."

And, seeing how worried he looked, I wished that he could. I knew that the way Pauline's family was acting was what disturbed him, and I couldn't see any way out of his trouble just yet.

CHAPTER XXXI.

There seemed to be no way of straightening out matters between Barry Stevens and Pauline Stewart. Wherever she was, she did not write to him, and from her family he could get no word of her, of course.

"Please don't feel so cut up about it," I urged him one day when we met at the studio. "Why, haven't there been other girls about whom you felt as you do about her—that you simply couldn't get along without them, and all that sort of thing? Of course there have!"

He smiled as he sat down on the floor beside the low bench on which I was sitting.

"Oh, sure, I suppose there have. Why—well, I don't suppose you've ever heard the real story of—oh, what shall I call her? Everybody in the world knows that girl, and—well, let's disguise her as Mary Hughes, shall we? That's far enough from her real name.

"Mary began making pictures as just a kid—one of the famous child pioneers who came in from the stage—like Mary Pickford and Viola Dana and the Gishes and all those girls. She was always a little beauty, and when she got old enough to refuse to be just sweet and simpering, and showed what sort of stuff she was made of, her pictures began to go like mad.

"But her mother ran true to type. Wouldn't let her have a beau, never let Mary out of her sight for an instant, unless some one else was with her. What on earth she thought the kid would do, I can't see. But she was taking not a single chance. She was cashing in on Mary's looks and ability and reputation while

the going was good, and she wasn't going to lose a trick.

"One of the first parts I had was opposite her, and I went crazy about her. She was a darling—wanted to be friendly, only her mother wouldn't let her. We used to sneak out to the hot-dog wagon whenever we got a chance, just for something to do that we knew we oughtn't. And it was out there by the hot-dog wagon that she met her fate—Lewis Thorne, I'll call him.

"He was a big man in pictures then—one of the producing companies fairly revolved about him. He knew it, too. He was an old-fashioned lovmaker, à la Francis X. Bushman. And he'd seen Mary, and liked her looks. Then, too, the idea of the dragon mother appealed to him. It did to everybody.

"I'd met him once or twice, but didn't think he remembered me. However, when he sauntered over to the lunch cart and spoke, I introduced him to Mary—which was just what he had come for, I found out afterward. She had on a sunbonnet, that was hanging back on her curls, and was wearing a short, ruffled dress—she looked sweet and quaint, with all the cowboys and East Indian dancers and the rest of the crowd that was hanging around the cart as a background. He was wearing a flannel shirt and riding trousers—I think he was playing an army officer—anyway, he showed off like a million dollars. And Mary fell for him, heels over head. All the girls on the lot did.

"Well, he stood there and talked till I began to think that old Mother Hughes would come after us. But she was busy blowing up the camera man because she thought he hadn't lighted Mary just right, and didn't miss us. Even if she had, it would have been too late.

"Lewis asked Mary to go riding with him, and she slipped out of the house at night and went. About the third time she did it, her mother found it out and raised the roof. The next day Mary ran away during the lunch hour and married him.

"Everybody raved about the romance of it, of course, and all that, and Thorne basked in the limelight, while people told Mary how wonderful it was that she should have married such a wonderful person. She, sweet kid, was so happy that she couldn't eat. She just radiated joy. She was just sixteen, you know, and Thorne was the first man she'd ever known, and, of course, the first one who'd ever made love to her.

"But Mother Hughes never relaxed her hold. She kept right on pushing Mary, forcing her to the front, bullying directors into giving her good parts, all of which wasn't really necessary, for Mary was getting more popular with the fans all the time. She worshipped Mary Pickford, I remember, and she used to see every Pickford picture that was released, over and over again. I took her to 'Tess of the Storm Country' myself, and she wept on half a dozen handkerchiefs and then insisted on sitting through it all again, and I had to go out and buy some more.

"If I could only be a little bit like her!" she kept saying, over and over again. She did have a touch of Little Mary's wistfulness.

"As she got more popular, Thorne began to slip. He was lazy, and never wanted to learn anything or do anything in a different way than he always had. Other men were coming along, younger ones, and the

public was getting a bit tired of him. He wouldn't admit that, of course, not even when he was shown the exhibitors' reports on his pictures.

"But he was good to Mary Hughes, I guess—that is, good enough. He wasn't much interested in anything that she liked, didn't care anything about going out to parties, and often she'd get all dressed to go somewhere, and then at the last minute he'd decide that he didn't want to go. She told me that more than once she'd stood by the window, in her party dress, listening as other people rolled up to the house next door in their cars, and crying with disappointment because she couldn't go.

"It was almost as bad when he did take her. He was one of these men who love to eat, and he'd gorge himself, and then, when they got anywhere, he'd disappear after a while, and Mary would find him asleep most anywhere—on a couple of chairs in the hall, out on a terrace—anywhere that he was left alone for a little while.

"She remonstrated with him for it, but that did no good. Sleep was his one indulgence. He began to get fat and stupid, and sleepier than ever, and when his contract as a star was up and he didn't get another he didn't worry—Mary was earning enough for both of them by that time.

"Then, when Mother Hughes got after him, he began to be ugly. Mary used to try to interfere when they got to rowing with each other—which was a pity, because they both enjoyed a good fight; I've heard them go to it! And then Thorne would

turn on her. He struck her with his belt once.

"Finally he began to drink, and was surly all the time. What with trying to keep up with the game, and working nights, days, and Sundays, Mary had about all she could do, so she sort of gave up trying to keep in touch with him. He'd go off for days at a time, and she'd just wait till he came back. Her father, who'd always stayed in the background, had got a notion that he ought to be directing her pictures, and she had to keep peace between him and her real director, and read stories, and sit in on the cutting of her pictures, and make personal appearances—oh, her hands were full all right."

"And what about you all this time?" I asked.

"Caring more about her than ever," he answered quietly. "Oh, I don't think I was madly in love with her; I'd had a session with myself when she married Thorne, and we were just good friends. If there'd been any chance of her being free, I'd have tried to cut in, you may be sure, but there wasn't. Her mother would fight with Thorne, but she wouldn't let Mary divorce him—she was afraid that Mary would marry some one else who wouldn't stand interference from his mother-in-law.

"I came East about that time, and didn't see Mary, except occasionally, for quite a while. Once a girl who used to play in comedies ran into me on Broadway, and told me—not knowing that I knew Mary—that she was engaged to Thorne, only Mary wouldn't set him free. And at other times I heard that he'd been running around with all sorts of people. He'd even descended into the lowest depths and lent his name to a beauty contest that was being run by a magazine, ostensibly to put some new girls into the movies. The girl who won the contest probably deserved nothing

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EVERYONE

at some time or other has taken part in an amateur dramatic performance. And most persons think that the sensations of acting before an audience are similar to the sensations of acting before the camera.

They are as different as day is from night. What these differences are will be explained by Edwin Schallert in our next issue in an article which is the result of long and careful research.

What Every Extra Knows

A series of articles by one who gained her knowledge in the hard school of experience, covering the most practical method of entering pictures, and dealing with the problems and experiences of the first six months.

By Dorothea Knox

PART III. HOW TO APPLY FOR ENGAGEMENTS

I CANNOT picture anything more forlorn than a man or girl appearing in Los Angeles and undertaking to break into the movies. It takes more knack, more diplomacy, and more push than to break into the United States Senate.

Like any other business in the world it requires acquaintance. If good-looking people were scarce it would be different, but a casting director has a half dozen people besieging him for every opening, and the chances are they are all equally attractive. Naturally he selects the most familiar face. The big, important factor in movies as in everything is *publicity*. Can you make yourself known? Do you know any one who knows any one who could help you in a studio?

If you have gone to college with a newspaper editor in Los Angeles, dig out your old frat pin and grab him by the arm and coax him to lunch; and convince him that there is a great story in your life's history. Get it before the public and perhaps some director will see it.

On the other hand a simple introduction in itself will not do you a great deal of good. When I first visited a studio I was introduced to one of the very best directors in the picture world. I betrayed to him the cruel truth about myself. My real age, weight, and absolute lack of experience. He suffered in silence and passed me on to the studio casting director.

This gentleman resented being told to "look out for me." If the director had asked to have me put in a definite "bit" in one of his own pictures it would have been totally different. Every director has a perfect



No woman can expect to make much of an impression on a director just because she is beautiful or strikingly gowned. Sam Wood is so used to working with Gloria Swanson that he is quite blasé about feminine beauty and most directors are equally so.

right to select his own actors if he so wishes—but to present me as a sort of charge, savored too much of going over the head of the casting office. I have worked often in that studio since, sometimes because directors have asked for me—sometimes because I was sent there by the different bureaus, but never through their casting director.

On the other hand if I talked something like this the first director would probably have called me himself and given me a "bit."

"Oh, yes, I have had quite a lot of experience. I was on the Orpheum circuit four years ago and then in pictures a year. I've been overseas during the war, though. Type of work? Oh, anything except children and giants. I like emotional stuff pretty well. My most successful part was a girl who died of leprosy. I died hard, but believe me I died!"

"Salary? Well—of course, I got two hundred a couple of years ago, but for what little I've done since I've returned I've got more than that. You see I've put a great deal into wardrobe. All my clothes are very handsome, and you know those things cost so much just now—et cetera—"

Another incident of my experience with the wrong method of approach is still more striking. When I had been in Hollywood only a few weeks some one told me

of a large riding set which was being cast at Universal City. I managed to get a formal introduction to the director in charge and, as in the former case, told him the painful truth. I said I had never been in pictures, but that I could take a five-foot hurdle and ride bareback. I had the necessary clothes. He was very vague

and told me he thought he had enough people. I heard afterward that the set was a very trying one. Few of the girls could ride and fewer still dress properly.

Six months later I heard that the same director was casting a riding set. I had started using another stage name shortly after my first interview with him and my mode of dressing had likewise undergone a change. I decided to try my luck with him again. This time I had no introduction, so to get in I informed the gatekeeper that I had been sent to see Mr. — regarding some riding. That was stretching the tip I had received a bit, but that wasn't anything compared with what I told the director when I got to him. He almost shed tears of joy over finding me, and I got my highest price for riding.

To use the words of an extra boy I know, "Hand 'em a wicked line and treat 'em rough," and first, last, and all the time smile! You can tell just how long an extra girl has been in the business by the extent of her lip spread. The casting director may want a mother of six children, all dying of something, and the sunny blonde with a sweet grin will get it. How many leads and stars have made their way largely on their smiles! Irene Rich, Tom Moore, Douglas Fairbanks—half the people we see taking leading rôles score in that respect.

Then, for a woman, there is the matter of painting. It is very foolish not to put on a little rouge. I mean when off the set. Just a touch of pencil on the lashes, and use lip rouge as well. Every man who engages actresses is accustomed to seeing paint. If he misses it he takes for granted that you have just arrived from the country.

It is just as much of a mistake to lather make-up on one's face, for that likewise savors of the amateur and makes any one over forty look ten years older. Take pains with this as with your whole toilet from the seams in your stockings to your hatpin holes.

The Definite Case of a Girl Named Mary.

Having gone over these general details I will try to imagine the definite case of a girl named Mary, up against Los Angeles for the first time and determined to be a star all on her own with no help from home.

We will suppose she has got into some boarding place, although this is not a matter to suppose without question, as single maidens who work in pictures are looked upon with high disfavor by respectable Los Angeles boarding houses.

Starting early in the morning she looks in the telephone directory and finds the addresses of about ten studios, after which she goes to each one in turn and registers. Then she takes a car going up Hill Street

and gets off at Tenth and finally discovers a ratty-looking, tumble-down house called the "Service Bureau," and she registers there "between the hours of twelve and one."

Such places send a person out on a seven-per-cent commission, which is really very fair, as they save much time and shoe leather.

After that Mary spends the afternoon registering. She tells a different story at every place, and by the thirteenth recital she happens to strike a faint note of interest in one of her listeners. He tells her that he will call her the first of next week. He will not. One in five hundred promises materializes. Promises in pictures are just like phone calls when you're out. They make you feel encouraged—and that's all.

If Mary is from the country where they grow confidence, she spends the next few days on extra benches.

No criminal up for trial waits through more agonized suspense than some of the trusting souls who sit patiently on these useless and uncomfortable articles of furniture. I've spent many hours that way and I never saw any one get anything.

The registering office is the safety valve for keeping people out of a studio without bloodshed. There are those who would batter in the door or leap through the window if there were no pacifying agent. When a director is waylaid by a beautiful damsel in distress he doesn't have to say to her in crude raw terms:

"Madame, I don't care if you want a job or if you are a second Mary Pickford. I have fifteen thousand dollars' worth of talent huddled on a ten-thousand-dollar set, and they can't work till I get there. I have about two thousand people registered at this studio now and about a thousand of them are

better fitted to work than you are."

No, he doesn't have to say any of that. He simply tells her to "go to the casting office and register in the usual way." Why, it's the greatest little sidetracking agency ever thought of.

However, Mary feels better when she has registered all over the place and sat around and seen some seven-fifty hams go in, and thought they were stars, or maybe Wallace Reid goes by and looks right at her—without seeing her—and she feels the color of his eyes for days.

Now, where Mary is staying—if she is blessed by the god of luck—perhaps there is a camera man, or better still an extra girl who knows her way about. Perhaps she notices Mary and offers her gum, or perhaps she is the fallen aristocrat type and, having talked to Mary for ten minutes and finding her English blameless, asks her what she means by trying to get into pictures, or something like that, and Mary tells her the truth.



You can tell about how long a girl has been in the movies by the extent of her smile when she is looking for a job. This applicant is trying to impress Fred Datig, casting director of Universal.

She says she comes of an old family with nothing left but a homestead and a mortgage, and she has sold one of her grandmother's rings and come on to be a movie star so she can hold up her head and look the world in the face and pay the mortgage— There are hundreds of Marys trying to do just such things.

And the extra person doesn't laugh or anything. She takes Mary seriously because the movies have knocked all the mean humor out of her, and she was a "Mary" once herself, and she knows it's no joke, and she says:

"Well, keep callin' 'em up. You have to keep after 'em, honey."

And if Mary is smart she says, "Are you working all the time?"

And the extra person clears her throat and swallows twice and says, "Oh, yes, almost all the time. That is, I'm working to-morrow."

And Mary says, "Oh, do you suppose I could get in somehow and watch you! I'd give anything just to see the inside of a studio!"

So in the end Mary goes with the extra person and carries her suit case and looks on. And an assistant director sees her standing about, and the extra person says, "This is Miss Coolidge, Jimmy," and maybe Jimmy—I said *maybe* (once in a thousand years)—maybe Jimmy needs some young girls on a big set for the next day, and he asks Mary if she would like to come, and Mary being smart keeps back the tears of joy and says, "Yes, I guess I can. I'm waiting for a call from Lasky's, but I'd like to work with Betty."

And next day she goes, and her check is only five dollars, but she doesn't care because she has worked!

Now I think we have said enough about Mary. We will have her taking leads next, and, much as I'd love to see Mary get on, I don't ever lie except to strange directors. Among friends this way, I feel, out of fairness to you, I must emphasize that Mary has about one chance in fifty of getting in at all. About one in two hundred of staying in. About one in ten thousand of being a star.

However, whether she's Mary or Johnny she'll be more of a man for having tried it, and if she starts to starve there are plenty of stores and cafeterias in Los Angeles that give fallen stars a chance to earn food. That is why once in a while you forget to pick up your change because some young face looks over the counter and you think: "What a waste! What a cruel outrageous waste!"

If you have a car you are in luck, as you can canvass a lot of studios in one day. There is no system to the way studios are placed. You can't live "in the center of the studio district." If you move out to Hollywood you will likely be given work at Goldwyn's or Selig's, both over an hour's trip in street cars that are nearly always badly crowded.

A small coupé or sedan is ideal for the movieite. One can make up in it and keep warm in it when working on outdoor sets or location. And, oh, the blessing of not having to lug a suit case or a hat bag through the rain when turning out in the cold, gray dawn.

After you have worked a little you will do well to try to join the Photoplayers Equity Association. You have to be put up by two members and indorsed by a director and pay twenty-five dollars entrance fee, but it pays in the end. Even in my darkest days I never failed to get fifty dollars' worth of work from them.

You will meet plenty of members who will introduce you. The director is a little more troublesome, but if you work for a man several times and he seems to tolerate your smiles with good grace, it is not very much to ask him to sign for you.

Catering to the Employer.

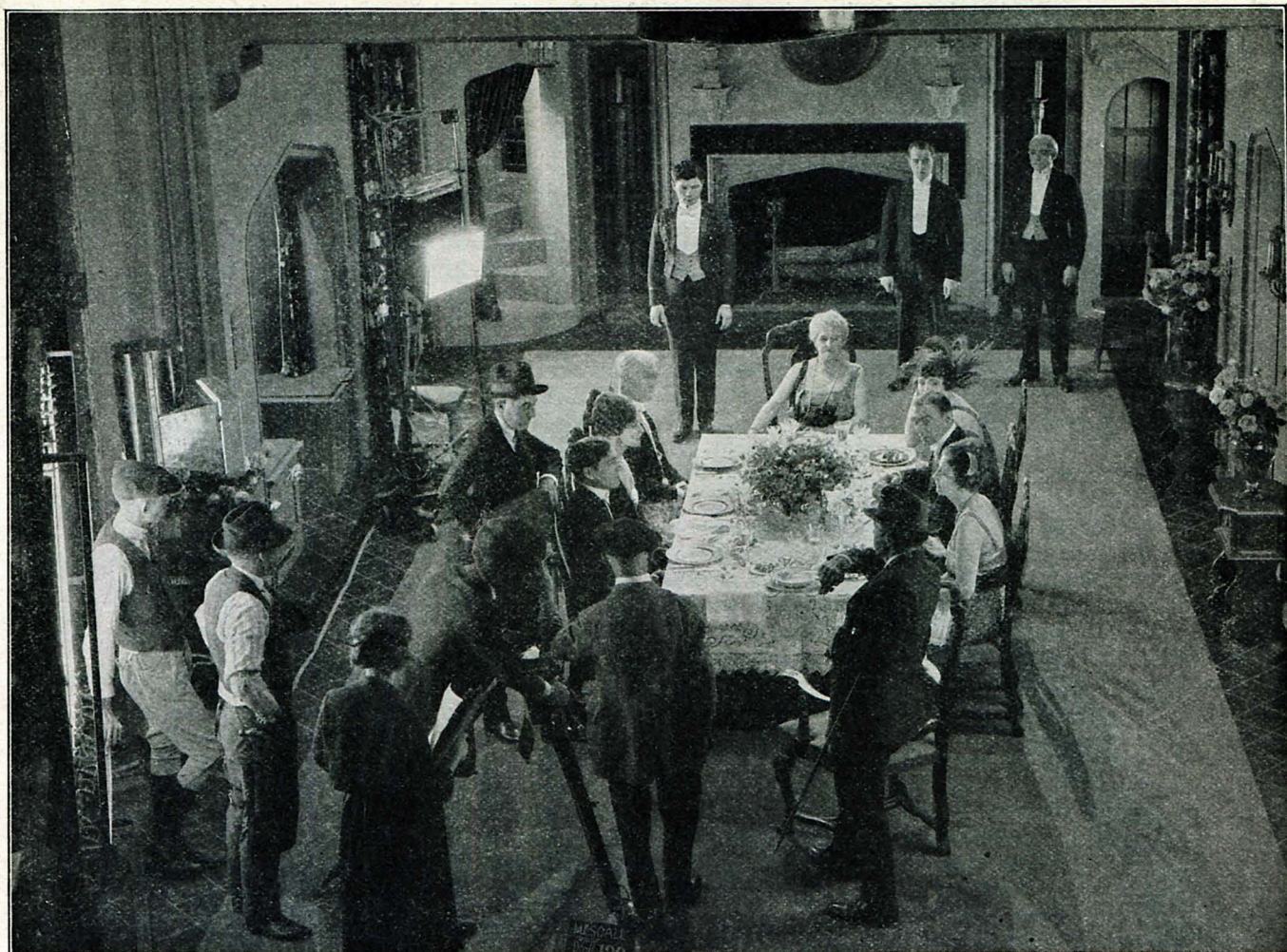
As in all other professions, if you wish to get on in pictures, try any novel and clever way to safely gain the good will of the employer. If you can tell really funny stories or sing, make yourself popular on the set, and covertly try to attract the attention of the assistant director. The director himself is usually above and beyond noticing an extra.

As in any business, the clever hostess has a certain advantage. If you come to Los Angeles with more hope than money you can't use hospitality as an opening wedge, but supposing you are a pretty widow with about five hundred to put into the venture, or a young boy whose father has given him a lump sum and told him to get out and paddle for himself. Supposing then that you are fortunate enough to get on to a set for a few days. You make friends with a few of the extras and you notice whom the director seems to know and like. If the assistant will allow you to make friends with him—a matter which depends entirely on whom you happen to be working for—ask him if he'd like to go on a party that evening. If you have not enough poise to ask it casually, naturally, with no hint of embarrassment or hidden meaning—don't do it.

If he accepts don't give a would-be orgy. Don't have a stiff formal affair. Make up your mind that that director is going to have a wonderful evening with no sudden shocks or jars. If he comes at all he will probably accept again, and you can make

Extras are a friendly sort and often help each other make up. These three girls were snapped during scenes at the Goldwyn studio.





If an extra can only land an engagement in a small scene such as this one in a Rupert Hughes' Goldwyn picture then he has every chance to be noticed by the director.

it seem in the order of things that other directors—friends of his—should in time be included. Don't be sentimental. Don't be tense. Most directors are likable. They won't necessarily give you work because you have entertained them—far from it. But they get a chance to take a good look at you. Instead of a five-minute interview you get a personal demonstration of yourself for two or three hours. As I have said before: it is not graft—it is *advertising*.

Graft in Pictures.

There are directors who have a thirst and are successfully plied with sealed bottles. There are others who are willing to accept cold cash. But it is best to remember that the very ones who do this may not trust you, and may vent a righteous indignation upon you. And there are others who would be really incensed at the idea and who might make it very disagreeable for any person approaching them.

If any girl believes that by merely sacrificing her self-respect and making overtures to a director she will be starred, she is making a sad mistake. As I have already said, directors are very blasé, and are constantly approached by handsome women versed in the art of attracting men. If a person of influence happens to fall in love with her, she has a great advantage, but this doesn't happen so very often.

Not long ago I saw a very beautiful actress stroll across from her set to chat with a director. She wore an evening gown of sequins, which fitted her like a glove. The back was quite missing above the waist,

and it was cut low under the arms. Not only the perfection of her figure, but the studied delicacy of the *exposé* commanded the attention.

Close by me a director and two other men were talking idly. One of them remarked. "There's ——. She's doing a heavy for ——."

Another of the group observed indifferently, "You'd never imagine she was a day over twenty, would you?" After which their attention drifted. I watched them closely while she remained on the set, and not once did they glance her way. Beauty adorned and plainly shown held absolutely no interest for them. If that girl had been a beginner they wouldn't have noticed her at all. So, if I were a girl starting life in the movies I should put that phase entirely out of my mind and keep it out. Make friends with them if you can, but don't try to vamp them.

The Etiquette of An Interview.

When you manage to get an interview with some one of importance, don't make yourself a pest by talking him to death. Get in all you can in a few words and try to be the one to terminate the conversation.

On the other hand don't hesitate to try to see any one you feel you may possibly reach. You can't lose anything by it, and it gives you experience in approaching strangers.

Bluff, Bull, and Brass.

I was talking to a successful actor not long ago who told me that he had worked extra only three months,



If you can entertain the other extras while waiting on a set, you have a pretty good chance of attracting the attention of the director.

ever since which he has taken leads or small parts. And I, like all others, asked, "And how did you do it?"

"Why, easiest thing you know," he said. "I used bluff, bull, and brass."

And that is just what one half the people in pictures rely on. And once in a while to very good purpose. I know of one case where a young woman with a gift for charming insolence, registered herself as not accepting less than ten dollars. There was that certain something about her that she was not asked any questions. When she said she was not interested in anything except better-class atmosphere and parts, and that she did nothing else, they took her at her word. Sometimes they ask for definite names of the parts mentioned. In her case they happened not to.

After receiving four ten-dollar calls she registered with a minimum price of fifteen a day. In three weeks' time she was working for Fox at a salary of one fifty a week and remarked with a shrug, "Whoever gets me next will have to pay two hundred. I'm off from this cheap stuff."

She was neither beautiful, experienced, nor especially well dressed. Her best friend—a girl with perfect features, a far handsomer wardrobe, and a year's hard work in pictures—gets seven fifty and ten dollars a day, and has never had a part.

Playing One Type Only.

There is one way of increasing one's value which may be used by those of a pronounced personality. Register yourself as specializing on a certain type only.

For instance, take the French. Once establish yourself as being a good screen Frenchman and you will be busy all the time. Try to select some character, however, which you notice is much used. And right here I wish to assure the new comer that the picture version of a type and your idea of it are widely separated.

I know a young Southerner in pictures who comes of a very old Kentucky family. His ancestors are all horse-racing, fox-hunting, land owners of the blue grass. I am from the South and I know what they look like there. The man I speak of has all the faults and virtues and charms and drawbacks of his kind. But he cannot convince the average director that he looks Southern. Hardly ever does he even get on a set placed below the Mason and Dixon's line.

I have in mind also a handsome Scandinavian who registers as English. He orders all his clothes from England even to his shoes, and he gets away with it. He is the picture variety of Englishman.

By this I do not mean that the screen type is grotesque—just different from what the average outsider would select. And there is no use in being like the old owl in the fable, when the man was raving about how poorly he was stuffed. One gains nothing by shaking one's head at a director. You may be French, but if he says you don't look it, it won't do you any good to say you are.

So in selecting a type find out first what you express to the average casting office.

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A Fan's Adventures in Hollywood

She spends an hilarious evening at the circus with Colleen Moore and visits the beaches with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis.

By Ethel Sands

PERHAPS you have seen one of your favorite stars at a personal appearance, or have even shaken hands with several of them. If you have, you can imagine how thrilling it is for me to meet them. And if your imagination is capable of multiplying that thrill about fifty times you can get an idea of what it is like to go around with the stars when they are out for recreation.

Movie folk seem to go "playing" through life. They play make-believe at the studio all day, and then when they have a brief respite they go out and play at some other kind of amusement as a sort of relief. And when they play—they really play. Perhaps you picture them spending their evenings dressing up in gorgeous raiment to attend grand functions like balls and dinner parties, and in a way you are right. They do attend many balls at the Ambassador, give dinner parties, and go to dances at the Hollywood Hotel. In fact, whenever there's anything the least important happening in Los Angeles, all of the movie stars go; to theater openings, previews of pictures, the ball games, or the races. They make it a gala occasion. If one star goes they all must go, it seems. The matter is discussed for days ahead with as much enthusiasm and excitement as we movie fans might feel when we hear some star is to make a personal appearance in our home town.

I suppose the reason is that there isn't as much to do, nor as many interesting places for the film players to go as there are in a city like New York. So when a new stage play or something comes to Los Angeles, they all get excited over it. However, the movie stars are not so sophisticated or bored that they cannot derive any enjoyment from more simple pastimes. I discovered this when I accompanied stars on pleasure trips. The little actress who seems to me to get the most joy and pleasure out of all she does is Colleen Moore. I think she is the most enthusiastic person I have ever met in or out of pictures. Though she has surely tasted of many wonderful experiences, it hasn't spoiled her a bit for the little every-day ones of any girl. Think of having been discovered by Griffith—being a popular movie actress who can have almost anything she wants—and having played opposite John Barrymore! How can any girl like that feel as if there were anything more in life to live for? Yet she gets just as much fun out of talking about beaus, going to a circus, or getting a present of a little dog as any young girl might. When you meet her, you feel as if she might be your best girl chum in high school.

The first time I met her in real life was on my first visit to the Goldwyn studios in Culver City. It is one of the most beautifully laid out studios there is, I think, and is just a fan's idea of what a bit of movieland should look like. You enter into the sacred portals through an imposing gate of high, pillared arches. Once inside, you can see all the various white buildings amid the well-kept green lawns, flowers, and palm trees. There are several glass-inclosed stages and a long tier of dressing rooms in one building that is built with two decks of them, sort of like a ship. On the outskirts of the lot one can see bits of streets and buildings of the outdoor sets.

After being shown around the studio I had the great thrill of meeting two perfectly handsome movie actors at once—Cullen Landis and Richard Dix. You know how exciting it is to see one of them alone in pictures. Then imagine my feelings at seeing both of them in real life. Mr. Landis and Mr. Dix were in excellent humor that day and did all sorts of funny stunts to amuse me. And I also met Kathleen Norris, the novelist, who is an altogether charming lady. I found that most of the big writers are.

Then I saw Colleen!

I had looked forward so to meeting Colleen Moore, for I had heard much of her and what a sweet girl she was. I imagined she must be a *Peg o' My Heart* sort of person and expected a great deal of her.

It's strange, and seems sort of like never being satisfied, but, anyway, I found out no matter how many noted movie stars one may get the chance to meet, you get filled with just as much curiosity and longing to meet the one you haven't yet seen, as you were in the very beginning.

It doesn't take you long to decide whether you are going to like Colleen Moore or not. You like her friendly manner from the first. We walked off together chatting as if we were old friends instead of like a star and a fan who had just met.

I had luncheon with Colleen and Cullen Landis in the big restaurant that is right on the lot. Colleen introduced me to Rupert Hughes, her director, when he stopped to chat with her at our table. My, but it's exciting—meeting one famous person right after another!

After luncheon, Miss Moore—but it seems strange to call her that, after you've once met her she always seems like Colleen to you—took me over to watch her work. But, of course, there were delays.



Colleen Moore and I walked off chatting as if we were old friends.

Just when I was resigning myself that I had to say good-bye to Colleen she delighted me with saying, "Why couldn't you come over to dinner tomorrow evening and then we'll all go to the circus together?"

Wouldn't you have jumped at that invitation? I could hardly wait for the time to come. The more I could see of Colleen Moore the more I'd be able to tell the rest of the fans just what she is like.

I went to dinner at the Moore home in the Wilshire district with Arline Pretty.

Miss Pretty was just like a real personal friend to me, and I often went up to her apartment where she lived in the big Hillview Apartment Building right on Hollywood Boulevard. James Morrison and Mae Busch lived there, too, and I saw them often. Jimmie Morrison is an awfully nice young man with quiet, refined ways. In all the years he has been a film player he hasn't become the least bit actorish and is a relief from some of the affected newcomers. I sort of wish the fans would rally around and stick to their old favorites a bit more—though Jimmie isn't old a bit, except in experience.

And Mae Busch—I like her, too! She used to sit downstairs in the lobby quite a bit, and every time she'd see me she'd call out a friendly greeting to me. She's a tease and is very quick at clever repartee. Once she took me up to her apartment which she had decorated in orange and black—and she gave me a beautiful big photograph of herself. Wasn't that nice?

But, goodness! where have I wandered from that dinner engagement at Colleen Moore's home? Sometimes I feel as if I never could get through telling you fans everything that happened in Hollywood—there was so much.

When Arline Pretty and I arrived we were greeted by Miss Moore, looking very pretty and dainty in a simple little black gown with semilow neck, and her very pretty young mother. Colleen took us up to her bedroom where we laid our wraps and then returned to the living room and sat before the cheery open fire to talk. Colleen beckoned to me to come over and sit beside her on the divan which I did with promptitude. I enjoyed just sitting back and watching her as she told us about the little dog she was going to get. She made elaborate plans for the wonderful little dog kennel she was going to have made for him, though she admitted he'd most likely be in the house all the time. She fairly sparkled with animation as she grew more enthusiastic about her subject and made a lovely picture with her fluffy hair piled high. The sides of her hair are cut short so that with a hat on you really think it's bobbed. Her nose is tip-tilted at the end and emphasizes that bit of roguishness in her. I adore that captivating way she has of pursing her mouth into a regular rosebud, opening her eyes very wide and looking as if she were going to burst into a smile every moment—which she does very often.



Out at the Goldwyn studio I was lucky enough to meet Cullen Landis.

Her grandmother, a sweet, little old lady, joined us then, and we all went into the dining room where we had a most delicious dinner. Colleen and her mother are wonderful hostesses, and you can easily see where Colleen gets her lovely personality, humor, and merriment from. Mrs. Moore is almost as young looking and is as attractive as her daughter.

As soon as we finished dinner we all crowded into Miss Moore's limousine and started off for the circus. We were as excited about it as if it was our very first trip to a circus. Of course I think I had reason to be—it was my first visit to a circus along with a movie star. But Colleen seemed just as thrilled about it as I was, and once on the circus grounds she took my arm, and we went running and skipping through the crowds like two happy kids. We had peanuts and pink popcorn and all those kind of things. Then we wended our way into the big tent, and I feel sure the people must have recognized Colleen Moore from the way they stared at our party. Colleen is the spirit of youth incarnate, and you find yourself catching that spirit when you're with her. We thrilled and marveled at all the stunts, but I wondered how she could get such a thrill out of just circus stuff when surely she must have had so many things to be thrilled about in her own career.

"Oh, I've always wanted to do a circus picture," she told me. "I hope I shall soon, so I can play a trapeze artist or something."

After the big show we "did" some of the side shows and saw the freaks—"tiniest horse in the world" and such. We even were almost tempted to all go on the merry-go-round.

Finally we called it a good evening's fun. Just as our car swung out of the grounds some man hollered out to us, and Colleen waved back to him—it was George Siegmann, one of the screen's best villains.

I was fortunate enough to see Colleen Moore again



Harold Lloyd was a big surprise to me—and a pleasant one, you can bet.

not long after. She called for me herself and took me to the studio, where we saw a part of one of her pictures. And I wished that I might have seen her even more.

As I said, Colleen Moore "has a way with her" that eats right into your heart, so you can't help liking her and you remember her personality, always, above everything else.

Another party that I will never forget was Harold Lloyd's.

Can any of you movie fans imagine a more suitable companion to have fun with at the beaches than Harold Lloyd?

I always did think Harold was the "bee's knees" as a comedian and have had a screen acquaintance with

him ever since his "Lonesome Luke" days. Really, I think he is *the* favorite comedian with the girl fans, because he never seems like a clown. They like his clean-cut appearance and are amused by the pert, snappy manner of his movie character. So I was tickled to pieces when I was invited to go with him and Mildred Davis to the beaches. The amusements at the seashore resorts are Mr. Lloyd's favorite pastime, and he often goes there for his recreation.

I have discovered that movie comedians are a source of surprises to meet in real life. Harold Lloyd was a big surprise to me.

Why is it the fans so seldom picture the film comedians having the nice things that we expect matinée idols to have? We know they make big money, and that's as far as we consider. We rarely think of the fun makers in an artistic, luxurious home that we imagine for Rodolph Valentino or Wallace Reid, do we? So I was amazed and surprised when Harold Lloyd's wonderful big tan-colored touring car with its liveried chauffeur drew up at my door. I don't know why I should, but I suppose I expected him to come rattling along in a flivver or something funny. However, I was immensely pleased with the way it was. All the way riding to Mr. Lloyd's home, I sat alone in the tonneau and tried to look real blasé as if I were used to it. I hope everybody who saw me thought I was a movie actress.

Mr. Lloyd's house is nice and homy looking from the outside, but inside—oh, it is perfectly gorgeous! Left to myself in the living room for a moment, I had a chance to note the thick soft rugs and rich hangings, the deep luxurious red chairs and divan, tall lamps with beautiful satin shades and the grand piano. At the end of the room a few steps with iron grille railings led up to a dining room decorated in green. I heard some one coming, so I ran to the mirror to see whether my hat was on straight or not, and then Harold Lloyd came into the room. He came forward with hand outstretched in that same spry manner of his, but for the moment I didn't know him. He is different. His hair is brown, and his eyes hazel. He is tall and well built, but not as thin as he looks in pictures, and instead of that sort of self-assured, rather "nervy" manner he affects on the screen, he has a shy, modest way about him that is the biggest surprise of all.

"Harold Lloyd shy? Impossible!" You may think, but he really is.

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After Harold Lloyd's shyness wears off, he is good-humored and lively.



He Danced for Kings but Keeps the Common Touch

That is the colorful history of Theodore Kosloff, who is winning new laurels every day for his motion-picture acting.

By Peter White

IN every one's life, it is said, there is one great story—but in Theodore Kosloff's there are many. There is the story of Kosloff the dancer whose performances have pleased the crowned heads of Europe; there is Kosloff the painter who has done portraits of distinguished people and received as high as ten thousand dollars for a single painting; there is too the story of that same Kosloff who was a violinist of note and who to-day is delighting thousands with his character portrayals in Paramount pictures.

But let us look back on his meetings with royalty—those are unusual memories for a mummer.

He was only eighteen when he made his début as a solo dancer before the czar and czarina.

"A quiet, soft-spoken man," Mr. Kosloff recalls him. "A man who seemed to feel the weight of his office; a man whom royalty had not made completely happy. Most thinking Russians do not regret the passing of a system that kept so many millions of people in ignorance and poverty, yet as one who has met the czar I felt the deepest sympathy for the man when I read of his terrible end in Siberia."

It was in Paris some years later, at the time when his performance of "Scherezade" at the Grand Opera scored a triumph that he met King Edward VII. at the home of Baron Rothschild.

"A man who liked people and liked them to like him; a man whose live, vital temperament dominated every assemblage he was in," Kosloff describes him. Only a few weeks ago he had the pleasure of escorting about the Lasky studio a member of the same Rothschild family that made possible his acquaintance with England's monarch.

It was following a performance at the Kaiserhof Theater in Berlin that Kosloff met Kaiser Wilhelm, whom he mistook at first for an ordinary army officer.

The Coliseum Theater in London was the seat of his many London social successes as well as professional, and it was at Oxford that Kosloff met the present Prince of Wales, and other members of British nobility.



It has been a notable list of the world's great that has paid tribute to the talent of Theodore Kosloff.



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

His next appearance will be in "To Have and To Hold."

Princes, kings, queens, ex-President Wilson—it has been a notable list—those of the world's great, who have enjoyed the Kosloffian talent. And he has known not only the royalty of birth, but also the royalty of brains. He knew the fiery Kerensky when he was but a member of the Duma. Tschaiowsky's initial production of "Pique Dame" in Moscow found ten-year-old Theodore in the children's ballet, and memory still lingers with him of the faultlessly dressed, gray-bearded genius of the keyboard whose name stands high in the annals of Russian art. He knew Anton Tscheckov, a brilliant surgeon, but an even more brilliant dramatist. And the boy Kosloff was childishly anxious as his father told of the tall Count Tolstoi whose appearances in peasant garb were the talk of the countryside.

Kosloff was noted for other things than his dancing at this time. Up until

only a few years ago when his work in pictures required his time, the dancer's chief joy was his easel. He received as high as ten thousand dollars for his portraits, including one of Lady Evelyn Guinness and the daughter of Sir Edward Grey. He has exhibited at various times in the art museums of Moscow, Paris, London, and Petrograd. But dancing, until now, has always come first with him.

He was born in Moscow, Russia, the son of Michael Kosloff, a solo violinist of the Imperial Russian Ballet orchestra. As in Spain bullfighting is a sure road to fame and fortune, so in Russia the ambition of Russian youth was a place in the schools of the Imperial Russian Ballet.

"From the time I could walk and talk," says Mr. Kosloff, "my one idea was to fit myself mentally and physically to withstand the stringent requirements of the Ballet School at Moscow.

"Only seven boys and seven girls were admitted each year. They must be physically perfect, intelligent, and possessed of a noticeable flair for things interpretive.

"At eight years of age I went before those who picked entrants to the Ballet School. There were hundreds who applied—so it was a surprised and happy little boy who heard his name read off as one of the lucky fourteen."

For three years Kosloff and the members of his class were on probation. They were watched carefully and the unfit were quietly dropped.

This done and their three years of preparatory exer-

cises out of the way, the ambitious children started on the real work of their ballet studies. They lived right in the schools, were taught the elements of culture and given instruction in painting and other arts.

Young Kosloff proved adept as a painter, but to continue with his dancing experiences—

"Thoroughness, willingness to give all the time necessary to achieve an artistic result—these are the main reasons why the Russian ballet has succeeded—why it is the one form of the dance acclaimed as truly an art.

"For instance, there is the whirling jump high in the air, for which I gained a certain amount of personal fame. For five years I spent long hours in exercise just to develop certain muscles for this one stunt. It's difficult; few people in the world have the proper physique to do it, but when it's done before you, it seems easy and effortless, bearing no evidence of the hard work involved in its creation. Kind critics, however, acclaim this and other unusual steps as among the reasons why the Russian ballet is unique, distinctive, and artistic. The thoroughness of our training is the answer. I am positive that no college or university in the world can present a record which can even equal that of the Russian ballet school in developing individuals who have become world famous."

Not many people know that even before he entered pictures Mr. Kosloff had achieved success as an actor. Naturally most of his time was occupied with dancing,

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Keeping One Foot on the Ground

Rolls-Royces rather than umbrellas usually protect Follies beauties but Billie Dove confesses that even when she nightly blazed forth in the Ziegfeld Follies and the Midnight Frolic, she was providing prosaically for a rainy day.

By Caroline Bell

PIERCING the dark above the luxurious New York throngs that nightly pass into the theaters on Forty-second Street a sign announces the "Ziegfeld Follies, Glorifying the American Girl." On the stage below there are radiant fabrics and glistening jewels that set off the loveliness of a few beautiful girls picked from among thousands. Fantastic designs and haunting melodies form a glamorous setting for them. It is a show case of America's most beautiful girls—a show case nightly gazed upon by eyes that are jealous, adoring, or frankly covetous. It is a show case of beauty from which ambitious girls have stepped into careers on the dramatic stage—into wealthy marriages—into notorious entanglements. They come there young—ingenuous and naïve sometimes. They are the

Her young brother thinks it is a great lark to have a motion-picture star in the family.



adored of Broadway. They have the gift of beauty and a flair for pleasure. And few of them ever look beyond today.

In the midst of all this until a short time ago was Billie Dove—pretty, natural, unaffected little Billie Dove who has come to California to become a Metro star.

Billie wasn't just like the rest—she was beautiful, alluring, of course, or she wouldn't have been there—but she had a big streak of independence and caution. And so Billie didn't think of the jewels and cars she might some day have—nor of the wealthy men who sought introductions to her. She thought of how lucky it was that she had gone to business college and learned shorthand! There was a future for her!

How many girls have paused over their typewriters and dreamed of how wonderful it would be to be a Follies girl! And how many of them would be thunderstruck if they

only knew Billie—who liked her work in the Follies well enough, but who clung steadfastly to her knowledge of shorthand and typewriting.

Frankly, when I heard that she was from the Follies, I decided that I didn't want to interview Billie Dove. Follies beauties have a little condescending way of making you feel—well, uncouth. All hands and feet. So, armed with determination to dislike the lady, I clattered up to the Metro studio at a thirty-five-mile clip, slammed on my brakes and flounced in.

"It must be *wonderful* to drive that way!" An excited voice greeted me, as a girl in a tan linen frock and green hat pulled me into her dressing room and settled me in a tiny ivory rocker. "I was watching from my window—it's my first interview, and I'm terribly excited about it. And here you whirl up—" Admiration shone from her soft-brown eyes. Being quite human, I decided suddenly that I didn't dislike Billie Dove at all. "I'm learning to drive, and I'm *such* a gawk at it.

"I'm in a mad rush, getting settled and fixing up my dressing room. I'm not a bit superstitious, as stage people are all supposed to be." She laughed delightfully low. Her voice matched the dressing room. A demi-tasse place of ivory woodwork, a white desk with ivory appointments gilded by the friendly sun that streamed in through the blue-curtained windows. Long mirrors. A chintz-covered couch. Little ivory rockers, with blue cushions. Framed photographs—one signed "Kenneth," wishing her success in her new endeavor. Billie blushing refused to add a last name to "Kenneth."

"Every one is so lovely to me out here—oh, this Western hospitality!" Wide-flung arms seemed to embrace all of California, and she closed her eyes tightly. "I came out here indifferently. I had made two pictures for Robertson-Cole—'The Rainbow's End' and 'At the Stage Door,' and had played a tiny part with Constance Talmadge in 'Polly of the Follies.' I was born and reared in New York City, and, while I've traveled a little with my mother, that has always been my home. But every one has been so nice to me, so friendly, that I don't want ever to go back.

"I hear some of these jaded stars complain that there's nothing to do here. But I have more fun in a week than I did at home in a year. Mother wouldn't let me go to suppers and things. But here there's so much to do—I sneak away and go swimming, and I'm learning to play golf, though I'm pretty punk at it. And driving. Taxies at first, until mother put a padlock on my pocket-book. I wanted to see it all at once."

Again that all-embracing gesture, a breathless happiness that seemed so precious she half feared it would run away. "But now I've a new car. And listen, here's a scheme." Giggling, as two girls will over anything, she outlined her idea for getting past the cars that hog the road. "I've a new horn—like

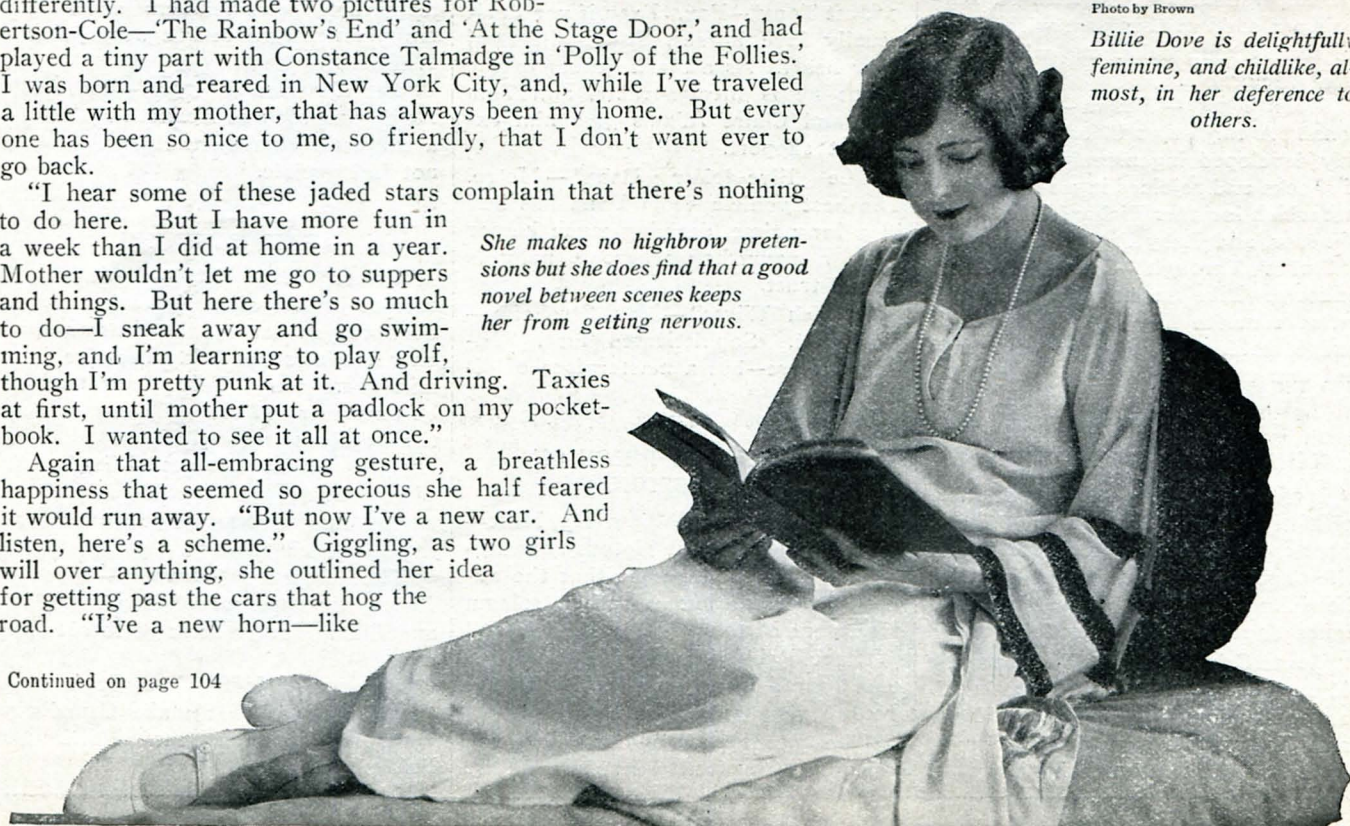


Photo by Brown

Billie Dove is delightfully feminine, and childlike, almost, in her deference to others.

She makes no highbrow pretensions but she does find that a good novel between scenes keeps her from getting nervous.

Continued on page 104



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, as such a list would occupy too much space. Program pictures will be included in it only when they are genuinely distinctive. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue will not be mentioned, but aside from those this list will comprise those generally considered as the most important of the current film offerings.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Blood and Sand"—Valentino—Paramount. A faithful transcription of Ibanez's colorful story of the public's relentless clamor for thrills. As the swaggering hero of the bull ring Valentino proves himself a fine actor, and Nita Naldi leaves no vamping undone.

"Orphans of the Storm"—Griffith—United Artists. An exquisite and gripping coming to life of a famous old melodrama with typical Griffith embellishments. Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Monte Blue, and many others contribute brilliant acting.

"Grandma's Boy"—Lloyd—Pathé. A full-length picture dotted with riotous situations that are incomparable and some pathetic moments that are not so good. Harold Lloyd proves his versatility by playing a Civil War-time boy as well as the usual modern scapegoat.

"The Prisoner of Zenda"—Ingram—Metro. Flashing swords, dungeon keeps, a noble hero and a beautiful heroine carry you back into a romantic land, and provide a thrilling hour. Alice Terry, Barbara La Marr, and Lewis Stone lead the cast.

"Sonny"—Barthelmess—First National. A mawkish story of a soldier who returns to his pal's blind mother and impersonates him. Richard Barthelmess endows this part with genuine feeling and makes the whole picture memorable.

"Fools First"—Neilan—First National. A thrilling and original crook play developed ingeniously. It is full of shocks and rejoices in a remarkable cast which includes Richard Dix, Claire Windsor, and Baby Peggy.

"Smilin' Through"—Talmadge—First National. Like an exquisite lace valentine come to life with Norma Talmadge making its message of beauty real and enduring.



THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

"Borderland"—Ayres—Paramount. A spiritistic film in which an ancestor's ghost comes back to counsel a young wife against making the same mistake she did. It is beautifully done, with Agnes Ayres much better than usual.

"Monte Cristo"—Fox. The romantic old melodrama staged with a lavish hand and abounding in thrills. Every small boy will love it, if only for its pirates, and others will enjoy the work

of John Gilbert, William Mong, and Estelle Taylor.

"The Storm"—Universal. Every device of nature combined to make a thrilling picture, involving Virginia Valli, Matt Moore, and House Peters.

"The Fast Mail"—A rip-roaring old melodrama full of calamity, violence, trickery, deceit, and, of course, a few sweet young things.

"Nanook of the North"—Pathé. A day in the life of an Eskimo, genuinely thrilling, and one of the most unusual pictures ever produced.

"Forget-me-not"—Metro. Frankly a tear-wringer about poor young orphans glorified by skillful and appealing little Bessie Love and Gareth Hughes.

"What's Wrong with the Women?"—Goodman—Equity. Not so flashy as its title. A story of woman's flightiness and its results played by a brilliant cast, including Hedda Hopper and Barbara Castleton.

"Nero"—Fox. A mighty spectacle of ancient Rome bedizened with carnivals, revelry, and the growth of Christianity.

"Hurricane's Gal"—Holubar—First National. A seagoing melodrama in which Dorothy Phillips holds to her course through every dire misfortune.

"Just Tony"—Fox. Even if you don't usually love horses, Tony will steal your heart. As a black beauty of the plains he is incomparable, and Tom Mix and Claire Adams give him excellent support.

"The Five-dollar Baby"—Metro. The best vehicle Viola Dana has had in a long time, deriving much humor from a pawnshop where a baby is left in trust.

"Foolish Wives"—Von Stroheim—Universal. Sophisticated fare. Villainy galore—but a masterpiece of direction.



WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.

"Nice People"—William De Mille—Paramount. Not the riotous showing-up of wild young people that the author intended, but a rather solemn treatment of them. Bebe Daniels and Wallace Reid seem unduly chastened and Conrad Nagel romps off with the honors as a villain.

"The Masquerader"—First National. One of those double-exposure affairs

about the good and the bad cousin. Guy Bates Post is interesting, though he takes his acting hard, and the play has several dull moments.

"A Fool There Was"—Fox. Estelle Taylor doesn't care how far she burlesques the dear old vampire, but in spite of her this picture is pretty good.

"The Bonded Woman"—Compson—Paramount. Betty Compson as a woman who follows a sinner through all his mishaps—but casts wistful eyes now and then at slick Richard Dix.

"The Kick-back"—Carey—F. B. O. A composite of all the wild and woolly Westerns you ever saw, with Harry Carey the noble hero.

"The Young Diana"—Cosmopolitan. Beautiful but dumb, and surrounded with the usual gorgeous Urban settings.

"Her Gilded Cage"—Swanson—Paramount. A chorus girl with a heart of gold story embellished with all sorts of weird gowns and striking settings.

"Human Hearts"—Universal. Rural sobs and smiles; lots of them. And House Peters.

"Slim Shoulders"—Castle—Hodkinson. Beautiful gowns, society settings, and Irene Castle. Girls can learn much from her.

"My Dad"—F. B. O. A Far North melodrama with endless snow and trappers and sleds and dogs and Johnny Walker.

"The Married Flapper"—Universal. Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan in a domestic comedy that is light but not indigestible.



FAIR WARNING.

"Voices of the City"—Goldwyn. A curious jumble of incidents in the underworld so cut by the censors that only confusion is left. Leatrice Joy, Lon Chaney, and Cullen Landis might be engrossing if one only knew what their actions were all about.

"Rich Men's Wives"—Preferred. This provides a complete record of all the bunk that has kept motion pictures in their infancy.

"The Country Flapper"—Dorothy Gish. For the love of Dorothy Gish and Glenn Hunter don't go to see this one.

"Trooper O'Neill"—Fox. It is pictures like this that make Canadians want to abolish the Northwest Police.



"Manslaughter" has a novel plot, many gripping scenes, some splendid acting, and all the faults and virtues of the other important works of Cecil De Mille.

The Screen in Review

A critical estimate of the most recently shown fall productions of importance.

By Alison Smith

THERE may be a limited number of plots in the world, but even so, the scenario writers work some of them overtime.

For instance, there's the plot about the idle wife who fancies she loves the patent-leather lounge lizard until her child is taken ill and she is reconciled to her strong, silent husband over a cradle. If I see that picture just once more, I'll go raving mad and bite an usher. So a month that has a real original plot in it, is a red letter on my calendar. And this month, the plot is "Manslaughter."

It is the study of a young lawyer's struggle between love and his law—and anybody who knows the legal mind will realize that this is some struggle. Justice is observed to such an extent that the girl—for all her money and beauty and charm—is actually sent to prison. But the blow—which redeems her—nearly finishes off the young lawyer—he sinks down and down until she has to redeem him by way of fair play. So it is love that triumphs after all in a happy ending.

The tale, by Alice Duer Miller, made quite an impression when it first appeared in magazine serial form. Now Cecil De Mille has made it over into one of his typical "superspectacles." Of course the atmosphere is changed a lot in the making. The society folk of Alice Duer Miller are not the society folk of Cecil De Mille—they are not to be found in any social register or anywhere else, I believe, except in one of Mr. De Mille's pictures. But they involve all the details that make these films so popular—the champagne parties, the fancy motor cars, the freak headdresses and furs and jewels and the flowery subtitles.

And then, as if modern high living was not riotous enough for one picture, the director goes back to that reliable old authority on the hot time in the old town, ancient Rome. In his speech to the jury, the young

lawyer says, "Our dances of to-day are like the revels of the Romans," and immediately out come the sandals and tigers and gladiators and wine bearers of a life-sized Roman feast. It lasts so long that we sympathize with the other attorney who tells the judge that they are in a courtroom and not a schoolhouse and with the judge who says, "Objection sustained."

But all this has its box-office value, and it is excellently acted by a hand-picked cast. Never have we seen Leatrice Joy seem so beautiful and sympathetic or Thomas Meighan so appealing—in spite of a somewhat smug rôle. And the prison scenes—where Lois Wilson shines—are remarkably realistic and impressive. "Manslaughter" may make some of you laugh in the wrong places, but it will never bore you.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower."

So many tons of adjectives had been sent out about this film through the Hearst advertising that I went prepared to be disappointed. In two respects I was most agreeably surprised. The production is really a magnificent one, and, to the everlasting credit of Robert Vignola it may be said that he has actually made Marion Davies act at last. I do not mean that her acting can be compared with that of Lillian Gish or Mary Pickford, but in this picture it is immeasurably better than any previous attempt of hers which I have seen. Moreover, Vignola has made her act through the most colorful and joyous picture ever adapted from an historical novel.

Again we have *Henry VIII.* on the screen—as in "Deception"—and again he is involved with a merry little hoyden. But this time the coquettish one is his sister *Mary Tudor*, and his game is to marry her to the decrepit and most unpleasant *Louis XII.* of France. But for once *King Hal* is not bossing the job—*Mary*



Forrest Stanley and Marion Davies have the two leading rôles in "*When Knighthood Was in Flower*," one of the finest productions of the current season.

will have none of *Louis*, she tosses her head and wiggles her toes and shouts her defiance until the court is in an uproar and she finally captures her real lover *Charles Brandon*, although she has to marry *Louis* first as a tiresome method of getting her own way.

It's a rollicking tale in which history and ethics alike are thrown to the winds, and author, director, and actors turn out to have a good time. And it has been magnificently mounted by Joseph Urban. When I say magnificent, I do not mean that Mr. Urban has smeared gold leaf and velvet all over the lot as in so many "superproductions." His settings are sometimes simple, sometimes splendid, but in all of them he shows a sense of good taste and feeling for the period which is a joy to the eye. And the photography is a masterpiece of lights and shadows.

As I have said, Marion Davies' acting was surpris-

ingly good, save for the emotional scenes, which lacked the tender appeal they should have had. But despite her otherwise creditable work, Miss Davies was by no means the best player in the cast, which is really a notable one. Pedro de Cordoba as the *Duke of Buckingham*, Ruth Shepley as *Lady Jane*, Ernest Glendinning as *Sir Edwin Caskoden* are only a few names in a gallery of most picturesque historical portraits. Even the minor rôles are taken by well-chosen players of unusual talents—Johnny Dooley, for instance, makes a hilarious court jester, and Gustav Seyffertitz a marvelously picturesque and effective soothsayer. And Lynn Harding's *Henry VIII.* is a merry old soul in spite of his vicious disposition. He may not have the historical background that Emil Jannings put into the same character in "*Deception*," but he develops his rôle with the dash and vim of the novel which after all was written only to please.

Altogether this is the chief distinction between this film and the many others based on historical events which have come over to us from Germany. "*Passion*" and "*Deception*," for all their charm and color were based on two of the most tragic themes in all history. They were filled with hungry mobs and beheadings and other deplorable events, and they ended unhappily, as history, alas, has a habit of doing in this vale of tears. This "*Knighthood*" film is as gay and flowery as its title. It belongs to the school of "let's pretend" and has no more pretension to reality than the fiction which you find on the book stands around vacation time. This is the recipe from which our American book best sellers are made, and, judging from the packed Criterion Theater in New York since "*Knighthood*" opened, this will be a best-selling film indeed. If you happen to be one of the persons who does not care for Miss Davies' pictures, do not, on that account, miss this splendid production. You will be the loser if you do.

"East is West."

When this stage play first opened on Broadway, it was promptly roasted by all the critics. They said it was cheap and tawdry and fake Chinese—in fact, bunk. But Samuel Shipman, its author, had his laugh on the critics by making it an extraordinary success. It ran almost as long as "*Lightnin'*" and is still going strong on the road with Fay Bainter as the star. Of course this fact doesn't disprove anything the critics said, but it does show that the play had that mysterious mixture of pep and sentiment which makes for a popular success.

Now the screen version is much like the stage play, except that Constance Talmadge is even more like herself and even less Chinese than Fay Bainter. (Of course the heroine isn't really Chinese, but she had lived with them all her life and might be expected to be a bit more Oriental than a pretty American girl at a fancy dress ball, which is what Miss Talmadge acts like.) Also the setting is San Francisco Chinatown, and, though I lived in San Francisco nearly all my life, I never saw any streets which remotely resembled these studio sets. They are far more ornate—what with lanterns, mandarins, punk sticks, and coolies—than the real thing, and that is what the people who like the masquerade-ball type of movie go to see. Certainly they will get their money's worth—with all the gorgeous chop-suey-palace decorations and with Con-

stance Talmadge being too cute for words in a pair of beautiful Chinese trousers. But there is far more slapstick than acting, and the sentimental passages are indeed hard to bear. By far the best work was done by Warner Oland as *Charley Yong*, the shifty, oily chink in American clothes which cover all the crafty thoughts supposed to belong to the Orient. Certainly he justifies all that Bret Harte said about the heathen Chinese with his tricks that are vain.

"The Eternal Flame."

Norma Talmadge's new film I liked much better; in fact I think it's one of the best of her career. It is a romance of the French court, adapted from Balzac's "*Duchesse de Langeais*." Norma is an unforgettable picture in her exquisite moods and costumes, and Conway Tearle caught the spirit of the story as if he were an illustration from an old French volume. As I remember the plot, it has been changed to give the lovers a happy ending, but this has been done so skillfully that it wouldn't pain an earnest student of Balzac.

"Hungry Hearts."

An adaptation of the prize story from a volume of ghetto studies by Anzia Yeziarska. It is a tender and moving tale of the fortunes of a Jewish family who escape from the Russian Cossacks to a tenement on the East Side in New York. Bryant Washburn and Helen Ferguson are sincere and touching as the young lovers, but Rose Rosanova, who plays a Vera Gordon rôle, seems more ferocious than sympathetic as the old mother. The story moves on very simply and naturally until suddenly you bump up against an atrocious bit tacked on for a happy ending. My advice is to see the film by all means, but to leave five minutes before the final fade-out.

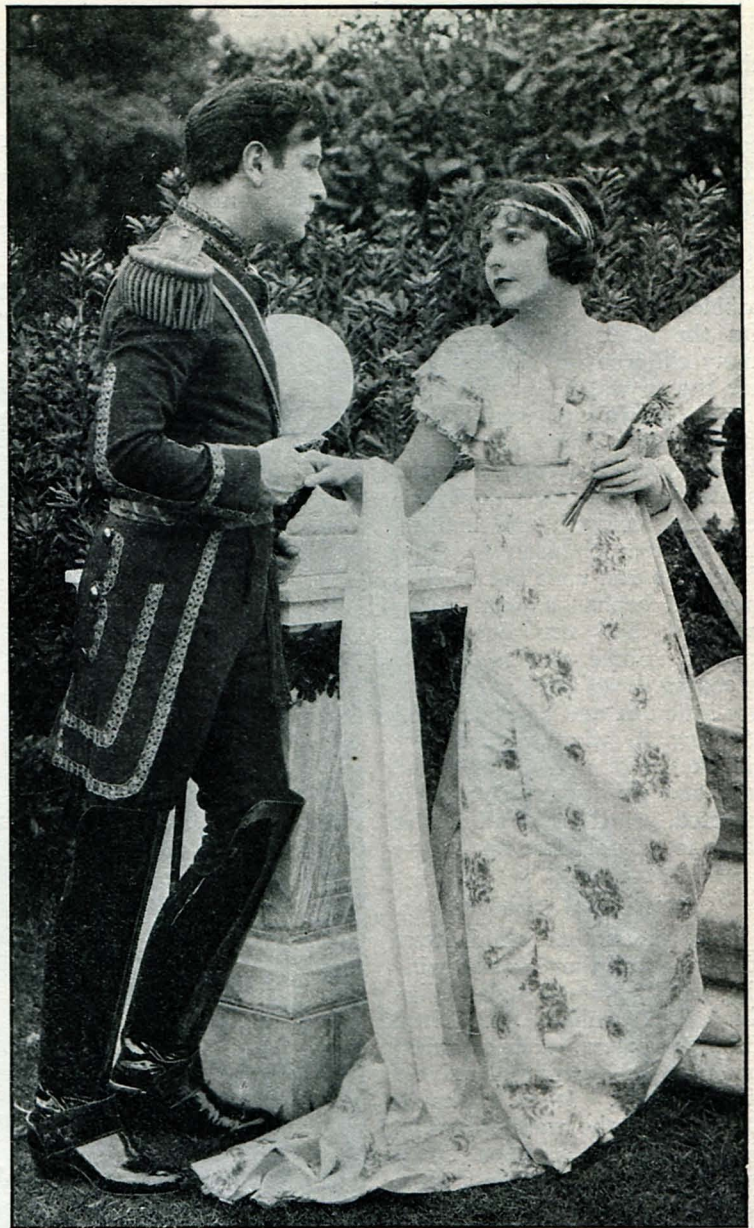
"The Broadway Rose."

Mae Murray again, dancing her way out of a Hackensack meadow into the Great White Way. She falls in love with a stage-door Johnny and is involved in a secret marriage which everybody persists in misunderstanding. So she gets it annulled and goes back to the daisies and Monte Blue, her country lover. I suggest a special charity drive to provide a home for the retirement of Mae Murray's old plots.

"The Hound of the Baskervilles."

The very name of this story sends me into fits of delightful terror. Never shall I forget reading it at night in the old farmhouse where I lived, where every shadow was a wicked English earl and every flicker the phosphorescent glow of the "horrible 'ound" who lit up at night and howled over the lonely moors. I was so scared that I didn't dare go up to bed, but sat there quaking—and enjoying myself hugely!

Now some of these thrills of other days hung over the film when I saw it last week, so I lived them over again—in spots. But for all that, I'm forced to admit that many other spots are very bad, and that the photography is nearly always awful. It is an English film, which makes up for what lacks in photography with the real English setting—these moors are moors indeed and not Hollywood lots. But having done so much, it seems a pity that the director could not have done more. If this story had been developed to its fullest possibilities, it would have been the prize blood-curdler



Conway Tearle supports Norma Talmadge in "*The Eternal Flame*," one of the finest pictures she has ever made.

of the year. As it is it is merely a fairly interesting film in which you must let your imagination carry you over many ragged spaces. This isn't the fault of the English actors, for Eille Norwood makes a perfect *Sherlock Holmes*, though a less handsome one than John Barrymore, and Betty Campbell is an attractive fair one in distress. But somehow the director didn't get the hang of it. Perhaps he as well as the photographer was troubled by English fog.

"The Ghost Breaker."

This isn't a ghost story at all, but a comedy ground out for Wallace Reid and Lila Lee. It is true that there are spooks in Lila's Rio de Janeiro castle, but no one takes them very seriously. In fact Wallie doesn't take anything in the film very seriously; he ambles through the action in a very bored state of mind indeed. Perhaps he missed his motor car or perhaps the picture bored him. I can't say I blame him much for that—it seemed a very tiresome affair and not worth the wasting of Wallie's usual pep and dash, which seems a pity when he has such a tremendous number of the most loyal fan followers.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

The Fox people got good and mad because some of the reviewers didn't like this film—they said the movie critics were getting cynical and hypercritical—in short hard boiled—and they withdrew their advertising from some of the newspapers that printed the hard-boiled reviews.

Well, at the risk of being called a five-minute egg, I must admit that I don't break down and sob on the theater seat when a stage child in pajamas runs out and babbles, "Papa love Mamma." On the other hand there are many children in this film who are fun to watch—or would be if the grown-ups would leave them alone. There are two of these grown-ups, one sister who is married and loves dogs better than children, and another who prefers children to dogs. When the cast runs out of children, an orphan asylum is introduced, and this feeds the supply. Some one is always swooping down upon a defenseless little one and kissing it and adopting it, whether the poor kid likes it or not. Finally the dogs and children are properly assorted, and they all settle down to a final close-up.

"Timothy's Quest."

Here is another child story adapted from that ever-so-winning tale by Kate Douglas Wiggin. But unlike "A Little Child," et cetera, it has captured much of the charm and naïveté of childhood. It is a simple little tale of the wanderings of Timothy in quest of a home and of his final haven in a New England village. Joseph Depew plays *Timothy* without the slightest intention of being too cute for words and as a result the audience will love him instead of longing to spank him. Helen Rowland is his baby sister who trudges along with him through his perilous journey over the country roads. I have a feeling that Sidney Olcott, the director, left these two kids alone instead of shouting, "Be cunning! Be cunning!" at them through a megaphone. The result is truly artless and charming.

"Love Is An Awful Thing."

A genuinely amusing comedy in which the hero discovers that a hectic past doesn't get you into half the trouble that one genuine honest love can produce. Owen Moore is exceedingly funny as the distracted hero. He has to fake a family for the benefit of a persistent vamp, and this family with its six children is really hilariously acted. Marjorie Daw is the sweet young thing involved in his perfectly innocent, if somewhat exaggerated, difficulties.

"Heroes and Husbands."

Katherine MacDonald as a famous lady novelist. She doesn't bear the slightest resemblance to Elinor Glyn—oh, dear, no! In fact we are sure she represented the lady who wrote the "Three Little Peppers and How They Grew." In spite of her edifying literature and blameless personal life, this authoress has a lot of trouble, but it ends happily, and she marries her illustrator. Now all the lady writers I know wouldn't con-

sider this a happy ending—they are continually cursing their illustrators because when the book describes a "tall willowy blonde" they draw a plump piquant brunette. But this authoress loves hers, and who am I to contradict her? Perhaps it is because his rôle is played by Nigel Barrie.

"Burning Sands."

Ever since "The Sheik," we have been deluged with films in which the sands of the desert are the background for more or less red-hot love affairs. In "Burning Sands" Milton Sills is, I believe, the fifth Englishman this month who loves to live among the Arabs. He is much more well behaved than the original sheik, however, and spends his time saving pretty French dancers from the attentions of villainous British commissioners. The theme isn't half as hot as the title, though Mr. Sills is interesting as one of those strong silent men whose chief specialty is self-control. There is also Wanda Hawley. The big scene is a fairly exciting battle between two Arabian camps.

"Dusk to Dawn."

A strangely jumbled film with some moments of rare beauty. It is one of those Indian mystic tales where the American girl shares half her soul with a beggar girl in India. That is when she is awake she is American and when asleep most frightfully Indian—in fact a nautch

girl! One thing I liked about this picture was that the hero, Jack Mulhall, laughed when his fiancée told him of her strange plight. But it happened to be true, so the joke was on Jack after all. Anyway, everybody gets back to their own souls and bodies in the end. There are some beautiful Indian scenes and bits of excellent acting by Florence Vidor. King Vidor directed this picture with real imagination.

"The Valley of Silent Men."

A James Oliver Curwood film filled with frozen mountains and lakes and equally cold- (Continued on page 108)



Wallace Reid ambles through "The Ghost Breaker" without, apparently, taking it very seriously.

The News Reel

Events here and there in Hollywood that motion-picture cameras cannot catch.

By Agnes Smith

MARY PICKFORD will get her wish. She is going to play a regular grown-up part. Like all the other stars, Mary wants to appear in a romantic costume picture, and she has found something to her liking in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." At first every one thought that Madge Kennedy would return to the screen as *Dorothy Vernon*, but she relinquished her rights to the story in favor of Mary Pickford, who made a strong bid for the play. Just now Mary is resting—which means that she isn't actually appearing before the camera. But she is busy helping Douglas with the editing of "Robin Hood."

The cameras at the Lasky studio always are busy. I saw George Fitzmaurice taking some of the final scenes of "Kick In." Bert Lytell, Betty Compson, and May MacAvoy are in the cast. Mr. Fitzmaurice, who should be entered in a "handsome director" contest, will direct Pola Negri in "Bella Donna." After making a reputation for his distinctive work in filming period pictures, Mr. Fitzmaurice finds a frank melodrama like "Kick In" a real relaxation. But do you remember those wonderful melodramas he used to produce for Pathé?

All the young men about Hollywood shined their shoes and put brilliantine on their hair when they heard that Mr. Lasky was going to send Pola Negri to the West Coast. Ouida Bergere, who is Mrs. Fitzmaurice, is not at all worried; she is too busy writing the continuity of the picture. Another promise from Mr. Lasky should be welcomed by film fans. May MacAvoy, who hasn't had a really good part since "Sentimental Tommy," has been chosen to create for the screen the Maude Adams rôle in Barrie's play, "A Kiss for Cinderella."

I saw Jacqueline Logan just before she left for New York, and she told me that she had signed a five-year contract with Paramount. She has an important rôle in "Java Head." The picture will be made in the East, under the direction of George Melford. Leatrice Joy and Raymond Hatton probably will be the only other members of the Hollywood company in the cast. Leatrice is again called upon to play a Chinese rôle, but she isn't in the least worried about it. What really puzzles her is how her New Orleans accent is going to sound in Boston. Melford will invade Massachusetts to get some genuine codfish atmosphere.

Between scenes on the Lasky lot Lila Lee, Anna Q. Nilsson, Lois Wilson and May MacAvoy make up a news reel of their own.

To Star or Not to Star.

Mildred Davis is still wavering. After announcing that "Doctor Jack" would be her last picture with Harold Lloyd, she reversed the decision and appeared at the Hal Roach studios all ready to play "the girl" in Lloyd's newest, "Hold Tight."

Speak it softly. It may be too good to be true. However, it is whispered that Will Rogers may join the happy family at the Hal Roach studio. If he does come back to California, there will be loud shouts of greeting to welcome him.

More About the Comics.

When Phyllis Haver said that she would play opposite Buster Keaton, Mack Sennett countered with the news that she would be his new feminine star. Phyllis made one picture with Buster before Buster took Natalie and the celebrated son and nephew on a trip to New York. But as many of the scenes were made in Truckee, the home of eternal snow stuff, it's safe to say that Phyllis didn't appear in the well-known bathing suit.

Mabel Normand promised faithfully to come back from Europe by September first, but with kings, princes, and minor royalties begging her to stay, she just couldn't get away until a week later. And her friends were surprised that she came then. They do say an Egyptian prince wants to marry her and take her to the native land of Cleopatra.

Fashion Notes for Flappers.

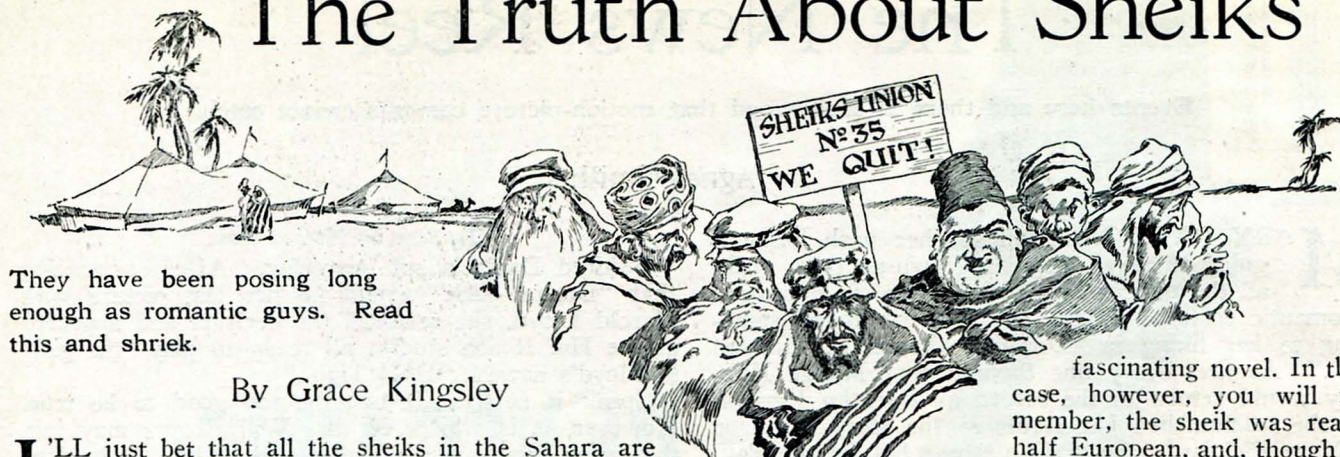
It happened so suddenly that Los Angeles was caught unawares. I mean, of course, the epidemic of treader trousers. As usual the movies were blamed for feeding children too many hot Spanish pictures. Press, pulpit, school authorities, and even the police department combined to suppress the Valentino pants. But the "cake eaters" defied civic and parental authority. In fact, they even went so far as to fight for the privilege of wearing what they please.

A "cake eater" is a male flapper. If the girl flappers caused a panic, the cake eaters started a riot. All of a sudden all boys under the age of twenty-three appeared wearing Spanish side burns, a heavy coat of tan, red neckties, Palm Beach eye shades, leather bands on their heads and treader

Continued on
page 106



The Truth About Sheiks



They have been posing long enough as romantic guys. Read this and shriek.

By Grace Kingsley

I'LL just bet that all the sheiks in the Sahara are climbing telegraph poles by this time!"

Channing Pollock, well-known writer, made this remark the other day while discussing the bumper crop of sheik pictures.

"When I went over to the Orient last year," he went on, "every other woman on shipboard was sitting around on deck reading 'The Sheik.' Yep, it looks as though the sheiks will have to organize for protection. No little sheik, however humble and retiring, is now safe. Can't you imagine a Sheiks' Union, with the slogan, 'We refuse to work at kidnapping ladies over eight hours a day; or double pay for overweight!'"

"The Arabian sheik is a greatly overrated person, according to my way of thinking. He is rather a forbidding-looking individual, that sheik. He doesn't seem to bathe much, he has fleas, I have every reason to suspect, and his laundry usually seems long overdue.

"But there's one good thing about these Arab sheik pictures—you don't have to smell 'em!"

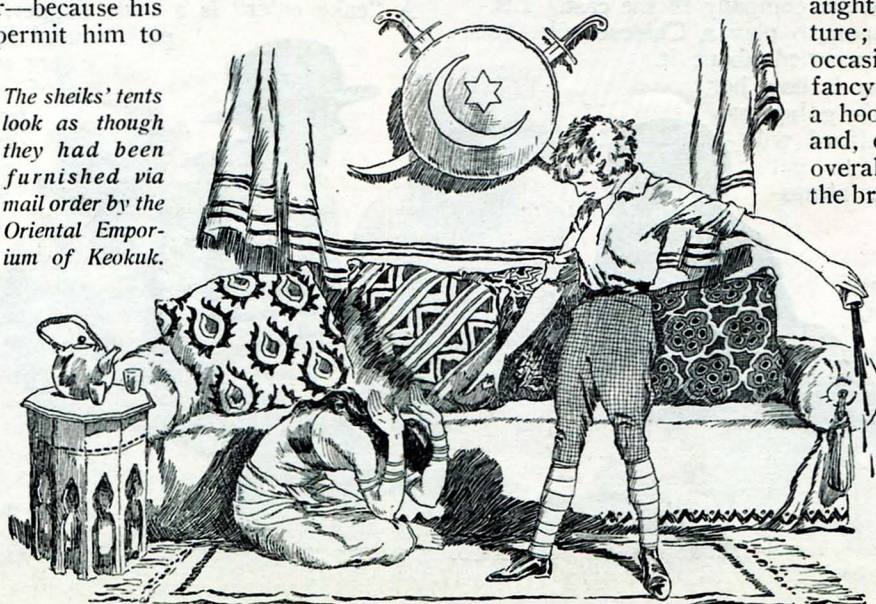
"I didn't see a single one that I would touch with tongs," Mary Pickford protested to me, alluding to the sheiks whom she met in her trip to the Orient last year. "They do have nice, slim, straight figures; I'll say that for them. But as for being handsome, they simply couldn't touch Doug!"

And another traveler told me, "The sheik I came closest to had fleas. He was picking them off himself quite nonchalantly as he talked to us. He put them in a little tin box, and would release them, I understand, when he got back into the desert—the defleaing happened in the bazaar—because his religion wouldn't permit him to kill them! Can you imagine any lady falling for a man who divided his attentions between her and a flea?"

Which expert opinions certainly do seem to put Mr. Sheik in his place.

Quite a crowd of these bush-league sheiks have been showing up in pictures lately, following the king-pin sheik of Mrs. Hull's

The sheiks' tents look as though they had been furnished via mail order by the Oriental Emporium of Keokuk.



fascinating novel. In that case, however, you will remember, the sheik was really half European, and, though he became a regular devil, he retained his manicure scissors and his soap affiliations; whereas the jitney sheiks of the new crop of pictures are mostly the native product, who, if viewed in a close-up, would lose all their romance.

Can't you imagine a Sheiks' Union going on strike because of overwork?

Yes, take it all in all, it is being slightly overdone, to my way of thinking, this romance of the land of the Arabian steed, the sandstorm, and the flea hunt.

Scores of these small-time sheiks, if we are to believe motion-pictures, are faring forth in the desert every day to steal rash young ladies who venture too far into the hot sands.

It has got so that the minute you see an Arabian gentleman dressed up in all the family laundry, dashing horseback across the sand dunes, you know just what he's up to. You know that he isn't going out to order the family groceries, nor down to the corner drug store to talk local politics with the boys. Also you know just who he is. You don't take him for a misplaced Ku Klux Klansman, nor an ad for the hula show down at the Hippodrome.

You know at once that he is a sheik, and that he is going girling!

Going girling does indeed seem to be the principal occupation in the garden of Allah.

The sheik never seems to have anything to do but ride over the desert. He holds no court nor does

ought else of an official nature; neither does he even occasionally take off the fancy scenery, hang it on a hook in mother's closet, and, donning the good old overalls, go out and see that the bran mash the hired man

has fixed is fit for the calves to eat, nor look to it that the sheep dip is of the right strength.

He rides forth in the cool of the morning, with nothing on his mind but his unstarched sunbonnet, and with his shining spear all freshly polished at the head of his

The camel seems to be in league with the sheik, because he always up and dies just when the heroine needs him.



retainers, singing, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!"

And the heroine, you know full well, the minute you see the sheik and his gang, will be waiting just beyond yonder sand dune, clad in cute riding breeches, a natty little blouse, and a floating veil.

Presto! Up on the brow of the hill appears the sheik, his trailing gang in the background. Always he winds over the brow of a hill. He must spend a good deal of time looking for brows of hills to wind over.

Then the chase of the lady takes place, with the sheik's whole army taking part. Personally I think the boy does it to show off. And I must admit that the sheik and his gang do look particularly picturesque, galloping along on their Arab steeds, with the family wash, fresh from the line, fluttering behind them in the breeze.

The girl always loses the race, no matter how fleet and fresh her steed. Then the sheik does a little graceful Delsarte struggling with her—nothing rough or rude—and after the battle he brings her into camp.

In real life the sheik is probably a pretty fresh fellow. But in pictures he is a cross between a Sunday-school superintendent and a minor poet. When he sees the heroine all scared to death, he wipes away a tear and goes forth nobly, conquering his baser self. A real sheik, used to the tractable Oriental women, would probably spank the Anglo-Saxon heroine good and send her home, when she began to claw him; but not so the sheik. He only loves her the more.

The sheik, we have found by observing the films, lives in a tent furnished via mail order from the Oriental Emporium on Main Street, Keokuk. It is as big as Forepaugh's maintop. The cushions lying about look suspiciously like those that mother used to make. Also the place is so neat that you can touch anything in the place and nothing comes off. There are no flies, either, yet you discern no fly paper.

Goats and sheep do indeed seem to be very clubby with the family, living in the very door yards. But they seem to be entirely clean, sanitary animals.

But to return to the drama itself. When the sheik comes into the heroine's boudoir, later in the evening, to pay his respects, she begins at once to scratch and bite him. This irritates him. I'd like to give him a tip. I believe he'd have a much better chance with her if he would provide a bath and manicure along with her suite. He doesn't seem to realize that while the desert is long on scenery, it is short on beauty parlors. The poor girl is so tired and hot and dusty, and is so keenly aware what a fright she is looking, that it is no wonder if she

is a bit peevish at the end of such an exciting day.

The sheik gets peevish, too. Here he has gone and paid her the compliment of bringing out his crack regi-

ment to capture her—a thing Bill Jones back home would never think of doing—and she repays him by physical violence. Not only this, but after he has retired to his own tent, he can hear her still fussing around and trying to get away.

It has come to a pretty pass, he says to himself, as he lays out his collar button where he can find it first thing next morning, when a poor sheik can't take off his boots and have a little peace and quiet in his own tent, after a hard day's girling on the hot desert!

He goes out and apostrophizes the moon. He confides to the moon that he guesses that after all as a lady fusser he is a shine.

But, anyway, bath or no bath, she always ends by loving the sheik. She gets used to doing without baths and cold cream and manicures and her Ford sedan and ice-cream sodas. All she craves is to follow "her man" about. And she is just stuck on the wild, free life of the desert, and can't abide the thought of her former Y. W. C. A. committee activities, her Brown-ing club, and the country club dance crowd.

In real life, of course, the facts would probably be entirely different. It is likely that in real life any given sheik would disgrace the manners of a waterfront roustabout. Particularly at the table. And while he might call her pretty names like "my dove," one glance at his finger nails would assure the lady that manicuring outfits do not come with sheikeries.

In short, the wild, free life of the desert would be a wild, free flivver so far as she was concerned. She never did like camping, anyhow. Ants get into the food, the soup is gritty, things howl about at night and make her nervous. She realizes bitterly that her observation of the Turks has led to the conviction that they export all their towels, and that as for the Arabs, they never had any. She reflects sarcastically on the ad she used to see back home on the soap boxes, in which a snowy Arab sheik was bringing a box of soap to an oasis. She knows very well now that whatever that box contained, it wasn't soap.

She wouldn't look lovely, either, as the heroines do in the pictures. This would further irritate her against her captor. Her hair would get straight and stringy

and dusty looking. She wouldn't be allowed to wash it, because water in the desert is "dissolved jewelry" when it comes to preciousness and scarcity. She could occasionally go bathing in a sliny river if she could find one.

The sheik's religion won't permit him to kill fleas, so he puts them in a little box, carries them out to the desert and sets them free.



Continued on page 92

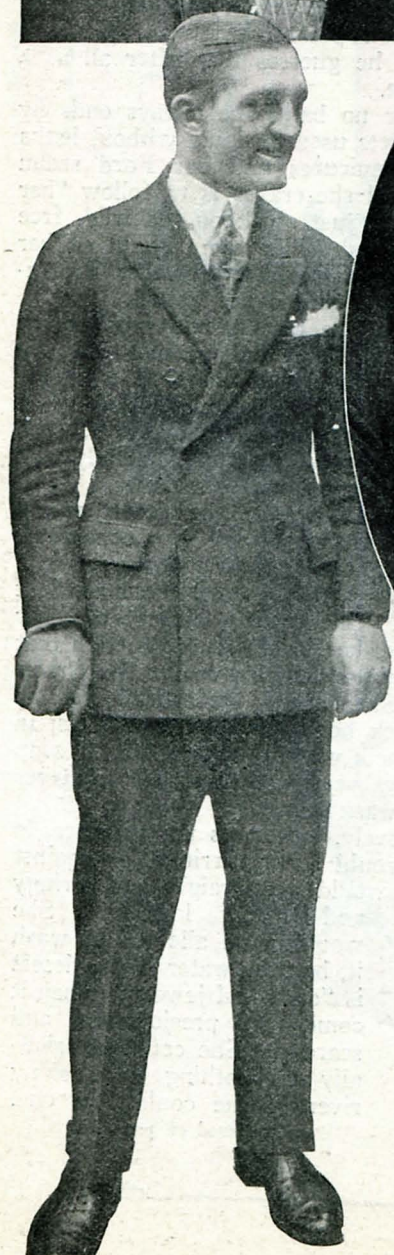
Snapped

Informal glimpses



While filming scenes for "The Christian," in England, Maurice Tourneur, the director, with Mae Busch and Richard Dix, who play the leading rôles, received a visit from Hall Caine, the distinguished author of the story. In England, too, is Georges Carpentier, the handsome pugilist shown in the lower left-hand corner, who is making a motion picture under the direction of J. Stuart Blackton. In the center is Glenn Hunter, the Film Guild star, enjoying movies at home. And in the lower corner is intrepid Ruth Roland with her newest pet.

Photo by Chester L. Graves



Without Warning

of popular players here and there.

Ernest Torrence, at the right, has now transferred his villainies to the Goldwyn studio, where he can be seen terrifying the natives any day. Pauline Starke, also of the Goldwyn forces, can readily be forgiven for glancing ruefully at her wisps of raffia, for they are all the poor girl has to wear in "Passions of the Sea," which she is making in Tahiti. Such things matter little to Wesley Barry, though, when he can be photographed in silhouette, as shown in the center. At the bottom Rex Ingram and Alice Terry illustrate what they mean when they say they are tied up with a new film.

Photo by Kendall Evans Photo by Clarence S. Bull



Over the

Fanny the Fan discloses her latest fads and

By The



Ph. to by Abbe

Jean Acker, or Mrs. Rodolph Valentino as she is still billed in vaudeville and the divorce court, is going to return to pictures.

PEOPLE have funny ideas, haven't they?" Fanny philosophized as we left one of the innumerable luncheons in honor of Pola Negri and headed for the women's smoke shop. I hoped to corral her long enough to hear who was doing what in movies, and with Thomas Meighan in town it seemed safest if I wanted to have her talk about any one else, to take her where she wouldn't see him, or any men who looked like him, or any men, in fact.

"Who has funny ideas?" I asked, trying to pin her down.

"Oh, almost anybody!" Fanny insisted. "There's Adolph Zukor, for instance. Why should he place before us course after course of Sherry's delectables when nobody would know if they were eating fried cardboard so long as Pola Negri was there to look at? And why should people pretend that they don't care anything about seeing motion-picture stars when they do? The people simply streamed up out of the main dining room back there to get a look at her. And the other day when I was coming out of the

Biltmore I told the haughty doorman that I had just seen Rodolph Valentino go into a near-by telephone booth. He pretended he wasn't thrilled, just said, 'Why should I be interested, I who have seen the great actors of the day, Marlowe and Sothern, and Grasso and——' But he changed his mind about that time and added, 'Oh, well, I might as well take a look at the lad!'

"And people are funny, too," she rambled on, "the way they copy each other. Somebody started in filming the old 'Hearts and Flowers' sort of melodrama, and now every one is doing it. Edith Roberts and Estelle Taylor just finished 'Thorns and Orange Blossoms,' and now Colleen Moore is going to do 'Forsaking All Others.' I suppose next we will have 'Left at the Church,' 'The Hand Without the Heart,' and 'Lovers Once, But Strangers Now.' No, the censors would never stand for that one."

"Speaking of censors," I rose to my favorite bait. "Have you heard what they tried to do to 'When Knighthood Was in Flower?' They demanded that several of the subtitles should be taken out. You know where *Mary Tudor* tried

to run away dressed as a boy, and is found in a little country inn by her brother, *Henry VIII*. Well, the subtitle there says, 'You are dressed like a wanton!' And the censors, maintaining that that wasn't a nice word for a brother to use, ordered it out."

"And I hear that the Cosmopolitan company is defying the law by leaving it in, and that Will Hays is going to start a big fight against the stupid practices of the censor board. I hope he does."

"But speaking of imitations," she went on caustically. "It seemed to me that Marion Davies did some imitating in that picture. So long as she was herself she was surprisingly good, but every little

Virginia Valli has walked head on into the Spanish styles and her combination of a mantilla with a melancholy air is irresistible.



Photo by Freulich

Teacups

fancies, and opinions of favorite film players.

Bystander

while she began to play scenes the way some one else would have played them. She played some in the manner of Constance and some in the style of Norma Talmadge. And the close-ups were feeble—very feeble—imitations of Lillian Gish."

"Those are harsh words," I murmured.

"Why not?" Fanny asked. "It's quite the thing to be critical and sophisticated nowadays. The blah ingénue pose has passed out, forever I hope. And Marion Davies likes to be criticized, anyhow. She simply devours every word that criticizes her, her best friends tell me, and ignores the praise."

"So you figure that the only way you can get her to notice you is to say mean things about her," I commented.

"Why not?" Fanny asked, and as I didn't know any good answer I just kept still.

"Isn't it wonderful that Anna Q. Nilsson is going to recover from her injuries and not have any scars on her face?" Fanny babbled on enthusiastically a few minutes later. "I do hope directors will be more careful of my favorites in the future. Just imagine sending Anna through a raging forest fire, running a locomotive? When her dress and hair caught fire, there was no one to help her, but she is so plucky that she managed somehow not to faint. She hung on to the throttle and ran the train right along through the fire. And when they lifted her out, her shoulders and face were so burned every one thought she would be scarred for life. I know I'll never be able to see those scenes without crying."

"And poor Irene Castle! She wasn't working in pictures when she had her accident, so she can't blame any one for it but herself. She was training one of her horses for some stunts in a

It didn't seem as though Gloria Swanson could spring any new sensations in the way of clothes, but she did.

Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Leatrice Joy is going to play the Chinese woman in "Java Head" a part that many an actress has coveted.

horse show when he threw her. Her collar bone was broken and she was pretty badly bruised, but the doctors couldn't keep her in the hospital more than a day or two for repairs. She wanted to go to the horse show, so they fixed her up in a plaster cast, and she went. And, of course, Irene Castle looked better in bandages than most of the women there looked in new Paris gowns.

"And speaking of Irene Castle—she is one of the ten most beautiful women in America according to Neysa McMein. She and Alice Joyce and Mrs. Lydig Hoyt were the only screen players on Miss McMein's list of America's ten most beautiful women. David Selznick didn't like that idea at all, so he made out a rival list that was *all* screen players, several of them under his management, just incidentally. His included Theda Bara, Constance Binney, Constance Bennett, Marjorie Daw, Elsie Ferguson, Lillian Gish, Corinne Griffith, Elaine Hammerstein, Mae Murray, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, and Alice Terry. Oh, well, make up your own list. Mine would have to include Alma Rubens."

"That's all very well," I granted. "I'll put Alma on my list, too, if she will only come to tea with us once in a while. Where is she to-day?"

"On the Atlantic," Fanny informed me in her most supercilious why-didn't-you-know tone. "At last Cosmopolitan has started that production

of Ibanez's 'Enemies of Women' that they've been threatening to start ever since early last spring. Alma and Lionel Barrymore are to play the leading rôles, and Nita Naldi, Gladys Hulette, and Pedro de Cordoba are all in the cast. They are going to make scenes in Paris and Nice and Monte Carlo, and the picture ought to be simply gorgeous because Joseph Urban is going to design the settings, and his daughter will plan the costumes.

"Alma didn't know that she was going until just four days before she sailed. She had to find boarding houses for all her pets—birds and goldfish and a Pekingese, so she didn't get around to do any packing until the last minute. Then the manager of the hotel where she lives notified her that they had leased her apartment to some one else, so she had to store all the things she wasn't taking with her. Everything was so chaotic with expressmen running here and there and people sending Alma presents and flowers and the telephone ringing that finally Alma and I just sat down in the corner and didn't pay any attention to anybody. And when Alma told me her trials and tribulations over trying to get a home for her pets, I told her how I almost became the owner of Corinne Griffith's monkey, and—"

"You what?" I broke in.

"Oh, didn't I tell you?"

Fanny murmured contritely. "Well, it happened this way. Corinne decided to give Mike to a friend of hers instead of to the Bronx Zoo. So she gave him to Brooks, her chauffeur, to take to the friend, but Brooks misunderstood the name and address and brought him to my house instead. And I wasn't home! Isn't that my luck?"

She was sad and quiet for all of a half minute and then babbled on. "I think Rodolph Valentino has awfully bad luck. Here he is tied to a contract he doesn't like and lots of people are criticizing him for being a money grabber, and then on top of that Jean Acker, whom he divorced, is touring in vaudeville as Mrs. Rodolph Valentino. She is coming back to pictures soon, and I wish she would use her own name. She could win enough glory on her merits as a player."

"Why not talk about something cheerful?" I asked her, but I needn't have; she was well launched already.

"You should see Virginia Valli in a Spanish lace headdress," she raved. "She adopts a melancholy air to accompany it that is so irresistible I do hope that

Universal puts her in a Spanish story. I wonder what Gloria Swanson is going to do next. I thought she had exhausted every sort of material that a gown could be made of, but now she has come along with one trimmed with cut steel the size of pennies. She must have bought up an old battleship and had it scrapped to provide the material for the dress. It doesn't sound very gorgeous, but it is. Just go to see 'The Impossible Mrs. Bellevue' and you'll see if it isn't.

"You know, I'm getting interested in Clara Kimball

Young again," Fanny went on, as though her interest were something of momentous importance. "She is going to fill a long-felt want by playing mature woman parts and goodness knows the screen needs some one who isn't trying to look just sixteen. Her 'Enter Madame' ought to be a wonderful picture.

"Of course, I'm more thrilled just now over Leatrice Joy than any one else in pictures. She is going to play the part of the Chinese woman in 'Java Head,' and she ought to be marvelous. Still, I feel sorry for all the disappointed stars who wanted that part."

I tried to console her, but she seemed disconsolate.

"What are the Ballins doing?" I asked finally, and she smiled as though she had never had a trouble in the world.

"Oh, I had to check my sense of honor temporarily to get them to do what I wanted them to," she told me. "Hugo announced in the newspapers that his next story should be chosen by the public, and asked every one who was interested to write and tell him what story they wanted to see on the screen. I wanted him to do 'Vanity Fair,' so I stuffed the ballot boxes. I sent

them letters from every suburb around New York demanding that they should make that next, and now they're going to."

"That's a great victory, but aren't you afraid they'll find out?"

"Well, what of it?" she remarked insouciantly. "They've started the production, so it is too late to call it off now. And people really did want them to do that, anyhow. I am sure they did. Just as sure as

Continued on page 92



Clara Kimball Young is going to fill a long-felt want by playing mature woman parts.

The Return of Dorothy



Photos by Abbe



In "Orphans of the Storm" we saw Miss Dorothy Gish in the pathetic rôle of *Louise*, the blind girl who suffers such agonies during the French Revolution. But now that she has demonstrated her ability to play a tragic rôle, her fan admirers will be glad to hear that the old Dot Gish of the madcap comedy parts is back again. In "Fury," Richard Barthelmess' forthcoming production, Dorothy plays the rôle of *Minnie*, a tough little citizen of the water front. It is the sort of peppy, captivating rôle that Dorothy does so well, and which no one else ever seems quite able to manage.



The Stars Take



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Photo by Witzel



More and more as Follies girls come into pictures the stars seem to be competing with them on their own grounds. Of course Mae Murray, shown above, has been dressing à la Ziegfeld in her screen rôles for a long time, and she is still upholding her reputation. Lucille Carlisle, above, who plays in Larry Semon's comedies, takes a rest from her strenuous work to score another point for native screen beauty. And Agnes Ayres—demure Agnes—well, here she is to the right, with a cigarette in her hand and her costume abbreviated.

Up the Challenge



Photo by Ira L. Hill

Photo by Abbe



Photo by Abbe

Irene Castle, in the upper left-hand corner, gives us a glimpse, among other things, of a gorgeous dance costume which was especially created for her in Paris and which she will wear in a new picture and in vaudeville. Bebe Daniels, who is reported to be the most popular girl in Hollywood, also catches the dressing up—or off—fever and—but look at the above photo. Then, just to be different, Hope Hampton, shown at the left, gets fully clothed in a lace costume so as not to distract attention from her smile.



"Under Two Flags"

To the left Miss Dean is shown with *Victor*, her English sweetheart. At the bottom of the page *Cigarette*, called the daughter of the regiment, is seen defending her lover when he is attacked in the desert by Arabs.

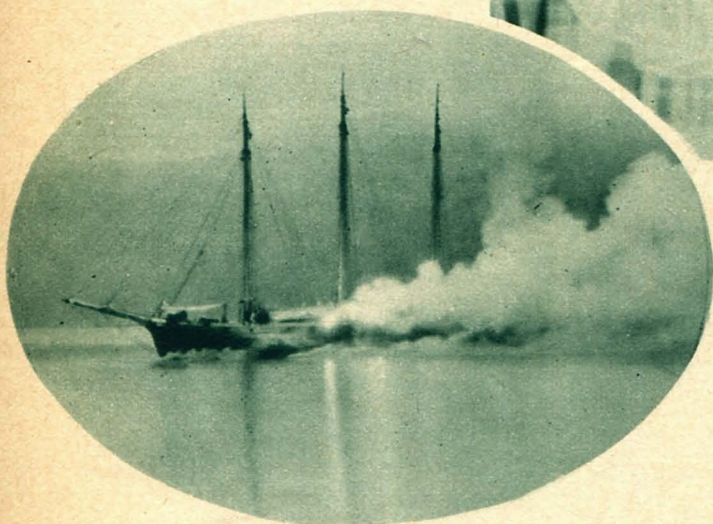


This famous old romance by Ouida has again been brought to the screen, this time by Universal, with the dynamic Priscilla Dean in the rôle of *Cigarette*, the *vivandier*, who sells wine to French soldiers in Africa.



"Ebb Tide"

Another famous story that will soon be seen in films is "Ebb Tide," Robert Louis Stevenson's story of the South Seas. It is a tale of three men, a drifter, a master mariner, and a shady London clerk, who are cast together on a mysterious island, where they meet another white man and his daughter.



The three beach combers, shown below, are from left to right, James Kirkwood, Raymond Hatton, and George Fawcett, form a conspiracy of villainy. But hero James Kirkwood is won over from "the ebb tide in man's affairs" when he falls in love with the beautiful girl. Above is Lila Lee as the white girl and Jacqueline Logan as a native.





Photo by Abbe

For the first time since she attained prominence in motion pictures, Mae Busch has an opportunity to appear as a young girl, and she does it charmingly.

"The

Maurice Tourneur's production of promises to be one of the most impor-

Richard Dix and Mae Busch play the leading rôles in "The Christian"; John Storm, who struggles against his love for Glory Quayle because of his monastic vows, and Glory Quayle, a great stage favorite.





Christian''

the widely read Hall Caine story
tant pictures of the coming season.



Richard Dix in
his monastic robes
and Mae Busch in
one of her fantas-
tic stage costumes
present a strange
contrast, and one
that Tourneur
emphasizes in the
lights and shad-
ows of his pic-
tures.

Photo by Abbe





THE MOUNTAIN LAD AGAIN

Ever since his appearance as "Tol'able David," Richard Barthelmess has been besieged by requests to film another story in which he would play an idealistic and rugged son of the soil, like *David*. "The Bond Boy," his next picture, is his answer. It is the story of a courageous boy of the Virginia mountains.

A Melodrama Gone Wrong

Fortunately, villains are less efficient sometimes in real life than they are in pictures. Otherwise, you might not even know Virginia Magee.

By
Barbara Little

VIRGINIA MAGEE'S career started out like a lurid melodrama, and it might have proved a tragedy. But instead—well, Virginia is playing Dick Barthelmess' sweetheart in "The Bond Boy," and she is a member of the stock company up at D. W. Griffith's studio now, and what more could a young actress want? But consider what might have been!

She was a pretty little girl, just out of school and eager for new experiences, but with no definite idea of a career of any sort shaping itself in her mind, when a motion-picture company came to Baltimore near where she lived. Every one urged her to go and try to get a job, for her friends saw in her a future Lillian Gish. She was so little, so quaint, so appealing!

Finally some one introduced her to a director who told her glorious stories of the future that would be in store for her if she came to New York and went into motion pictures under his direction. She was fired with ambition, and decided to leave at once.

Now if this girl's experience had been that of many ill-fated others, we might never have heard of her. She would have been just one more victim of a blackguard. But fate intervened and saved Virginia Magee. In the first place, her aunt went to New York with her—and you know that in melodramas, the little girl sets out for the wicked city all alone. But fate had another trump card up her sleeve—she saw to it that Virginia Magee lost the address of the man who had promised her fame and fortune in movies. Undaunted, she went to the company he had claimed to be with, but no one there had ever heard of him. Still trusting, she made the rounds of all the offices and studios she could find listed in the telephone directory. But no one seemed to know him.

Finally, after weary, discouraging days of going from place to place looking for her supposed benefactor, she realized the truth. He was an impostor. She had been tricked! Only a person who has been swept by a rush of enthusiasm out of his normal course of living can realize what a bitter disappointment that was.

Of course, she was too proud to go back home, her dreams dust. So she stayed on in New York and gradually learned the ropes of breaking into the movies. In a few months she had engagements pretty regularly, for she was a good trouper. She was patient and strong, quiet and uncomplaining—and those unglamorous qualities are the essentials of a successful extra. But Virginia Magee had more than that. She had a plaintive way about her that gripped people's hearts.

"Why don't you go to see Griffith?" every one around the studios used to ask her. "You're just his type."

But the disillusionment of her first fruitless hopes had made her cynical, or fatalistic, perhaps.

"Probably a hundred girls a day go to him thinking that," Virginia would answer laconically, "if he has a place for me, I'll probably stumble into it." And she continued to go from studio to studio playing extra, or on more fortunate days very small parts.

But finally most of the companies went West to make pictures, and Virginia was confronted with a rapidly diminishing income. So, desperate, and with no particular

Continued on page 97



The New Styles

An abrupt change from flapper modes
Blythe the reigning

By Louise



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

In evening wraps, Betty Blythe enjoys that prerogative of a motion-picture star—an ermine cape.

A FAMOUS modiste went with me one evening to a preview of an important motion-picture production—not to see the picture, particularly—but to see the stars in the audience, for those occasions bring out the stars in their finest array. They plot with their favorite designers over the clothes they will wear on such an occasion, and happy is the one who dominates by reason of an eccentric headdress, a striking gown, or an innovation in the way of wraps. At that time we were all being flappers—you and I and the motion-picture stars, too. Because the styles decreed pert hats, daring bodices, and short skirts we all became pseudo Mae Murrays or Viola Danas. All, that is except Betty Blythe. Betty dared to be herself—poised, gracious, and dignified when every one else was struggling to look chic.

"She looks wonderful, of course," the modiste with me conceded, "but she is like a swimmer against the current. She's not in style. Many women can look striking and beautiful if they disregard style entirely and wear what is most becoming to

A charming afternoon frock of palest gray chiffon finished with an embroidered panel of an old Spanish shawl.



them. But there is no triumph in that. A woman must be able to take the current styles and make them her very own to be really smart. Some day Betty Blythe's day will come—and then what chance will the rest have?"

And now Betty Blythe's day as a leader of fashion has come with the introduction of long, draped skirts and queenly modes, and people who were adopting a flapper pose so short a time ago are now trying to imitate her.

"People ought to have the courage to be themselves when styles aren't suited to them," Betty remarked to me the other day. "But, oh, I'm glad that fashions are going to be my style now for a while! You know, I think that the most important thing I have ever learned is to accept situations gracefully—not fight against them. Wouldn't I have been foolish in an upbrimmed hat and a sport skirt? Yet, my first impulse when

I went shopping was to look at things that were fashionable instead of seeking things that were just right for me."

As she rambled on pleasantly I glanced at her wine-red frock of charmeuse collared with soft-gray fur and thought how few women could wear such simple clothes with such an effect of elegance. And I rejoiced with her that the new styles had banished sauciness in favor of gracefulness.

Of course, Betty is taking full advantage of these styles that favor her, so instead of merely telling you what the styles are going to be this fall I am going to give you some glimpses into the wardrobe that Betty has selected.

One of her most interesting frocks is just the sort of dress that every one needs. It is simple and yet strikingly beautiful. This dress which is of the finest black serge has a whole waist made of Russian peasant embroidery in blues and reds, yellows and greens. The neck line, which is slightly irregular, still maintains the high and wide-cut line dictated by fashion. A narrow belt of the dress material girdles this simple chemise dress loosely, and this is held down in front with an ornament matching the embroidery of which the waist is made.

Favor Betty

to graceful, flowing lines makes Betty beauty of fashion.

Williams

Another dress of Miss Blythe's follows one of the coming season's most interesting dictates—that two widely differing tones of the same color are more in vogue than contrasting shades.

This particular dress which is of heavy silk crape is draped up at the left hip, and the folds which ripple to the ground are lined with light crêpe de Chine to match the long, flowing sleeves of the dress. The gown itself is a real autumn color—dark reddish-brown, and the sleeves are that light yellow that some leaves turn with the first touch of frost.

Big hats are almost a necessity with such graceful gowns, and they must be simply trimmed to be most effective. One of the most interesting hats Miss Blythe wears is an evening hat that is crownless, being held across the top with bead bands. The brim of this hat flares a little, making it look quite Spanish, and around the brim there hangs a tiny edge of shimmering jet beads.

But there is a place for little hats in this fall

This slightly irregular neck line still maintains the high and wide-cut line dictated by fashion.



Photo by Kenneth Alexander



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

A large hat, such as this graceful evening affair, is almost a necessity with the new gowns.

and winter's wardrobe if the little hat is as charming in appearance as the one shown in an accompanying illustration. It is trimmed with small curly ostrich feathers as most of the dress hats are nowadays, and the hat itself is of corded silk.

The afternoon frock with which she wears this hat is of palest gray chiffon—layers and layers of chiffon, quite bewildering in the way they top one another and yet fall distinctively into place, and is finished in the front with a panel of an old Spanish shawl embroidered in brilliant colorings.

Almost the most important feature of all these gowns is the sleeves. They are so long they sometimes almost sweep the floor—and yet who can resist the flattering adjunct of these flowing sleeves even on the most practical frock? They appear everywhere. On serge they are made of heavy crêpe de Chine or Canton crêpe; on silk they are made of chiffon; always something a little thinner and a little softer than the frock itself. Sometimes a long piece of material is

This gown follows the new mode of combining two widely different tones of the same color. The gown itself is dark reddish-brown and the sleeves and lining are light yellow.

Photo by Ira L. Hill

stitched along the under side of the sleeve from shoulder to wrist and allowed to hang to the hem of the skirt—and sometimes these great,

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Somehow you like him all the more, though this manner is new and puzzling to you. You have to adjust your impressions of his personality all over from what you thought it was. And then, of course, he was without the glasses and that made a big difference. I suppose I seemed a bit dazed at first as any fan would be, and that seemed to make him all the more shy. I'm usually so thrilled that I'm awfully shy myself when I meet a famous movie star, but this was turning the tables a bit. Another tall young man came down right after Mr. Lloyd, but I was so busy studying Harold I didn't just catch who he was. Anyway, I know he went along with us, and we all had lots of fun together.

Mr. Lloyd offered to show me his new swimming pool which was getting built and gave promise of being a most attractive one with little bath-houses and everything. Then he ordered his limousine instead of the touring car, and we started on our way to call for Mildred Davis. It didn't take us long to reach the little white bungalow where she lives. Harold Lloyd went into the house and brought her out with him. She is small and blond and wore a cute little tan sailor dress with a straw hat embroidered in brown worsted.

"Let's go to Santa Monica first," suggested Harold. "There isn't so much of a crowd there."

After a while I mentioned remembering him as *Lonesome Luke*.

"Oh, that," he spoke disparagingly of poor *Luke*. "It wasn't such a bad character, but I really wasn't doing anything worth while with it, so I decided to play just a regular young man who was caught in funny situations. One thing I don't like," he complained, "is to be compared to Chaplin. You know we are so altogether different—there is really no comparison."

He is sensitive to criticism or appreciation, I think, because he seemed so pleased over a few words of praise some reviewer said about his recent picture. You'd think he'd expect all that as his due and be indifferent to it. You'd gather from his modesty that he was just climbing the ladder of film fame and just getting recognition instead of being the top-notch star that we all consider him. Among the fans there is a wide variation of opinion concern-

ing movie comedians—some of the biggest favorites of the men are considered "intolerably silly" by the feminine picturegoers—but I never heard any say they didn't like Harold Lloyd. They all think he's great.

I always imagined successful comedy actors would be very eccentric sort of people in real life—be very sad and gloomy off screen, or something like that. But Harold Lloyd is just a nice, regular young man, and after he gets used to you a bit the shyness wears off and he is very good humored and lively. He expressed pleasure over the fact that the theaters were beginning to show comedies as the feature attraction.

Harold told me what fun they had buying a cheap suit to be used in "Grandma's Boy;" how they went down to a cheap store in the Jewish section where a country boy would be apt to go and tried to pick out a coat, finally getting the whole suit for nine dollars.

By this time we had reached Santa Monica. The first thing we acquired was a lot of balloons and some hot dogs. The camera man told us to keep them until he set up his camera, but our appetites got the best of us, and they were sadly diminished by the time he was ready to snap us. Harold bought us some giant cones made of some sort of sugar fluff that when you took a bit it melted so quickly in your mouth you felt as if you had had nothing. While we were having our pictures taken we noticed two little Japanese men focusing a kodak.

"You don't know who those people are; why are you snapping their pictures?" the camera man asked them, just to see what they'd say.

"Sure we know," they quickly replied with broad grins. "They're Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis."

We went down to the beach and sat around on the sands for a while before moving on to the next beach.

"Now don't let's care what we look like," said Mildred, "whether our hair gets stringy or our noses need powder. We're all just out for some fun and when we come down to the beach to play we never worry about anything but having a good time."

Mildred is tiny and awfully young looking, but she has such a capable little way with her.

"And if there's anything you don't want to do or go in," she went on, "just tell me and I'll fix it up with the boys."

She is a very alert, friendly little creature with a little heart-shaped face and pointed chin. She speaks very quickly and has big, wide eyes

of gray. Throat trouble had kept her ill in the hospital until recently and probably that was why she was thinner than she appears in pictures.

"Imagine how hard it was for me to keep still and not do anything or go anywhere while I was in the hospital. It is so good to be out and around again," she said to me. And I can well imagine, for Mildred Davis is such an animated and active little girl, with lovable ways about her that you can't help taking to her. Girls like Mildred and Colleen Moore are the nearest approach to flappers that the movies has among its actresses. Still there is quite a difference in them from the ordinary flappers—they're alike in their youthful spirit and lively ways—but not quite as pert or sophisticated as their little nonprofessional sisters try to be.

"Do you know, I've read all your stories from the very first and I liked the one about Constance Binney the best," she delighted me.

"Tell me, is it really true that you were just a fan who had never seen anything of the inside of the movies before PICTURE-PLAY started you adventuring?"

"Oh, isn't that wonderful—it's almost like a fairy tale!" when I assured her it was all true.

Harold and Mildred are so cute together. There seems to be perfect team work between these two opposites—in fact they make just as good pals off duty and play as well together as they do in the movies.

"Just think, I'm the only girl in that big company of men, and they spoil me dreadfully," said Mildred.

"What's the matter, don't you like being the only girl?" Harold asked.

"Oh, yes, of course. Why, I'd be jealous if some other girl came into the company," she admitted.

Harold Lloyd likes the roller-coaster, so we went in every one we came across. We went from one seashore resort to the next along the coast until we came to Venice, which is something like Coney Island in the East. There we indulged in the witching waves, the flying boats, "a trip through the clouds," got lost in "Puzzletown," and finally wound it up with going into a place where you get into little cars and try to steer them around and keep from bumping into the others—rather unsuccessfully. They insisted on Mildred and me driving first, and as the old things go contrariwise to the way you steer them we went bumping around much to our high amusement.

Oh, we had a glorious time!

No one can ever tell me movie stars, no matter how famous they are, can't enjoy simple, wholesome fun.

A European Comedy

In which John Emerson and Anita Loos admit that one of their ideas was all wrong, but the German motion-picture producers stick tight to theirs.

By Edna Foley

NOT so long ago John Emerson sat up nights and worried about a tariff on foreign-made pictures. He wanted a big tariff because he thought that cheaply made foreign pictures were going to come into this country and throw a lot of our actors and technical men out of work. For months he neglected the Constance Talmadge stories and campaigned for a protective tariff. And then he and his wife, Anita Loos, went abroad and took a look at the pictures being made in Germany and Austria. They are back now and they are smiling sweetly because they are convinced American producers don't need to be protected against foreign competition.

"Lots of the pictures they are making in Europe now will never be shown in this country," Anita Loos assured me. "Just look at the titles."

I did, in a German trade paper. Here are some samples: "The Eye of the Dead," "The Sinister Guest," "The Beast," "The Night of the Medici."

"Can you imagine American audiences going to see pictures that are all horror and gloom?" she went on. "I saw a German comedy—made for America—at least it was supposed to be a comedy. And the big scene showed a man heating irons and poking some poor little monkeys in a cage with them. And the dramas—"

"But German producers are adapting their pictures to our point of view aren't they, or trying to at least?" I asked. "Mircea Emperle wrote us last month from Germany that they are tailoring even their costume pictures after American models."

"Nobody we met showed that much interest in American ideas," the Emersons chorused. "Whenever any one mentioned that the stories the Germans were filming were not suited to wholesome American taste, they said that they would improve us. In some of their pictures produced with a covetous eye on the American market there is hardly a foot in the whole picture that wouldn't be censored here. They're horrible! That is, all except two. And those are both being made by men from America. They are both Spanish stories incidentally. One is being made by William Elliott who used to be associated in the theater with Morris Gest in this country, and the other is being made by Al Kauffman of Famous Players."

But this is the sort of story that is typical of German film productions:

THE RED CLIFF.

Rolling waves, dark clouds and steep rocks are the background, man's tragical fate the real play; murder and sorrow are the beginning, night and death the end; man's drama is woven with the drama of nature in this film. *Henning Rinkens* is the murderer who wants to forget but who can't and who,



Photo by Apeda

No longer worried about foreign competition, John Emerson and Anita Loos are back from abroad, concocting a new Constance Talmadge confection.

beaten by conscience, doesn't dare to look at the beloved woman, who commits perjury and, with his children, throws himself into the waves; *Antje* is the woman he loves who makes him a murderer out of jealousy; she is the suffering woman who, knowing her husband to be a murderer, doesn't want to know it, in order not to make her children miserable.

"And talk about their efficiency," Mr. Emerson remarked later. "Honestly, we never made funnier mistakes in the earliest days of movie making over here than they do now. Some German producers built a whole city on a hilltop intending to blow it up in a picture, but it was built so flimsily that the first heavy windstorm blew it down the valley. Then they built it again, and embedded the foundations more deeply so as to be sure nothing could happen to it. And then when they came to blow it up for the picture, it was too solid. It wouldn't come down."

So perhaps there won't be any second German invasion. Of course, we'll probably have an occasional foreign film from time to time, but judging from what John and Anita say the American producers haven't much to fear.

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Mae Murray, the most vivacious of the serious actresses of the screen, is herself alone, individualism incarnate, the æsthete complete after her own fashion, but it is those who build from the normal who come to the highest honors and in her very variation from type is the bump likely to send this actress' career skidding off the runway leading to the rewards of fame. Study her dressing room and her home and you have your answer. Both are in duplicate. Both feature the most rabid, glaring colors and the softest tints, claiming attention by violence in contrast.

Norma Talmadge—normal Norma—uses no such methods. There is in her that bit of the *comédienne* that is in Dorothy Gish and in addition a serious romantic vein that will always hold for her a place in the heart of a portion of the public, but to reach a sufficient public she needs a "Smilin' Through." Comparing the selling record of this with the five that preceded it you have to admit that Norma's abilities need a dressmaker, that her range is limited. She has that pensive seriousness, that high point of acting, the sense of pause, that gives punch and accent to *thought* when thought has to be registered on the screen, but she has to be suited, and she and Joe Schenck are forever buying stories that please them without regard to whether or no they are adapted to their chief player.

Claire Windsor may touch the heights Norma is aiming for. She was born to an aristocratic bearing. In the flat world of pictures in which screen carriage counts so much, in which the camera sees with but a single eye, in which the third dimension is still supplied by lights—a study, by the way, completed forever in the world of painting by Renoir—she can stand alone and by her very air of certainty, her sense that she cannot be anything but correct, hold the attention inevitably. She has suffered, however, from being directed by another woman. To her scenes with a man Lois Weber could never supply the balancing touch of a man's intelligence. In a love bout, for example, how far would the man go? That would depend on his nature, the extent of his awe for the aloof, yet well bred and sympathetic type Claire Windsor so surely is.

Now that she is with Goldwyn, we can wait and see. But what a *Duchesse de Langeais* she would have

made in any honest attempt to transfer Balzac's masterpiece to the screen, to picture truly the philosophy of the greatest love story of modern times!

She has that touch of the exceptional, somewhat apparent already in Ann Forrest and Barbara la Marr, and is crowded out by none other as May MacAvoy is by Norma Talmadge. No one has preempted her field. She is not limited as Mae Marsh is, confined to the slavey type, a restriction that keeps the Griffith find from rising to heights of dignity, that makes her a perpetual *Merely Mary Ann*. Nor has Miss Windsor been disposed of as they disposed of Louise Glaum by associating her too blatantly with a certain type of part, nor is she graduating into Mary Alden's field of endeavor along with Dorothy Dalton.

If she will but develop from within herself not only the light and shade which Priscilla Dean never had, but also the U star's poetic fire, the flashing eye, that trick of the lips which is supreme in pathos—if she will develop these, with that supporting dignity which is so naturally and inevitably hers, she will go far. She is not handicapped as Gloria Swanson is by the continuous effort to doll her up in extravagant clothes, to accent freak dress to a point where the whole show fails to ring true. In "Beyond the Rocks" we saw Valentino in spats and a Norfolk suit performing a rescue in the high, snow-bound Alps. The first-run crowds saw the incongruity and started the laugh. Laughs are perilous, heralds often of a flop, and this tendency to strive for bizarre effects rather than the truth may yet kill the manufactured-program stuff.

And yet there is a place for bizarre effects if they be but natural. Betty Compson has shown that, and after they are through fooling around, trying to find what is best for her, commercially speaking, after they give up the eternal search for stories in which she can appear as the mountain maid in rags and through a Cinderella twist of fortune switch suddenly to rich garments, they may tumble to the Peter Pan quality in her ability and let her troupe. Once she is allowed to release her natural abilities, regardless of wardrobe considerations, we should see something, for Miss Compson is the soubrette glorified by a warm, summoning beauty.

What she hasn't in the necessary equipment of all great stars is an

essential dignity that makes it possible to stand firmly and hammer home any emotion. Of this very quality Claire Windsor could not rid herself if she would. It is possible to Corinne Griffith; but Miss Griffith, with a contract that keeps her allied to Vitagraph till next March, must tread the dead level the firm decrees. Her preferences in stories blocked, she must watch lest the public expect nothing exceptional of her. This exceptional is present. She has beauty, she has power, but her day is not yet.

Indeed, if the present is any one's it is undeniably the day of Lillian Gish—Lillian Gish who is at once the glory and the despair of the picture world. What she seems to suffer from is lack of confidence. She is forever afraid that the picture she is working on is her last picture. Like Mary Pickford, she is always expecting to awake to find the dream is over, that every one's every day is hers, that she is face to face with the drab necessities that form part of the routine existence of most people. If she would but let herself go, attempt all and every sort of part, extend herself and her abilities and so grow, there would be for her always an appreciative audience, but perhaps to reach the summit of achievement in certain respects is quite properly enough.

Certainly she is entirely and unendingly right if her attitude may be interpreted as a criticism of the too general striving to get to a certain point regardless of whether you are fitted or not to be President of the United States, or the movies' boss. In fact, this universal tendency in America, this triumph of the go-getter and his philosophy has starred any number of misfits, set many an unconscious comedian in the seats of the mighty, and, as we look around and discover there is no Bernhardt in the American picture world, but only here and there the vague possibility of one, we may well hope that whoever comes to the crown may come there slowly but surely, win it because it belongs, succeed to it because the succession is inevitable, as it was with Madame Bernhardt herself. Knowing this, in her favorite poem she set down the proper philosophy of all those who work in the world of art when she said, "This life is vain, a little love, a little hate, and then good day. This life is short, a little hope, a little dream, and then good night." Not journey's end, but the journey, matters.

When Douglas Fairbanks first appeared on the screen he became the idol of thousands of boys in their teens throughout the country. One boy who looked up to Doug as his hero at that time, later came to know him and to be associated with him in his productions as title writer. His name is Gerald C. Duffy. You have read many of his interesting and illuminating articles in PICTURE-PLAY. Next month he will give you a picture of Doug Fairbanks as seen through the eyes of a young man who has lost none of his admiration for his boyhood hero.

Doctor Jack

A physician who, we predict, will cure many a bad case of the blues.

By Edna Foley

Photos by Gene Kornman

HAROLD LLOYD'S first five-reel picture, "Grandma's Boy," made such a hit that the fans demanded another feature-length production along the same serio-comic lines. So Harold and his staff set to work and concocted "Doctor Jack," a five-reel picture filled with the kind of comedy touches that no one but Harold seems able to devise. But the picture isn't all comedy. Like "Grandma's Boy," it is, first of all, a human story with a love theme—an unusually strong one for a Lloyd picture.



IN this production Harold plays the part of a young doctor who conceives the idea that what most sick people need is not ordinary medicine, but large doses of the right kind of human treatment. With an idea like that you can imagine the situations that develop. For instance, when lonely old ladies are ill, *Doctor Jack* sends for the far-away son who hasn't been home for years, and presto! the little old lady is well and happy again. He cures an ailing boy by telling him the school has burned down. As for the girl in the case, played of course by Mildred Davis, it is not difficult to imagine what *Doctor Jack* prescribes as the only cure in the world for her.

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better than she got, still I've always felt sorry for her when I've encountered her, and the man who ran the contest—he's a regular rounder, and she might better be dead than mixed up in the mess she's in now.

"Thorne kept out of Mary's life, except to demand money every so often, and to show up whenever she especially didn't want him around. She tried to make him brace up, even offered him a part in one of her pictures, but he was drunk all the time it was being made, and they finally had to throw him out and take all his scenes over again with somebody else in the part. And meanwhile girls all over the country were envying her and wishing they could be in her shoes—and she was crying herself to sleep nights!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

"But why didn't you—or somebody—make Mary free herself from Lewis Thorne?" I asked.

"Oh, you can't do that with a woman—you just have to wait till she gets ready to do it on her own account. I didn't believe Mary ever would. And I don't suppose she would have, if it hadn't been for me—and I say that in all modesty, for it was pure accident. What I did I certainly didn't mean to do. Just another of my indiscretions!"

"I'd been working here in the East, as I told you. Then I began on a picture that called for some Western stuff—high mountains, and all that, and we headed for the Rockies.

"We found a corking place, clear up in the mountains, with the high peaks all about us. That spot was an inspiration—I did some of the best work I've ever done there. And when we were all through shooting I told the rest of the company to go on down to the Coast if they wanted to—I was going to stay up there alone and have a rest.

"There was a bungalow—one big room, and a small sleeping room off it. There was a huge fireplace in the big room, and there was food enough—all that I wanted.

"The first night and the next day went fine. Then, late in the afternoon, I could see that a storm was coming. You know what those storms can be—more thunder and lightning than you ever saw in one place before in your life. I didn't mind having one come along, though—it just made me feel more at peace with myself, somehow.

"However, I thought I'd stroll out and watch it coming. So I did. But that wasn't all I saw. For from where I stood, out in front of the

house, I could see a girl running along, stumbling up the trail, falling, then running along again.

"She looked about all in. And whenever there'd be a roll of thunder, she'd look up at the sky, as if she felt afraid.

"I started down to meet her, and before I reached her she cried out and held her hands toward me. I felt as if I'd slumped together inside. For the girl was Mary Hughes.

"'I'm lost!' she cried, when I was near enough for her to hear me. 'I've been on location somewhere in the mountains here, and I wandered off down a brook while the others were eating and got lost—and now it's going to rain, I'm afraid.'

"'Well, come on back to my cabin with me and wait till it blows over,' I told her. She was all tired out—wasn't used to the altitude, and her heart was going like a riveting machine. So I picked her up and carried her up to the cabin.

"We had a peach of a storm; as night came on, it rained and blew harder than ever. Finally we had a regular cloudburst.

"Mary was scared to death. She and I sat by the fire, and though I didn't tell her how serious things were, she could guess. But to keep her mind off the storm I got her to talk about her own affairs.

"'Oh, they're hopeless!' she told me. 'Sometimes I can't see why I don't just die and give up the struggle. The worst of it is that I've fallen in love, really and truly in love this time, and I can't ever marry the man, of course, because I'm married to Lewis.' And he wants more money than I have, to let me go. There isn't any way out at all.'

"I insisted that there was, that I was sure something would happen to straighten everything out all right.

"At last she got sleepy, when the storm died down a bit, and I made her a bed by the fire, on some fur rugs. She curled up there and went to sleep, and I sat beside her, keeping the fire going, and wishing I could have been the man she'd fallen in love with.

"Next morning we had breakfast and went out to see about finding her company. But that wasn't so simple as it might have been, for the trail had been washed away and there was no way for us to get down, except to slide down a rocky precipice and land in a gully at the bottom—and then not know which way to turn.

"'Somebody'll come after you, eventually,' I told her. 'All we need to do is just sit tight.'

"So we did all that day, having a regular picnic. We worked out a story that she thought of doing—

she'd been puzzled about some of the scenes, and thought her continuity writer had the sequence wrong. And she had an inspiration for a couple of the subtitles. She was perfectly happy, and so was I.

"But nobody else was, apparently. Her mother was convinced that she had perished in the storm, and had sent out for help, and searching parties. The newspapers got hold of it. For two days the world rang with the news of Mary Hughes' disappearance—they had her devoured by wolves in the afternoon editions, and killed by falling trees in the evening ones. The favorite story was that she had fallen over a cliff—perhaps because a still from one of her pictures showed her lying all crumpled up at the foot of some rocks, and the yellow journals ran that picture, with a big question mark beneath it.

"The man she was in love with nearly went crazy. He came rushing up from Los Angeles, and tore around like a mad man.

"And then a couple of forest rangers found us. And where there'd been fear and lamentation, scandal leaped up like a tongue of fire.

"Down in Los Angeles Lewis Thorne heard about it, and rushed about, reeling drunk, telling people that his wife had been off in the mountains with another man—and named the man she was in love with, of course. He even met their train, with a gun in either hand. But Mary and her mother had left it at a way station and driven into town. The man who was in love with her was all for thrashing Thorne in public, but somebody dissuaded him.

"Finally I took a hand in. 'You're all a bunch of fools,' I told them. 'Why not tell the truth—that Mary was with me, perfectly safe, and that it was all my fault, anyway?'

"And that's what they did. They blamed it on me, somehow—I never could quite see how. I believe that the popular version was that I had been in love with her for years—which was true enough—and had blackmailed her into coming to my lonely cabin in the mountains, that she had been rescued by the man she was really in love with, who was painted as a disinterested friend and turned over to her husband.

"But it did her a good turn. It showed this chap she was in love with how much he cared for her. He paid Thorne off, married Mary—and now Mother Hughes is trying to get him to back a company to star Thorne. Nice little circle—and as you say, it showed me that, no matter how much you love a girl, you get over it in time!"

To be continued.

Science Says: "You Need Not Have Gray Hair"

The Way at Last Discovered to Give the Hair Its Exact Original Shade without Mussy, Sticky, Greasy or Colored Preparations.

This Clean, Colorless Liquid Restores the Former Color.

Results in a Week.

Science again has scored a triumph in the discovery of a very remarkable liquid which makes it unnecessary for anyone to endure gray hair or to use disagreeable, sticky, greasy or dark colored solutions to change it. Just apply this liquid to the hair and scalp and the grayness goes, the hair assumes its former color and takes on a most delightful cleanliness and beauty of texture.

Women neglected in social life because the "silver threads" have put the ban of age upon them; men refused advancement in business because their graying hair stamps them as "too old for active service"—can now cast worry to the winds. The secret is theirs by which they can take years from their appearance.

This preparation comes in the form of a liquid, clean and colorless, containing properties which quickly restore the lost color to the hair and give it renewed vigor. Simply apply it to the scalp and hair and soon you see the lost color returning to give your hair its former luxuriance and beauty. And note that this preparation is for all colors of hair. No special solution required for each color. No samples of hair—no "matching" to obtain the right shade.

Now you have the secret. Its name is Kolor-Bak. And now also you have the means of banishing your grayness in the simplest, easiest way you can imagine.

You will find that Kolor-Bak brings uniformity in the restored color. The hair will be the same color throughout. It will not appear streaked or faded. Nor will it have a "died" appearance.

You not only have this uniformity, but you see your hair come back to the actual shade it had in the past. Application of this remarkable liquid to gray hair means that hair once brown becomes brown once more, once red it becomes red, once black it becomes black, once blond it becomes blond. The one clean, colorless solution is for any and every color.

Every scientist, every physician, knows that gray hair is hair that has ceased to receive its normal

supply of coloring matter or pigment from certain tiny cells (called follicles and papillae) in the scalp, because these cells have become inactive from illness, shock of some kind, scalp disease, dandruff, infection, neglect of the hair, or lack of circulation, etc. No matter what the cause of the grayness, it is simply amazing to see how it disappears when Kolor-Bak is used.

Thousands have found that Kolor-Bak works wonders in the most persistent cases of dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. It quickly cleans the pores of the scalp matter which impedes circulation and evidently destroys the germs which feed upon the nourishing matter which should be absorbed by the cells and follicles. Thus it helps to keep the hair from becoming brittle or falling out. The dandruff goes, the itching ceases and the hair grows thick and glossy, healthy and strong. Kolor-Bak is actually a scalp and hair tonic because of its cleansing, stimulating qualities which promote health and strength—thus aiding Nature to bring about a normal condition of the hair.

Thousands Tell What Kolor-Bak Does

"It restored the natural color to my hair and has cured my little girl of dandruff."

"Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now brown as in youth."

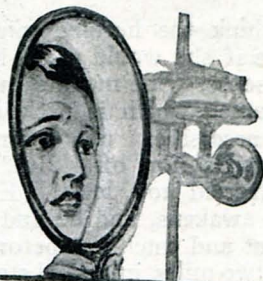
"One bottle restored my gray hair to its original color and put my scalp in healthy condition."

"Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice even brown and dandruff all gone."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

From everywhere come words like the above, praising this wonderful treatment for the hair.

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Gray—
"Too old for active service"



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"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and becoming grayer. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared. Only a few applications of Kolor-Bak stopped the itching and dandruff. My hair soon stopped coming out. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is again its original color. I look ten years younger." (A Typical Letter)

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Name

Address

Continued from page 69

Her nose would peel, her eyes, unused to the desert glare, would grow as red as the bootlegger's bride. Her clothing, far from the comfy electric iron, would be wrinkled. But why dwell on the painful details?

In the movies her hair is never uncancelled. Her clothes look as though just pressed. Her nose retains its aristocratic look of having just had a dull finish administered to it. She may not have slept for nights and nights, but her eyes are as clear and beautiful as ever.

In the picture, there is always a dear little slave girl in love with the sheik, and she playfully tries to poison the pale-faced heroine. But said pale face is too slick for her. She refuses to drink the tainted spooju. Pretty soon the slave girl, who seems controlled entirely by her emotions, veers about and becomes her devoted friend, even helping the heroine in her efforts to escape.

For of course the heroine always does try to escape. Or, anyhow, she puts up a bluff. Sometimes, the way she goes about it, I have my doubts that she means business. She usually stands half an hour gazing at the sheik's boudoir tent, and he must be

snoring pretty loudly not to hear her sighs. Then she whistles for her horse, which she is leaving behind, having decided on the camel express for escape, and spends another ten or fifteen minutes telling him good-bye.

I think the heroine might really escape if she would use a little common sense. She mounts the faithful old camel, which is packed with all the necessities of desert travel. She starts him off. But, alas, she has tarried too long! Either the sheik awakens, and he and his gang get out and catch her before she has gone two miles, or a sand storm comes along delaying her so that the sheik has time to trace her. The scenario writer simply has to get a sand storm in somewhere. What would a desert story be without a sand storm? And it is such a loyal sand storm—always on the side of the sheik. You'd think he had ordered it up himself. Then the faithful old camel which the heroine is riding lies down in the middle of the desert and dies. I have heard animal trainers in real life say there is no such thing as a faithful camel. He is an ornery, tough, contrary beast at best, the camel, and will bite a beefsteak off his best

friend. His one redeeming quality is his endurance. But in pictures he is often as faithful as a dog and rather delicate as to constitution. So he up and dies on the heroine just as she gets to the hottest part of the desert and the sand storm comes along; but the heroine herself always survives, no matter what the hardships.

The sheik always catches the heroine and brings her back, and makes love to her like James K. Hackett in a romantic melodrama. Never is he by any chance violent, awkward, or ungraceful.

Then suddenly she finds that the sheik is "her man"—destined for her from the beginning of time!

It is all very poetic, even if a little awkward for everybody. She carefully conceals her love—until one day somebody comes to try to rescue her. Then she lets out a shriek and throws herself into the sheik's astonished arms. The would-be rescuer goes out and gets a drink and goes off in high dudgeon. There's just no telling about these women!

The author of the story and the director here modestly refrain from going back into the tent. The censors would stop them, anyway.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 74

—well, just as sure as I am that the public would have liked 'Blood and Sand' better if it had ended the way the stage version did. A man like *Gallardo* never would have died thinking pretty thoughts of his wife, the way the film pictured him. Not at all. On the stage he died thinking when he looked at his wife that it was *Don Sol*, and that is the way he should have died in the picture.

"But film producers never seem to ask my advice about things like that. I wish they would. I just heard, for instance, that Fox has bought the screen rights to Booth Tarkington's 'Gentle Julia,' and I'd like to have somebody advise them about casting it. If they will let Ann Forrest play *Julia*, all else will be forgiven them. By the way, she is back from England. Mary Alden has gone to Porto Rico to make a picture, and Mae Murray has gone to California to make 'Coronation.' Of course, that is all very nice, but the big news to me is that Louise Fazenda is playing in 'The Beautiful and Damned.' But I've gone and neglected the most thrilling news of all. There is going to be another member in the Richard Barthelmess-Mary Hay family soon."

I stared at Fanny in amazement; the idea of forgetting to mention that.

But she was casually selecting a cigarette with a satin tip to match her dress, and gazing around the little shop which was filling up rapidly with smart-looking women.

"Isn't it funny," she remarked, "that as soon as an interview mentions that a girl in movies smokes, somebody sends up a howl of protest? And here is this place simply full of boarding-school flappers and débutantes, and nobody seems to care. I'd much rather have my movie favorites just unusually attractive and clever girls than to put them up on pedestals."

"Well, you do a great deal toward kicking the pedestals out from under them," I assured her.

"Speaking of pedestals," she went on animatedly. "You should see what some joker up at the Metro office has done. You know, they have a bust of Ibanez on a pedestal on one side of the outside office, and there used to be one of Rex Ingram just opposite. But one day recently when Rex Ingram was coming in to talk business, somebody took his statue off and substituted an electric fan as a symbol for hot air. It really looked like a creation of the ultra-modern sculptors."

"Incidentally, Rex Ingram is going to film 'Scaramouche' next. The first line of the book says, 'He was

born with a gift for laughter, and he knew that the world was mad,' so it has always seemed to me that Douglas Fairbanks ought to play it. But now that's impossible. However, I hear that he is going to do 'Monsieur Beaucaire,' so that will be nearly as good. Won't it be nice for him to be doing a costume picture at the same time Mary is doing 'Dorothy Vernon!' "

Fanny opened a little purse and proudly exhibited its electric-lighted interior.

"Everybody who goes abroad to make pictures comes back with one of these," she announced, as she deftly powdered what little of her face was available under the swirl of feathers on her hat. You may as well prepare for a heavily feathered winter now that Pola Negri is here to set the styles. She is always simply buried in them.

"Not going, are you?" I asked as Fanny gathered up her belongings.

"Yes, come on; I've got an idea," she blurted out hastily. "It just occurred to me that I'd like to go over and call on the censor board. You know they see all the films that they think would be injurious to people's morals. So they themselves must be completely ruined by this time. Won't it be exciting to meet them?"

An Architect, a Painter and a Sculptress Joined in Designing This Exquisite Lamp

The lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of a deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller." But some people, the **Decorative Arts League** committee felt sure, would like a lamp designed purely with an eye to good taste, a lamp of artistic proportions and harmonious tones, a lamp embodying grace, symmetry and beauty, rather than the long experience of the "salesman-designer" of what seems most in demand in retail stores.

Hence this exquisite little lamp you see pictured, "Aurora," as it has been named by an artist, because of the purity of its Greek lines and tones.

A Labor of Love

For the delicate work of designing a lamp that should be a real work of art instead of a mere unit in a factory's production, and yet should be a practical and useful article of home-furnishing, the League enlisted the enthusiastic cooperation of a group of talented artists—one a famous architect skilled in the practical requirements of interior decorating, one a painter and genius in color-effects, and one a brilliant sculptress, a student of the great Rodin in Paris.

They caught the spirit of the League's idea and the designing of a lamp that would raise the artistic standards of home-lighting became to them a true labor of love. Model after model was made, studied and abandoned, until at last a design emerged with which not one of the three could find a fault.

Every Detail Perfect

One style of ornamentation after another was tried out, only to yield in the end to the perfect simplicity of the classic Greek lines. Even such a small detail as the exact contour of the base was worked over and over again until it should blend in one continuous "stream" with the lines of the slender shaft. The graceful curves of the shaft itself, simple as they seem in the finished model, were the results of dozens of trials. The shape, the exact size, and the soft coloring of the shade were the product of many experiments.

The result is a masterpiece of Greek simplicity and balance. Not a thing could be added or taken away without marring the general effect—not the sixty-fourth of an inch difference in any moulding or curve but would be harmful. And yet with all the attention to artistic effect the practical knowledge of an experienced interior decorator has kept "Aurora" in perfect harmony with the actual requirements of the home. It blends with any style of furnishing, it adapts itself to boudoir or foyer-

hall, to library or living room. And wherever you place it "Aurora" will add taste and refinement, besides furnishing, with its tiltable shade, a thoroughly practical and mellow light wherever required.

In the exclusive Fifth Avenue type of shops, where lamps that are also works of art are shown, the equal of this fascinating little "Aurora," if found, would cost you from \$15 to \$20—perhaps more. Yet the price of this lamp is but

\$3.50—Think of It!

Only the Decorative Arts League could bring out such a lamp at such a price. And only as a means of widening its circle of usefulness could even the League make such an offer. But with each purchase of this beautiful little lamp goes a "Corresponding Membership" in the League. This costs you nothing and entails no obligation of any kind. It simply means that your name is registered on the League's books as one interested in things of real beauty and art for home decoration, so that as artists who work with the League create new ideas they can be offered to you direct without dependence on dealers.

Send No Money

No matter how many other lamps you have in your house, you will always find a place just suited for this dainty, charming little "Aurora" 16 inches high, shade 10 3/4 inches in diameter; base and cap cast in solid Medallium, shaft of seamless brass, choice of two color schemes—rich statuary bronze with brass-bound parchment shade of a neutral brown tone, or ivory white with golden yellow shade. Inside of shade is tinted old rose to give mellow light. Shade holder permits adjustment to any angle; push button socket, six feet of lamp cord and 2-piece attachment plug.

You will rarely, if ever, get such a value again. Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon, then pay the postman \$3.50 plus the amount of parcel-post stamps on the package. Shipping weight only 5 pounds, so postage even to furthest point is insignificant. If you should not find the lamp all we say of it, or all you expected of it, send it back in five days and your money will be refunded in full. Clip the coupon now, and mail to—

Decorative Arts League, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Decorative Arts League (175 Fifth Avenue)
New York, N. Y.

You may send me, at the member's special price, an "Aurora" Lamp, and I will pay the postman \$3.50 plus the postage, when delivered. If not satisfactory, I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my money in full.

You may enter my name as a "Corresponding Member" of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decorations.

Check finish desired — Statuary Bronze ☐ or Ivory White ☐
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Signed _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



"AURORA"
\$3.50



THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

KATHERINE.—So it's Reginald Denny now! You're not very constant, Katherine. You seem to have a new favorite almost every month. Well, Reginald was born in England, and became quite well known there as an amateur boxer before he went on the stage. So he was well qualified for his rôle in the recent "Leather Pusher" pictures. In fact, it was his work in this series that obtained a starring contract for him with Universal. "The Kentucky Derby" will mark his next appearance. Yes, Reginald is six feet; his weight is about one hundred and seventy-two pounds; he has blue eyes and brown hair.

MARIANNE.—What a list of questions! Did you really expect to have them all answered, Marianne? When some of you fans start writing questions you completely forget that there are many others who must be taken care of in the limited space allotted to The Oracle. Lew Cody is divorced from Dorothy Dalton. "Nero" and "Quo Vadis" were both filmed in Italy, so it is possible that the same locations were used for some of the exterior scenes in these productions. Eugene O'Brien was born in 1884. He plays opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Voice From the Minaret." Jack Perrin married Josephine Hill. Talmadge is the real name of Norma and Constance. The Market Booklet is a pamphlet which we have prepared for our readers who are interested in scenario writing. It contains the names and addresses of producers in the market for screen stories and the type of story that each wants. It would be of no use to you unless you wanted to submit scenarios to motion-picture companies.

JOE B.—Awfully sorry, Joe, but I am not looking for any one to teach me geography, though my knowledge of this subject is not as sound as it might be. And I don't want to buy any films, scenic or otherwise. If you wish to try some of the motion-picture distributors, you will have to write to them personally.

O. O.—Those studio addresses were correct when I gave them to you, but evidently the players had left there by the time your letters arrived. It is almost impossible to keep the addresses of these free-lance players up to date, as they usually stay at a certain studio for only one picture, then move somewhere else. The best I can do is to give you their whereabouts at the time of printing, or, if you send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a personal reply, you will stand a better chance of reaching the player personally.

VERONA.—Most of the furniture, costumes, and other furnishings used in pic-

tures belong to the producing company. Every studio maintains a property room, in which is stored practically everything that has been or is ever likely to be used on a set. If an article for a certain production cannot be found in the prop room, it is made or purchased, and, after it has been used in the picture, is sent to the prop room, where it is catalogued and held ready for the use of any other producing unit in the studio that might need it. Of course, not all the furnishings you see on the screen belong to the studios—there have been many beautiful props used that

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to **The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.** The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

it would be impossible to buy; usually these are just borrowed or rented for one production.

T. K.—No, Rex Ingram is not making "Toilers of the Sea" yet. This production has been postponed again, and Mr. Ingram's next will be "The Passion Vine," in which Alice Terry and Ramon Navarro have the leading rôles. Cullen Landis plays opposite Viola Dana in "Page Tim O'Brien. Did you know that Cullen has been signed as an R-C star?

CURIOUS KATIE.—Of course, it's natural to be curious about a star who has no first name. No, I'm sure I don't know why Universal christened her Miss Dupont—I could make lots of guesses, but—

LOUISE B.—So glad you finally wrote. Why should you "debate long and seriously about it? Well, I hope you won't feel so bad about being only five feet tall,

now that you know Mary Pickford is the same height. Norma Talmadge is only two inches taller. Norma was born in 1897, and Gloria Swanson is about twenty-six. Your dope on Richard Barthelmess is all wrong. How could you fail to know that Dick is a star at the head of his own company now? He has made four productions so far—his first starring picture, "Tol'able David," being rated as one of the finest of the year. The others were "The Seventh Day," "Sonny," and "The Bond Boy." Madge Bellamy and Helen Ferguson are not related.

JASPER J.—You know I can't advise anybody about getting into pictures, Jasper, but I will say that if you think your talent lies in imitating Charles Ray, you had better stay away from the studios. This business of imitating is a losing game on the screen, as elsewhere. If you went to California you'd need your fare, and enough money to support yourself without working for about six months.

HELEN MAC.—Thanks for your kind words, Helen. I hope you won't be disappointed in me. Pauline Garon was the girl who played *Florence Crosby* in "Sonny" with Richard Barthelmess. That was only Pauline's second appearance in pictures, I believe, but she was on the stage before that. At present Pauline is in Canada appearing in films for a Canadian concern. Barthelmess is Dick's own name. "Blood and Sand" has been released—it seems to be taking the fans by storm, judging from the New York and California audiences.

HELENA.—Of course, a great many motion-picture players beside the stars are put under contract. You will notice that certain leads and character players appear in the pictures of only one company; they are usually members of a stock company—that is, they receive a certain salary every week, whether they work or not, and are not permitted to work for any other producer except when specially loaned out. The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation have, I believe, the largest stock company in the industry at present. Besides their stars, they have dozens of people of all ages and abilities on their weekly pay roll, and most of them are kept pretty busy because of the large number of units that Famous Players have working at one time. It is not unusual for one player to be appearing in two pictures at the same time, especially the character players. If you could see some of the players dash off one set, change their make-up, and step into an entirely different rôle in another picture, you would wonder how they ever managed to keep their characterizations from getting mixed up. (Continued on page 111)

One of Our Natural Wonders

Continued from page 31

ion of it, without consultin' each other—or the dictionary." Will grinned at the recollection. "Twenty-one said it was the worst pitcher ever they'd seen, and the twenty-second said he'd seen a worse one, but couldn't remember where. The fans liked it right smart."

There is nothing bitter about the Rogers pronunciamentos. He states everything in a good-natured, tolerant drawl. If there is anything wrong with pictures or picture making—Heaven forbid!—Will isn't letting the world know it. At least, what criticisms he does offer are subtle. That they are delicately pointed is equally true.

Although his wit is spontaneous, Will is very proud of his wheezes, and very conscious of them. Time after time he requested that I be most meticulous in quoting him correctly. According to him, Grace Kingsley is the only reporter who has faithfully transcribed his lingo to the printed page.

Rogers' pride was irreparably injured when President Harding failed to come to see him the last time he played in Washington. The theater had been especially decorated, every one was keyed to concert pitch, and Rogers had arranged an ultrasmart line of chatter. That the artist was hurt is evidenced by the characteristic telegram Mr. Harding received at breakfast the following morning:

WELL, YOU'VE MADE ANOTHER DEMOCRAT.

WILL ROGERS.

"You c'n say, though," Will assured me, "that my Ohio ambassador arranged with Mr. Harding for him to see me when I play Washington three years from now. I want to show him I treat a Democratic administration just like I treat the Republican."

When he is momentarily unoccupied, Will spends his time out at Fred Stone's ranch in Amityville, Long Island. The Rogers brood is living out in Hollywood. Will is goin' back, he reckons, when he's through with "The Follies."

"No, it don't make much difference to me who I work for," he admitted. "Next I do a pitcher for some Detroit people. We'll make it here. I dunno what it's about." He grinned disarmingly. "They're takin' all the chances—not me!"



*Except the eyes,
no factor in beauty
counts for more
than white teeth*

No Excuse Now

For dingy film on teeth

A way has been found to combat film on teeth, and millions of people now use it.

A few years ago, nearly all teeth were coated more or less. Today those dingy coats are inexcusable. You can prove this by a pleasant ten-day test.

Film ruins teeth

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Then it forms the basis of dingy coats which hide the teeth's natural luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So, despite all care, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing, and glistening teeth were rare.

New methods now

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. Years of careful tests have amply proved their efficiency.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. These two film combatants are embodied in it for daily application. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Used by careful people of fifty nations. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Dental authorities the world over now endorse this method. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

Other new effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize acids which cause tooth decay.

Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just opposite effects.

It polishes the teeth, so film adheres less easily.

Thus Pepsodent does, in five great ways, what never before was so successfully done.

Used the world over

Now careful people of fifty nations are using Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. You can see the results in lustrous teeth wherever you look today. To millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

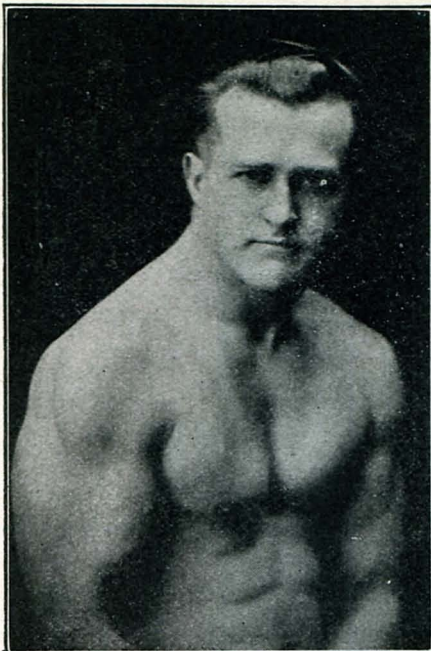
Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In one week you will realize that this method means new beauty, new protection for the teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

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Earle E. Liederman
as he is to-day

If You Don't Exercise— YOU DIE!

It's the plain truth, fellows, and you might as well face it. The human body demands exercise to keep it alive just as surely as it does food. If you doubt it, tie your arm to your side for one month and watch it waste away.

There's a Right Way and Wrong Way

Some say, "That's all right, but you can exercise too much." Right again. You can also kill yourself by over-eating, but you eat just the same. We have been taught to eat moderately three times a day and we get the best results. But what do you know about exercise? What exercise will do you the most good? And how much and how often should you take it? There is only one way to find out.

Seek the Man Who Knows—

When you are sick you go to a doctor for advice because he has devoted his life to the study of medicine and its effect on the human system. I have made "muscular development" my life study. I have proven my system on both myself and my thousands of pupils who are now among America's leading strong men and directing big business enterprises.

A Proven Success

Why do leading physicians and physical directors recommend my system so highly? There is but one answer. It never fails.

I don't promise strength. I guarantee it. Inside of 30 days I will add one full inch to your arms and two full inches to your chest. Meanwhile, I work on every muscle of your body—both inside and out. But that's only a starter. I want 90 days in all to make a real man out of you. I will give you a physique that will make your friends admire you and respect you. I will put a flash to your eyes and a spring to your step that only come with abounding health and strength. I put real pep in your old back-bone and give you a clear thinking brain to handle any problem set before you. This is no idle prattle. Come on and make me prove it. Make me eat my words. I like it because I know I can do it. If you want to let your body rot away, keep on the way you're now doing, but if you want to be a live one write me at once.

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It contains dozens and dozens of full page photographs of both myself and my numerous pupils. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an impetus—an inspiration to every red blooded man. I want every man and boy who is interested to just send the attached coupon and the book is his—absolutely free. All I ask you to cover is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember this does not obligate you in any way. I want you to have it. Now don't delay one minute—This may be the turning point in your life to-day. So tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is on your mind.

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Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." Please write or print plainly.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

The Romantic History of "Ben-Hur"

Continued from page 23

to attend the first night. Nineteen years before, she had played the rôle of *Iras*. General Lew Wallace came from Indiana with sixty friends. Delegations arrived from Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, Tennessee, Kansas, Nebraska, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and the New England States.

The regular "first nighter," the theatrical wise guy, was crowded out of the theater; the churchgoer from the Middle West took his place. In writing about the occasion, the *Evening Sun* said: "Careful computations have estimated that there were a greater number of chin whiskers on view in the Broadway Theater at the first performance of 'Ben-Hur' than have been inside the four walls of any metropolitan building since Boston's Ancient and Honourable Artillery last invested the town."

Mr. Klaw and Mr. Erlanger, who were then two young and reckless managers, were nervous. They had spent seventy-one thousand dollars and nearly twenty thousand dollars had gone into that famous chariot race alone. After you have read about the huge sums spent in making pictures, you may laugh at the "vast expenditure" of Klaw & Erlanger. The money spent on the original chariot race wouldn't buy shoes for Gloria Swanson. And the production cost of most of the pictures you see runs well over seventy-one thousand dollars.

But Klaw, Erlanger, and General Lew Wallace made a fortune. Before "Ben-Hur" closed its run on May 12, 1900, the play had brought in nearly half a million dollars and about four hundred thousand persons had seen it. After twenty years of silence, General Wallace consented to be interviewed. His friend, Colonel Ingersoll, had given him the incentive to write the book.

"Ben-Hur" has been played in every op'ry house in the country big enough to accommodate the chariot scene. As late as June, 1913, the novel was in such demand that Harper Brothers, the publishers, printed a million copies of it for one firm of book sellers. It was the largest edition of a novel ever printed.

If you will talk to theatergoers of ten years ago, they will tell you about the "Ben-Hur" specials—the trains used to carry the scenery, the actors, and, of course, the famous horses. The arrival of "Ben-Hur" was like the arrival of the circus, for the "Ben-Hur" trains were made up of seventeen cars.

Of course, "Ben-Hur" companies

went to Europe and to the antipodes. The play was given in Canada, Australia, Great Britain, and Holland. It suffered a financial loss in Australia because the scenery was destroyed by fire. But in London, at the old Drury Lane Theater, it was an immense success. King Edward VII., the great theater patron of that time, was so interested in the chariot race that he asked to sit in the pit instead of the royal box. So a section of seats was ripped out, a temporary inclosure was fitted with draperies from Buckingham Palace, and the king sat in grandeur in the pit—the gathering place of the most humble theatergoer. And the now solemn-looking King George V., who was then Prince of Wales, became so excited that he yelled "Silence!" when the crowd broke into applause.

It may interest you to know that Mary Shaw, Frederick Truesdell, and Emmett Corrigan played in the original cast. Walker Whiteside was assigned to the rôle of *Ben-Hur*, but he gave it up because he felt he was physically unfitted to it. Grace George rehearsed the rôle of *Esther*, but she resigned in favor of Gretchen Lyons. Edward Morgan was the first *Ben-Hur*, but Mr. Corrigan stepped into the part in February, 1900. Movie fans probably do not know that William Farnum played the rôle for four years. In fact, "Ben-Hur" did much to establish Farnum as an actor. William S. Hart also appeared in an early production.

New York last saw "Ben-Hur" in 1916 at the Lexington Avenue Opera House, while it was played in Philadelphia in 1920 and then sent on tour.

And now it comes to the movies—a hardy veteran. The novel has exercised the same peculiar sway as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The stage production is Broadway's most romantic tradition. In fact, even now, members of the older generation of the theatrical world try to recall the names of the original horses who dashed so madly in the chariot scene.

The greatest romance of "Ben-Hur" lies in the future; the story of its transference to the screen is still to be written. General Lew Wallace, the scrupulously religious man, died before the motion picture had become a really significant form of entertainment. And yet he wrote what producers consider to be the ideal story for the screen. So the work of his soul goes marching on.

A Melodrama Gone Wrong

Continued from page 83

hope in her heart she went to see Mr. Griffith. He was too busy to see any one that day, had given orders that he shouldn't be disturbed. But some one who dared to disregard his orders, took the bundle of photographs Virginia had brought with her, and showed them to him. Mr. Griffith, quick to discern her sympathetic personality, made an appointment to give her a test. The result of the test was a long contract. So now Virginia is one of that little group of players that includes Carol Dempster, and Betty Jewel—players whom the public does not often see, but whom fans are interested in because Mr. Griffith has chosen them to train.

While a production is being made at the Griffith studio, Virginia reports there every day. When big scenes are being rehearsed she sometimes takes the part that Lillian Gish is to play. She plays bits now and then, but most of the time she just watches and waits and learns all she can from Lillian and Dorothy Gish. She never knows from day to day what she will be called upon to do. Any day her big chance may come. She is always alert—always keenly sensitive to impressions—a wonderful instrument on which to play a human melody.

But Dick Barthelmess knows how nerve-racking the intervals between Griffith productions are for the players in the stock company. So he borrowed Virginia to play his sweetheart in "The Bond Boy."

"I knew she could play the part," he told me one day at the studio, "but I didn't know she could do it so wonderfully. It reminds me of Lillian the way she gets your sympathy the minute she comes on."

Virginia is a lucky girl. You may see her in an important part in a big Griffith production soon, and then interviewers will flock to her and maybe some of them will make her out to be infinitely wise and deeply philosophical. I hope not. I want her to have all the luck—but I want her to stay the tremulously sweet and unassuming little girl who knows that it was just fate or luck or whatever you want to call it that saved her from the horrible experiences other girls have had who came to New York on some stranger's promise of fame and fortune.



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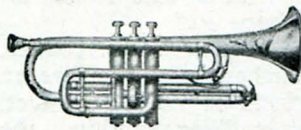
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Moment Musicale

Continued from page 43



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in front of us. He was chewing gum in perfect time to the music. Fascinated, we watched him. The orchestra swung into a waltz. The man's jaws stopped.

"He's lost the time," commented Miss Sweet.

We were disconcerted and annoyed. After a minute or so, the man began chewing again.

"He's caught it!" exclaimed Miss Sweet.

After that I never saw such rhythmical gum chewing.

The mythical star of the movies spoke of Heifetz. "I like him better than any violinist. I like his detached attitude. And he plays pure music. In New York, we have the same throat doctor, and so I boast about it. It makes me feel important."

During the "Coppelia" ballet music, there was a loud tooting from the middle section of the orchestra. One lone player was having his innings. Another nudge from Miss Sweet. "Do you see," she said, "that's why he learned to play that instrument." During a march, she whispered again, "Makes me see royalty. Kings and queens with crowns, royal purple and lots of ermine."

With Blanche Sweet talking at random, no wonder we reached the Einstein theory about the time we were ready to go home.

"I have a book called 'Easy Lessons in Einstein,' with an article by Professor Einstein in the back. I don't understand the easy lessons, and I don't understand the article, but I enjoy the book. To-night I watched the stars and wondered if there is such a thing as a fourth dimension. I hope so."

She talked about eclipses, comets, stars, and earthquakes. She has an interest in "acts of God." In fact, Blanche Sweet likes anything she doesn't quite understand. She has a capricious, tricky, and impish imagination. She is fascinated by the theory that all persons do not see the same things—that what is green to one man is not green to another, that every individual is equipped with a pair of eyes made especially for him.

"It accounts for a lot of things," she added. "For instance, you see a man who is devoted to a fat and impossible wife. You wonder, 'How does he stand it?' But she isn't fat and impossible to him; she is beautiful and slender and charming."

With all Hollywood interested in Freud and psychoanalysis, Miss Sweet is diffident about it. When she acts, she analyzes the character she is playing. With all Hollywood frantically reading the new novels, Miss Sweet doesn't talk books. She dislikes the popular highbrow pose. I never met a woman who was less influenced by public opinion. And with Hollywood a regular Hickville Corners for gossip, Miss Sweet never mentions motion-picture players. She likes to go about alone. Except for moments of seriousness and moments of gay and original humor, she is a rather silent girl.

We didn't talk about her marriage to Marshall Neilan. But she volunteered the information that her honeymoon had been cut short by too much business. I suspect that she admires Mr. Neilan, that her feeling toward him is much the same as her feeling toward the busy and enthusiastic drummer. When they find the right story, they may make a picture together. Then she will be very happy. I am afraid I didn't ask her the conventional questions of the conventional interview. Once some one asked her her favorite color. She answered, "Plaid" and then stopped talking entirely. I suppose if I had asked her her pet ambition she would have told me that she wanted to make pictures with Mr. Neilan and buy a house in a secluded spot on the other side of the moon.

After all this, need I tell you that Blanche Sweet has a triple nature and is looking for a fourth dimension? In the first place, she is Blanche Sweet, movie star. In the second place, she is Daphne Wayne, an early favorite. In the third place, she is a nameless girl who likes to go to concerts alone. And her fourth plane? The answer is easy: Mrs. Marshall Neilan.

WHO ARE THE BEST ACTORS ON THE SCREEN?

So much interest has been aroused by some of our recent articles on acting that we decided, last month, to prepare a symposium, made up solely of contributions by our readers, naming the players—both men and women—whom they believe to be the finest actors on the screen, and giving their reasons for their selection. Already we have had a surprising number of replies, but to give every fan a chance to be represented we are going to wait another month before beginning to make up the article.

Remember that the question is *not*, "Who are your favorite players?" but "Who are the most talented, the finest actors?" If you wish to contribute to this symposium, address your letter to PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, Symposium Editor, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Memories on My Own Screen

Continued from page 26

incorrigibly prankish, nor more high-spirited and volatile. Naturally the sympathies of such a person are easily roused and, when one is as generous as Mabel, lavishly expressed. She spends money with the superb gesture of a runaway youngster playing hookey from school. An instance, one of many, comes to mind.

During the war I introduced to her at dinner Lieutenant Vladimir, attached to a visiting war mission. Battle-scarred yet naïve and childlike, with a droll misunderstanding of English, he inspired Mabel to be her gayest, most bewitching self.

"If you don't let this be my dinner I'll go home," she whispered. Rather than that heartbreak I gave her permission to buy the restaurant if she liked. To prove herself queen of the situation she ordered nine cocktails at once, for the three of us, and a hundred cigarettes. For dessert the waiter mustn't forget a Baked Alaska. Because it cost more than anything else.

"Poor fellow looks as if he'd made a round trip to Hades. Make him take the cigarettes home with him."

In the course of dinner so deeply did his scars—and medals—work on her sympathies that Mabel decided the soldier ought to be awarded something from her own hands.

"Don't you need a wrist watch, Vlado? Let me give you one."

"But please, Mees Mobble," he flushed, embarrassed, "a rose it is same thing."

According to Mabel it was no time for floral tributes. Something more useful to a man was in mind—a traveling clock, or brushes, or a flask, I suggested to appease her generous impulse. It was forgotten, I thought, by the time we jogged through the leafy darkness of the park in a victoria, especially as the world-famous star was trying to coach the foreigner in Indian war whoops. But Mabel Normand never forgets. Though she didn't see Vladimir again one day came a package from her. Clock, brushes, flask—she had sent all. I recalled what he said that night on her doorstep after she flitted inside.

"English I speak very bad, but character I read ver-y nice," he stammered. "Mees Mobble has beautiful heart." Better I cannot put it. A beautiful heart.

Experienced actress that she is Mabel is more than all heart. Her grasp and understanding of her work are too strong and sure to be the promptings of anything but her brain. Left to herself her choice of a story would be reasonably certain to please

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her public equally as her bright imagination is in devising "business." She has virtually grown up with the movies and brings to her work the capability, deft, expert, of a veteran artist. After a single reading of an involved scenario I have seen her run over the entire story, embellishing here and there an incident that seemed to need more of the comic, or advising her laughing director how to strengthen the whole. Then whirling round to quip a passer-by or indulge in burlesque mimicry of a star whose back was turned.

At the risk of spoiling my word-pastel of her sprightly cleverness and flooding generosity, I am constrained to add that there is another side of Mabel Normand. She is really a pathetic girl if you consider her with tender eyes. Like a worldly, knowing child whose sophistication has grown with the years, but whose soul

has lingered behind, and who can't, so to speak, make ends meet, or reconcile what she feels with what she knows.

Hence she is in a state of bewilderment, perplexed with life and in doubt of how to meet its problems. Her merriment breaks out. She gives way to it in an effort once more to be a child. Then something inside tells her she isn't. Obviously she astonishes her beholders, troubles herself, and gives foundation to stories of her dare-deviltry.

"You talk as if you had flat feet," she would say if I told her this. "I'm no poor butterfly, but a girl trying to make an honest living studying art." Mabel is like that, you know.

More of Mabel's mabelescent mabelisms, including the incident of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's supposed tale of troubles with the White House servants, must wait till next month.

The New Styles Favor Betty

Continued from page 85

bannerlike trimmings are accordion pleated.

The colors so popular through the summer—jade and maize and amber—have passed out of the wardrobe of the woman of fashion, and are being replaced by colors that are richer and less harsh—ruby and amethyst, for instance. And, of course, black and white are still very smart for the woman who can wear them effectively.

A person of Miss Blythe's coloring can wear almost any combination of colors effectively, for the soft, clear white of her skin and the deep-gray of her eyes makes the soft colors effective, and her full red lips and dark hair make it possible for her to wear rich deep reds and purples effectively.

When it comes to evening wraps, Miss Blythe enjoys that prerogative of a motion-picture star—an ermine cape. But the person of moderate means can copy the simple lines of this wrap most effectively in soft duvetyn or one of the many luscious fur fabrics now on the market. It is preserving the soft, simple lines that is important.

Now if you are statuesque in build as Miss Blythe is, you will look your best in these simple but elegant frocks. But if you are more slight or more stocky you will have to adapt these styles—taking from them only what is becoming to you. It takes a very graceful woman to wear the current modes. That is why Betty Blythe is the reigning beauty of fashion just now.

An Optical Illusion

Continued from page 34

pression in the screen, where beauty is suitably enshrined and silence golden.

She did not say that she was wedded to her art or that she harbored ambitions to play *Monna Vanna*. She is wedded to some one who has no connection with the screen or matters theatrical, and she cares little what her next rôle will be. When this interview transpired she was just ascending the wave of popular acclaim that followed her blazing portraiture of *Dona Sol*. She was unaffected, brutally frank, and charmingly profane. To attempt to reproduce her quaintly appropriate

epithets were cruel: type is so unrelenting.

Whether or not by this time she is a posturing, strutting cinema star, deponent knoweth not, but he doubts it. No man would go on record unfavorably in the case of Nita Naldi. She is too rare an occurrence! What matter if her voice has less harmony than Rubinstein's "Melody in F"? What matter if she talks in the argot of Broadway? So long as she retains her Oriental glamour, her wicked eyes, her devastating smile, she will fare well at the hands of mere man.

What the women think about her probably concerns her not at all.

What Every Extra Knows

Continued from page 55

If You Must Try for Pictures, Don't Delay.

The game of pictures is changing every day. It is getting more intricate and growing, just as pictures themselves are growing. There was a time when I would have been ashamed to have been seen in a movie theater. The plays that were shown were especially made for those who chewed gum during the performance. To admit that one enjoyed seeing *Desperate Dick* snatch the rumped heroine from the arms of the heavy, who wore a rented Prince Albert, was not my idea of expressing my personality. The old picture, like the comedy of to-day, was made up of situations. Almost any one who looked the part could play it. But now there is a good deal of really excellent acting going into the movies. And when you demand real acting you introduce an art into your work.

Three years ago many people broke easily into pictures where to-day they would have trouble getting mob work. When I hear some wild tale of a woman who came to Los Angeles on Friday and had a bit by the next Monday I always ask:

"When was it she did this?" And the invariable answer is, two or three years ago.

At such studios as United and Lasky's there are as many as eight thousand persons registered. Five thousand photographs are stacked away on their files. Hundreds of these are seasoned actors. And the number is growing every year.

However, if you have a small income and wish to try to get into pictures just as an experiment there is no harm in trying to be the one in a thousand selected. And in making the first approach the main points are, dress well, register properly, make up in good form, keep your eyes open, smile, and telephone. Constant phoning is absolutely necessary, and without it few extras get anywhere.

The next article in this series will describe graphically and fully the conditions under which motion-picture extras work. What it feels like to work under the glare of the Klieg all night—whether location work is preferable to acting in the studios, and why—and all about the extraordinary demands of motion-picture work will be frankly told.

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He Danced for Kings but Keeps the Common Touch

Continued from page 60

but he frequently accepted straight stage engagements to increase his interpretative power. He played John Barrymore's rôle in "Resurrection" in Moscow and later "Awakening" with Wilton Lackaye and Henry Walthall in New York.

In 1910 he first came to America, dancing at the Winter Garden, New York. It was not until the revolution in 1914, however, that Mr. Kosloff left Russia with any idea of staying away for any length of time.

At the hands of the bolsheviks he has suffered the loss of a twenty-four-flat apartment house in Moscow and a country estate. He recently received word, however, that the Moscow bolsheviks have returned fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewels, stolen from his safety-deposit boxes in 1914. Among this collection were a gold watch with the Russian eagles and a pair of rare moonstone cuff links, presented by the czar at the "Hermitage" début; a ruby stick-pin, gift of the Grand Duke Sergius; emerald cuff links from Lady Evelyn Guinness and silver plate for twenty-four from the Grand Duke Vladimir.

Truly a remarkable career. Is it any wonder that when people see the deft and powerful Theodore Kosloff on the screen, many of them say, "There is a distinguished-looking man."

Thumbelina Comes to Life

Continued from page 33

of on the screen to-day who can consistently and continuously uphold a series of pictures so popular that exhibitors clamor for more. And she is, her mother told me, only three years old.

The reason? Well, there is of course my theory of her fairy beginnings. If that does not seem logical enough, there are other explanations for more practical-minded people. And yet it is hard to dissect that vivid, intangible something known as genius. Jackie Coogan has it—but just how or why I cannot tell. I think Baby Peggy has it, although it is still too soon to prophesy. She has a remarkable memory, a memory for names that rarely fails her. She met Will Hays once, just as she met hundreds of other people. Yet when her mother asked her, for my benefit, whom she had met last week at the Ambassador Hotel, she gave the name without an instant's hesitation. She calls every one on the set by name, and has a charming, grown way of putting out her small hand

in greeting. But even more interesting is her quick understanding of the mood in which she is to pose. She was photographed dancing with Buddy Williams, who plays *Hansel*, and she held a natural, scintillating smile during the whole of the somewhat tedious performance of shifting plates in the still camera and adjusting the lights. She was photographed sitting on top of the wicked stepmother, pulling her hair. And I noticed that she mounted the woman's capable frame very carefully, and handled the strands of hair almost timorously.

"I don't want to hurt Blanche," she protested in her tiny sweet voice, turning appealing eyes to the director.

"God love her," rumbled the prostrate stepmother, in most unstepmotherly tones. "Go ahead, honey, pull. You can't hurt me with those midget hands of yours."

When the lights snapped on, Peggy's hesitation vanished. Her face assumed an expression of wrath combined with righteous triumph, and she held the pose rigidly until the still had been made.

She understands perfectly the stories she works in, and takes her work in the same serious spirit in which children play make-believe. Yet there is no strain. She works only in the mornings, with a nap in the afternoon and plenty of time for recreation. She has her likes and dislikes concerning the pictures she has made. But alas, the ones she preferred had no superiority of technique, or plot, she liked them for the purely feminine reason that she wore prettier clothes than in the others!

They are very wisely giving her a series of stories based on fairy tales. "Jack, the Giant Killer," "Red Riding Hood," and "Hansel and Gretel" are some of them. In contemplation for future work are "Cinderella," and—see if this doesn't hint of the workings of fate—the story of *Thumbelina* herself!

When Baby Peggy grows up and is interviewed for fan magazines, she will have a chance to tell lady interviewers that she started as an extra, according to the best cinematographical traditions. For her mother, who was advised to put the baby into pictures, took her down to an employment agency, and registered her. There came a call, almost immediately. And it was only two or three weeks later that Baby Peggy was taken from the extra ranks, and raised, in a twinkling, to stardom. Just an enviable piece of luck, perhaps you may say. But I, with my preconceived notion of how fairies do things, see in it nothing less than the waving of *Thumbelina's* magic wand!

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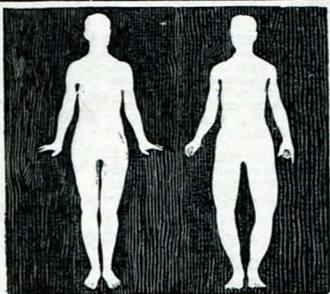
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Keeping One Foot on the Ground

Continued from page 61

a police siren. I blow it merrily, and all the cars draw up at the side of the road to let me pass. I don't know how long I can get away with it, but it's great while it lasts."

I had two luncheons with Billie—the first a piece of chocolate divided between us. She couldn't leave the studio, and I hadn't time to wait until she ordered something sent in. "This," said she, "is our acquaintance cocktail. To-morrow we'll have our real party."

And a real party it was, there in the ivory dressing room, with the sun gilding the china and bringing out happy, golden lights in Billie's brown eyes. She was frightfully excited over it, for fear everything wouldn't be just so. *Didn't I like caviar sandwiches?* But I did like those raisin cookies her mother had made and brought us. With a glowing hostess and her secretary, a pretty bobbed-haired girl who might go in the movies herself if she chose, a lanky publicity man who had a difficult time arranging his legs under the little rocker which seemed made only for girls, with the small table between us—we had a merry hour.

You may be critical of Billie Dove's Follies' publicity. But you can't help liking her—a little way she has of breathlessly awaiting everything you say, a way of extending her hand, palm upward, in an appealing, "Tell me frankly, you *do* like me, don't you? They aren't wasting their money when they bet it on me, are they? I'm going to try so very hard—I'm afraid I'm going to be a pest, always bothering everybody," she laughed ruefully. "But I don't know *anything*. And they're so nice to tell me things. Viola Dana has been darling to me—she's another peppy one. This studio is so big and so full of corridors that start one way and end up another that I get lost in its mazes. When I start for the stage, I usually bring up in the projection room where some gruff individual bawls me out and then apologizes, or else the barber shop. Back in New York, I knew my way about. But these studios seem to have been laid out in pre-Volstead days by gentlemen in their cups."

Billie Dove is unassuming. "No, I don't read much. Don't have time. I like a good novel when I'm working, to keep me from getting nervous between scenes. I was educated at high school in New York City just like hundreds of other girls."

Billie comes from a well-to-do, middle-class home, knowing neither

dire poverty nor yet extreme wealth, and seems in all things prosaically medium-tempered. "I studied dancing, as most children do nowadays. I was appearing at the opening of his new Boston theater when Mr. Loew noticed me and later saw my two pictures run and gave me my contract. But I went to business college. I know shorthand. And I guess it's a good thing, I've something to fall back on. There are lots of stars—" A diplomatic pause. "But good stenographers are scarce."

"I know I'm tackling a hard job, now that stars are passé—but I love the work—I never felt at home on the stage, some way, it's all as if I were dreaming—being starred, and everybody being so nice to me."

In that curious way that producers have, the Metro officials have selected for her first starring vehicle "Country Love," a story set in a locale with which she is utterly unfamiliar. But if determination and willingness to learn count for much, Billie Dove will make a success of it.

"It's a very human part, and I think has a new atmosphere," she told me. "I play a waterway barn-stormer—on one of the old stage boats that plied the Mississippi years ago when the small hamlets on the river had no theaters. One of those old floating show houses has been reproduced for us, called 'The Thespie,' down on the Sacramento River. It has an orchestra pit, and funny boxes and can seat one thousand. It was customary for those boats to tie up at each town along the river and stay as long as any one wanted to see the show, playing all the old-time classics, from Shakespeare to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' We have a wonderful cast, too—Cullen Landis, ZaSu Pitts, Noah Beery, Sylvia Ashton, Edythe Chapman—they're certainly giving me *everything*. If I fail, it will be my own fault."

But, hardened though I am to star dust, weary at times of its glitter, I think Billie Dove won't fail. She frankly disclaims any highbrow tendencies; but she has a sane mind that shows keen perception of the difficulties ahead of her, and better still, a humility and a desire to learn.

She may have been in the Follies, she may have danced in the Midnight Revue, but in the six times that I've met her since our introduction—she's never once mentioned the Follies! And she has positively boasted about her knowledge of shorthand.

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The Things You Want to Know

Continued from page 46

of a sculptor. Gloria herself is haunting rather than beautiful; her features are irregular; her eyes are always wistful, often tragic. Her mouth is petulant, haughty, and inscrutable. On the screen or off Gloria is not easily forgotten.

Three girls wanted to know if Mary Pickford bleached her hair. I don't know. It doesn't look like it, that much is sure. It is very lovely hair and it seems natural in color. As for questions about Mary and Douglas I could write a whole article entitled:

Are Mary and Douglas really? I'll be brief.

Are they—Mary and Douglas really in love with each other? Yes. Unless all signs fail they are very much in love, and very happy in their marriage.

Are they intelligent? Very.

Are they spoiled? Mary, no. Douglas, some, but not enough to hurt.

Is Mary the flower of her family?

She is. Mary is as unusual in her family as she is in the world at large.

What does Mary do with her clothes? I asked her. She gives them to girls of her height and weight who are in the profession, just beginning.

Are they gifted? They are. I think that either Mary or Douglas, with a little training could become popular writers. Both are very keen in their perceptions as to what people want and are interested in. Both are fluent and express themselves adequately. And both have a certain shrewdness as to market values of their wares which would serve in any enterprise. Douglas has many unique and unusual ideas if he ever can be induced to sit still long enough to deliver them.

I haven't begun to answer all the questions. But I have replied to the most popular ones. I'll admit I am a bit prejudiced in favor of the people of the movies. Why not? They make me laugh and weep and live harder and deeper. I owe them something.

Now We Know About Pola

Continued from page 21

that's all the world she's ever seen. Would you wonder if this dazzled her?"

"When she first became rich," I asked him, "did she ignore the people she had known before?"

"That's queer you're asking that," he told me. "Some of them thought she did, but it was really that she was just busy. She accepted an invitation one time to a party given by an organization of performers—sort of like the National Vaudeville Artists over here—and before she arrived they all stood around wondering if she would be awfully upstage. But when she came in, instead of just greeting the people she knew, she waved to them all, jumped up on a table, and did the old song and dance

that she had done in her poorer days. That's the real Pola."

From the time of that luncheon her days were crowded with entertainments in her honor. One of the most interesting of these was a luncheon at the exclusive coffee-house club given by a group of prominent artists and attended by about twenty of America's most popular actresses. Pola hated to leave it all and go to Hollywood to start work. In my earlier article I repeated a catty little rumor that Pola Negri never stayed at a party where there was a younger or a prettier woman. I would like to revise that now to read—you couldn't find a more fascinating and striking-looking woman than Pola Negri at any party.

The News Reel

Continued from page 67

trousers. The trousers are high in the waist line and fit so tightly about the hips that belts and suspenders are unnecessary. Below the knee they are wide and bell-shaped. Some of the bolder of the younger set sport trousers that are slit and laced at the ankles. And it is considered very swanky to smoke black Mexican cigarettes.

The worst of it is the girls like 'em.

The older men in the movies who cling to the puttees and the cowboy style of dressing have been cut out by the cake eaters. C. B. De Mille, who is credited with setting the fashion for puttees and the sport shirt, finds that he is no longer the Beau Nash of Hollywood. Unless he can devise something more catchy than the toreador pants, his standing as a director may be considerably undermined.

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The cake eaters claim that "Blood and Sand" started the craze. But, as a matter of fact, no Toreador ever wore such trousers. Valentino was obliged to cultivate side burns, and his appearance on Hollywood Boulevard in his studio hair cut started a lot of trouble. The leather head bands followed as a matter of course, because the cake eaters had to find some way of making their hair stick close to their heads.

All the ingénues, baby stars, starlets and movie débutantes are wearing long, trailing skirts. The sport outfits, with short skirts and bright sweaters, are passing. The girls who set the styles are swathed in dark draperies and wear feathered "Pola Negri" hats. Jeweled combs and mantillas are in great demand.

With the change in the styles has come a change in manners. Hollywood is under the foreign influence. Whether you like it or not, the foreign man is the reigning favorite. If you happen to be an American, the best thing to do is to cultivate a set of foreign manners. The girls like those subtle and polite ways. Socially speaking, the Western hero is "out." The movie debts are no longer impressed with the diamond in the rough. The conservatives may complain in the name of American patriotism, but girls will be flappers and boys will be cake eaters. So what are you going to do about it?

Helen Klumph has told the readers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE that the movies set the styles in clothes and house decorations. So look out for Toreador trousers and a new epidemic of Spanish influenza.

Douglas Fairbanks has been a distinguished visitor to many of the studios. He spent a day at the Lasky lot, watched some of the scenes of Von Stroheim's picture at Universal City, and was taken through the Goldwyn studio by Mickey Neilan. Are you looking for a job, Doug?

Chaplin and Cupid Again.

It breaks my heart and wearies my typewriter to chronicle anything more about Chaplin's alleged romances. Nevertheless you might be interested to know that Charlie is seen about a great deal with Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Peggy's matrimonial adventures are too involved and lengthy to be recounted here. You all know, however, that she hasn't found matrimony a failure—financially speaking. Peggy and Charlie are not engaged, but they seem to be immensely interested in each other.

Peggy came to Los Angeles to build a magnificent new theater. I don't know how her plans are pro-

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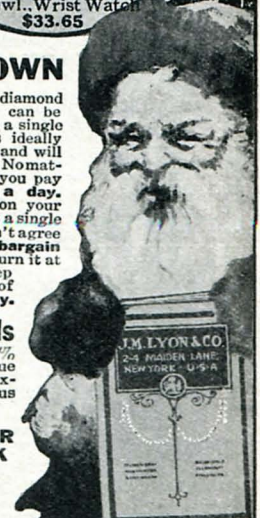
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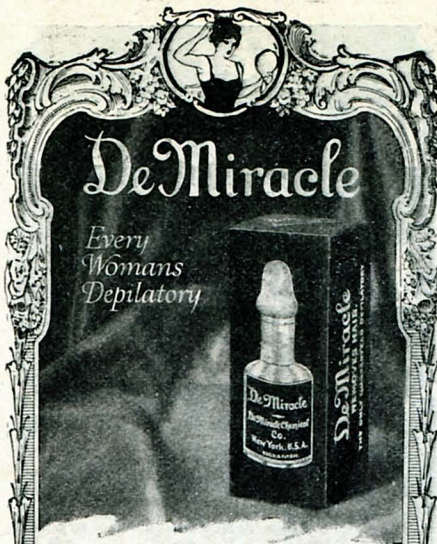
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gressing. It isn't likely that she will go into the movies. It is said that Will Hays didn't exactly approve of her screen ambitions.

Nursery Note.

Gloria Swanson has purchased a beautiful home in Beverly Hills. It has a large garden which will be turned over to her young daughter for a playground. Although Gloria's daughter never has been photographed for publicity purposes, she is sometimes seen waiting for her mamma at the entrance of the Paramount studio, and she is just as beautiful as you would expect her to be. Gloria's next picture will be "His American Wife."

Betty Ann Mummert, aged five years, has every reason to consider herself one of the luckiest girls in the world. She has been adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid and is now the playmate of young Billy Reid. What could be more pleasant?

Universal is filming "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" with Lon Chaney in the leading rôle. With the aid of his trusty make-up box, Chaney hopes to make this role the biggest and most striking he ever has done. Universal, incidentally, is selecting its stars with care and discrimination, and it has good reason to boast, for isn't Colleen Moore one of its latest prizes?

The crime and murder wave in Los Angeles is said to be on the decrease, but "The Sheik" has been revived at the local theaters. In the absence of Will Hays, fourteen well-known leading women went to see Evan Burrows Fontaine in Victor Schertzinger's musical comedy, "Be Careful, Dearie." Three directors have announced that they have discovered "another Valentino." Four more "prize-winning beauties" have received offers to star in the movies. A baby ingénue, appearing in her first long skirt, trips and sprains her ankle. All companies busy looking for Spanish stories. Suicide is on the increase among the Mexicans.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 66

blooded murders. It is a tale of revenge; a particularly thorough revenge of a man who has sworn to get his three enemies. There is also a romance with Lew Cody as hero—one of the Royal Mounted, of course, since it is a Curwood story. Alma Rubens is the very beautiful mountain-climbing heroine. It has some real thrills and much glorious frozen North scenery.



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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

I was going to see you at your best, and you can imagine my disappointment. That picture must have been five years old at least. It was all so funny that it was almost pathetic, and I did not know whether to laugh or cry.

Now this week one of the leading picture houses in San Francisco is offering you in "The Delicious Little Devil," but in looking over my last PICTURE-PLAY I see that it is an old one, too. I surely hope you did not play any extra parts for Griffith in your early days or we will be having Rodolph Valentino in his latest picture, "The Birth of a Nation."

MARIE MERRY.

San Mateo, Cal.

Quite a Collection.

Dorothy Brown, do you mean you have 500 autographs or just 500 pictures from magazines and such? If you mean autographs, you have me beat, because I only have 60, but if you mean pictures clipped from magazines. I have you beat, because I have over 3,500! What fan has more than that? Don't all speak at once.

JOHN I. ZELLNER.

536 West Fourth St., Mansfield, Ohio.

Denver Answers Roswell.

Roswell, New Mexico, is evidently progressive. Or maybe O. R. belongs to a frenzied chamber of commerce and thinks Roswell is the hub of the universe. No historical plays? No costume dramas? Holy mackerel and like-wise carramba! In Denver, "The Three Musketeers" lined the crowds out to the sidewalk. So did "The Mark of Zorro." And how about "The Connecticut Yankee" or "Orphans of the Storm?" Or the "Prisoner of Zenda?" Ultra-modern plays are all very well, no doubt, as witness "The Affairs of Anatol." But in spite of Wallie's classic profile, and Gloria's Fiji headdress and Wanda Hawley's bobbed tresses, I didn't have any difficulty in finding a seat. In fact, I felt plumb lonesome. Never losing sight of the fact that I stood in the street half an hour trying to see "Treasure Island." But then no doubt Denver is utterly provincial as compared with Roswell, New Mexico! No doubt the Brown Palace Hotel would seem like some backwoods hostelry in Roswell. Probably Roswellites would call Denver's quarter-of-a-million-dollar organ a mere bit of vulgar display.

Probably also they prefer Amy Lowell to the author of "The Vision of Sir Launfal." Or the cubist impression of a nymph at play (or maybe it's the cow jumping over the moon) to Sir Edwin Landseer or Joshua Reynolds. Come to think of it, some of the landscape in N. M. looks sort of futuristic. No doubt a New Mexican would consider Greenwich Village the only part of New York worth seeing.

No doubt all these things are so, and again no doubt they're not. Anyway, please O. R., can't we poor benighted members of the proletariat continue to see costume plays? Yours very truly,

C. C. SANDISON.

Thatcher, Colo.

What an Interesting Debate!

I hope you'll see fit to publish this letter from a small-town fan, because I'm very interested in this department.

I have a cousin, fourteen years old (I'm fifteen), and she's also a fan. Her favorite is Mary Pickford and mine is the dearest of all, Lillian Gish.



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ROE & ELDER
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One day we had a debate on "Resolved that Lillian Gish is more famous and more popular than Mary Pickford." I had the affirmative and she the negative. You should have heard some of our arguments! Of course, I couldn't keep from thinking that I really won, though, you see, we didn't have any judges, as it was private. In her speech she said that Mary Pickford was known all over the world. I told her that couldn't be, for they didn't have movies in the interior of China or in the South Sea Islands, and I'm quite sure the cannibals in Africa have never seen or heard of Mary Pickford, aren't you?

Of course, Mary Pickford is really *very wonderful*, but just try to compare her work in the movies with that of Miss Gish! For instance, let's take "The Birth of a Nation." Has Miss Pickford ever completed any picture that is as educating and worth while and as big as that? Some might say, "Pollyanna," but that's only a pleasant, entertaining, childish sort of picture that many another child or small actress could play in.

And then there's "Way Down East," where Miss Gish reached an emotional height that none has equaled, and then "The Two Orphans," which bids fair to become even greater than her other marvels. You will notice that Miss Gish plays only in deep, really worth-while things while the others are cast in light stories that are of no great benefit for any one to see.

A man that is as marvelous to me as Miss Gish is Rodolph Valentino, who deserves credit for his good work in "The Sheik" and "Moran of the Lady Letty," not to mention "The Four Horsemen." Valentino seems to be taking the place of Wallace Reid, also a favorite of mine. I am still fond of him, but I believe his greatest days are over, just as with William S. Hart and many others. I am sorry, but it can't be helped. The same is true of Bryant Washburn and J. Warren Kerrigan. And why, oh, why, isn't Creighton Hale ever starred instead of only playing a small part? Surely he deserves to be, for there are few better actors or better-looking men than he on the screen. If he could get the right kind of story and director, I am sure he'd be a second Wallace Reid.

LORENE STILES.

Calhoun, Ky.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

LUCY M.—Yes, Dorothea Knox will be glad to hear from you. Address her care of PICTURE-PLAY, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City, and the letters will be forwarded to Miss Knox in California.

JEAN—So you think your town, Miami, Florida, is going to outdistance Hollywood as a movie-making center? Lots of other people feel that way, too, it seems. But don't be too sure, Jean, even if Alice Terry and Rex Ingram and the handsome Ramon Navarro are down there now making a picture. Eugene O'Brien has never married. He is back again with Norma Talmadge and appears opposite her in "The Voice From the Minaret." Bert Lytell isn't a Metro star any longer, but is being featured in Paramount pictures, which probably satisfies him far more than his former starring honors, as he is now getting fine rôles in big productions. Bert plays with Betty Compson in "To Have and To Hold," and will have the leading male rôle in "Kick In," which will be filmed from the Willard Mack stage play.

PUZZLED.—A great many other people were puzzled also about the origin of that foreign production, "The Prince and the Pauper," adapted from the story by Mark Twain. They guessed it as being made in almost every country but the right one. The fact is, that this a Hungarian production, made in Vienna under the management of Alexander Corda, a prominent European producer. Tibi Lubin, the star, whose real name is Lubinszky, is the son of a well-known Hungarian actor, and all the other players in the picture are Hungarian, too. The film, for the most part, was photographed at Schonbrunn Castle, in Vienna, on account of the beautiful natural backgrounds this location afforded.

M. R.—Yes, Jack Pickford married Marilyn Miller. The ceremony was performed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks in Beverly Hills, California. No, Marilyn will not give up her career—she is going back to her stage hit, "Sally," when that production re-opens. Jack is filming "Garrison's Finish," which will mark his return to the screen after a long absence. I can't say whether or not Marilyn will ever appear in pictures with Jack; it's quite possible, of course.

BILLY B.—Earle Williams is one movie star who was born on February 23rd. Is this your birthday, too? Harry Benham's birthday is February 26th, and Molly Malone's February 2nd.

P. J. F.—I love your calling me "Dear Obstacle." Probably you were all upset because you hadn't heard from Mary Pickford personally. Still, I wish you had made a more flattering slip. Now, I don't see how I can help you any further—you know, I can't write to Miss Pickford and command her to send you a personal letter. Be patient—it's never too late to get a personal reply from a movie star.

BOBBY THE FLAPPER.—You will probably hate me for saying it, Bobby, but I can't agree with you that "The Sheik" was better than "Blood and Sand." But then I'm not a flapper. Yes, Baby Peggy had a rôle in "Penrod." She was loaned to Marshall Neilan by Universal for this one production. Her last name is Montgomery. Carol Dempster plays the much-harassed heroine in Griffith's new production, some kind of a mystery picture, the story of which the Griffith offices are just as mysterious about. However, you can count on its being interesting.

MOVIE-STRUCK.—Sorry, sorry, sorry, but I can't advise you about getting into pictures. All I can do is suggest that you get our booklet, "Your Chance as a Screen Actor," and read it through carefully. When you've finished, you should have a pretty definite idea of what your chance would be and whether it would be worth while for you to take a trip to Los Angeles to apply personally at the studios. The booklet costs twenty-five cents, and you can get a copy by sending the money to the Subscription Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Apropos of applying for screen jobs, here are some "Don'ts" that Marshall Neilan, the director, has compiled and which it would be helpful for you to note carefully:

Don't come to Hollywood at the suggestion of friends who are not in a position to judge your qualifications. Get advice of local persons in the business. Through them get proper entree to producers, and then don't come unless you have enough money and time and can stand disappointment.

Don't feel that it requires stage training to achieve success on the screen—many popular players have never appeared before the footlights.

Don't believe that because you are not beautiful you have no chance—look at Bill Hart, Ben Turpin, Will Rogers—I don't dare mention some of the feminine stars.

Don't think because you are beautiful you must be a candidate for screen honors—natural acting talent, a face and form that "register" with the camera are the prime requisites.

Don't consider yourself eligible to stardom because you can ride, dive, swim, or win a pie-eating contest. Athletics are useful to the movie player but secondary—besides, there are hundreds of professional stunt men available.

Don't send photographs to distant producers. Your local theater man, exchange manager, photoplay editor on the newspaper, and other persons connected with the business can usually give you your initial advice.

Don't get the impression that brains are unessential in movie acting—you need as much intelligence in this work as in any other creative art.

Don't believe because you can recite "Gunga Din" you should become a movie actor—oratory has no place on the screen; you must forget your voice.

Don't think you have a wonderful chance because you look like one of the stars—mimics of successful screen players are usually failures.

Don't write producers asking if you are a good photographic subject. Your local photographer can tell you this.

Don't think it is necessary to take a course in a school of motion-picture acting in order to "break in."

Don't feel that acting is the only field in the movies for the aspirant to movie fame. Other branches in the business offer just as many opportunities.

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ROSAMOND.—Ages again—they seem to give you a lot of trouble. Perhaps you can calm your friend with these: Herbert Rawlinson was born in 1885, Constance Talmadge in 1900, Ethel Clayton in 1890; Harrison Ford is about thirty.

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REMINISCENCE.—Yes, the rôle of Jacques Frochard, in "Orphans of the Storm," was played by the same actor who had the lead in the serial "The Iron Claw," Sheldon Lewis. Here is the complete cast for "The Orphans": Henriette Girard, Lillian Gish; Louise, Dorothy Gish; Chevalier De Vaudrey, Joseph Schildkraut; Count De Linieres, Frank Losee; Countess De Linieres, Catherine Emmett; Marquis De Presle, Morgan Wallace; Mother Frochard, Lucille La Verne; Jacques Frochard, Sheldon Lewis; Pierre Frochard, Frank Puglia; Picard, Creighton Hale; Jacques-Forget-Not, Leslie King; Danton, Monte Blue; Robespierre, Sidney Herbert; King Louis XVI., Leo Kolmer; The Doctor, Adolphe Lestina; The Mother Superior, Kate Bruce.

CONSTANCE AND RODOLPH ADORER.—More screwing up of courage. Really, I'll begin to think I'm an awful kind of person if some of you fans persist in being so scared about writing me. Don't take it so seriously; if you feel like writing and asking questions, just sit down and do it, without thinking that perhaps I might consider that you asked too many, or that they were too personal, or perhaps I might not answer you at all. Grace Cunard was born in Paris, France. She is married to Joe Moore, but doesn't play in pictures with him. Richard Barthelmess is five feet seven and Shirley Mason just five feet. No, Kenneth Harlan is not playing with Constance Talmadge any more. You're not the only fan who is sorry to know that, but Kenneth made six pictures with Constance, which is a pretty good record for Kenneth when you consider that most stars have a new leading man in every picture. Edward Burns has the male lead in "East Is West."

BRIGHT EYES.—No, Pauline Starke is not a star. She plays leads and featured rôles. Her latest picture is "Passions of the Sea," a Goldwyn production in which House Peters has the male lead. Pauline was born in Joplin, Missouri, and is only twenty-two, but she is a regular screen veteran, as she started in pictures about seven or eight years ago.

A FLAPPER.—Yes, Pauline Garon is Richard Barthelmess' leading lady in "Sonny." She has signed a long contract to appear in Paramount pictures and is to be featured in the next Cecil De Mille special, Lucky girl! There was a picture of Pauline in the April, 1922, issue of PICTURE-PLAY, not in the rotogravure section, but on a page showing two other Richard Barthelmess leading ladies. If you want a copy of this issue, send twenty cents in stamps to the Circulation Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

R. P. J.—Thanks for the picture of Milton George Gustavus Sills. He's changed somewhat since college days, hasn't he? Marguerite Clark hasn't "gone off and got married" since her last picture—she's been Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams for some years, and just returned to that rôle after "Scrambled Wives." But she will probably make another picture some day when she gets homesick for the studios. Sorry, but we never give home addresses of the players.

JEANETTE.—Yes, the Peter B. Kyne story, "The Pride of Palomar," is going to be filmed. It will be produced by Cosmopolitan, directed by Frank Borzage, and will have Forrest Stanley in the leading rôle. You seem very enthused about the story—does Forrest come up to your idea of what the leading man should be?

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N. Y. FAN.—Another Pauline! There's a regular run on them this month. Miss Frederick's last picture was "The Glory of Clementina," so you probably won't have a chance to see her on the screen again for a long time, as she is now appearing on the stage in "The Guilty One." At present writing the play is in Chicago, and is so successful there that it probably won't get to New York until next season. So you'll just have to be patient, or else take a trip to Chicago to see it. Pauline Frederick was born in Boston, Massachusetts, August 12, 1882. She made her third matrimonial venture several months ago when she became the wife of Doctor Rutherford, a childhood chum.

MARGON H.—I suppose there are fans who like to have their questions answered individually, under their own initials, but when they ask questions that have already been answered in that issue, we don't repeat, of course, as the space allotted to The Oracle is small enough without answering the same questions more than once. So if you didn't get a special answer before it was because you asked questions that had already been answered. I notice that the ones you have this month are things that I have written in practically every issue, so I don't see how you could have missed them. However—Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1884. He is married to Frances Ring and has no children. Viola Dana is the widow of John Collins. Douglas Fairbanks was born May 23, 1883; Mary Pickford, April 8, 1893, and Wesley Barry is about fourteen. Kenneth Harlan was born in 1895 and is being divorced from Flo Hart.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Pola Negri, Leatrice Joy, Kathryn Williams, Wallace Reid, Rodolph Valentino, Betty Compson, Agnes Ayres, Wanda Hawley, Thomas Meighan, Jack Holt, David Powell, Conrad Nagel, Dorothy Dalton, Gloria Swanson, Bert Lytell, Theodore Kosloff, Theodore Roberts, Raymond Hatton, James Kirkwood, Lois Wilson, Lila Lee, Mary Miles Minter, Bebe Daniels, May McAvoy, Walter Long, Walter Hiers, and George Fawcett at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish, care of Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

John Gilbert, Helen Ferguson, William Russell, Tom Mix, Shirley Mason, William and Dustin Farnum, Charles Jones, and Patsy Ruth Miller at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Helen Jerome Eddy, Ethel Clayton, Johnny Walker, Harry Carey, Jane and Eva Novak, and Cullen Landis at the R-C Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Earl Metcalfe and John Barrymore at the Lambs Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City. Also Harrison Ford.

Elaine Hammerstein, Jackie Coogan, Dorothy Phillips, Niles Welch, Kathryn Perry, Owen Moore and Norma and Constance Talmadge at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Glenn Hunter, care of Glendale Studios, Hunterspoint, New York.

Viola Dana, Barbara La Marr, Bryant Washburn, Billie Dove, John Bowers, Blanche Sweet, and Clara Kimball Young at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Frank Mayo, Virginia Valli, Barbara Bedford, Herbert Rawlinson, Mary Philbin, Maud George, George Hackathorn, Norman Kerry, Hoot Gibson, Lon Chaney, Art Acord, Reginald Denny, Eric von Stroheim, Gladys Walton, Priscilla Dean, and Baby Peggy at the Universal Studios, Universiway City, California.

Wesley Barry, care of Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Marion Davies, Alma Rubens, Forrest Stanley at the International Studios, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Ruth Stonehouse, care of Premium Pictures Corporation, Portland, Oregon.

Claire Windsor, Rockcliffe Fellows, Claude Gillingwater, Helene Chadwick, Richard Dix, Nigel Barrie, Stuart Holmes, Colleen Moore, Mae Busch, and Hobart Bosworth at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Eugene O'Brien at the Players Club, 16 Gramercy Park, New York City.

Corinne Griffith, Alice Calhoun, William Duncan, Edith Johnson, Larry Semon, and Earle Williams at the Vitaphone Studios, Talmadge Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Alice Brady and Elsie Ferguson, care of Paramount Pictures, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Harold Lloyd, Ruth Roland, Marie Mosquini, Snub Pollard, and Mildred Davis at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Joseph Striker, care of Ivan Abramson, 279 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Lillian Gish, Carol Dempster, and Virginia Macee at the Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York.

Mabel Ballin, care of Hugo Ballin Productions, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Kenneth Harlan, Estelle Taylor, Edith Roberts, and Richard Headrick at the Mayer Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California.

Madge Kennedy, care of Kenna Corporation, 120 Broadway, New York City.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1922.

State of New York, County of New York, (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ormond G. Smith, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is President of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor*, Charles Gatchell, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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ORMOND G. SMITH, President, of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1922. Francis S. Duff, Notary Public, No. 239, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1923.)



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juvenated. Not only will the beauty of your complexion be brought to the surface, but enlarged pores will be normally closed, tired lines and bagginess will vanish, mature lines will be softened. Domino Complexion Clay brings life and fervor to every skin cell and leaves the complexion clear, firm, smooth, fresh-looking.

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In order to enable everyone to test this wonderful new preparation, we are making a very special free-examination offer. Don't send any money—just the coupon or a post card, and a jar of Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you at once, freshly compounded and direct from the Domino House. Although it is a \$3.50 product and will cost that much ordinarily, you may pay the postman only \$1.95 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. And despite this special low introductory price

you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money refunded at once if you are not delighted with results.

ONLY \$1.95

Don't fail to take advantage of this free-to-your-door introductory price offer. No matter what the condition of your complexion may be, Domino Complexion Clay will give it a new radiant beauty—for it is a natural preparation and works *always*. You won't have to wait for results either. They are immediately evident.

Just mail the coupon—no money. A postcard will do. Test for yourself this remarkable new discovery that actually lifts away blemishes and reveals a charming, beautiful new complexion. Don't delay. Clip and mail the coupon now, while you are thinking of it. Domino House, Dept. 2311, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**DOMINO HOUSE, Dept. 2311
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

Without money in advance, you may send me a full-size \$3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay. When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment. I retain the privilege of returning the jar within 10 days and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be sole judge.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

*If you wish you may send money with coupon and save postage.
(Price outside U. S. \$2.10, cash with order.)*

Our \$10,000 Guarantee. Producers and Consumers Bank Philadelphia, Pa.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The Proprietor of Domino House has protected this bank in the sum of \$10,000 so that we may in turn guarantee to the customers of Domino House that this firm will do exactly as they agree.

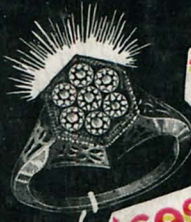
If they fail to do so, this Bank hereby agrees to return to the customers of Domino House the total amount of their purchases from them, said amount at no time to exceed in the aggregate sum of Ten Thousand Dollars.

Yours very truly,
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ASST. TREASURER.

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